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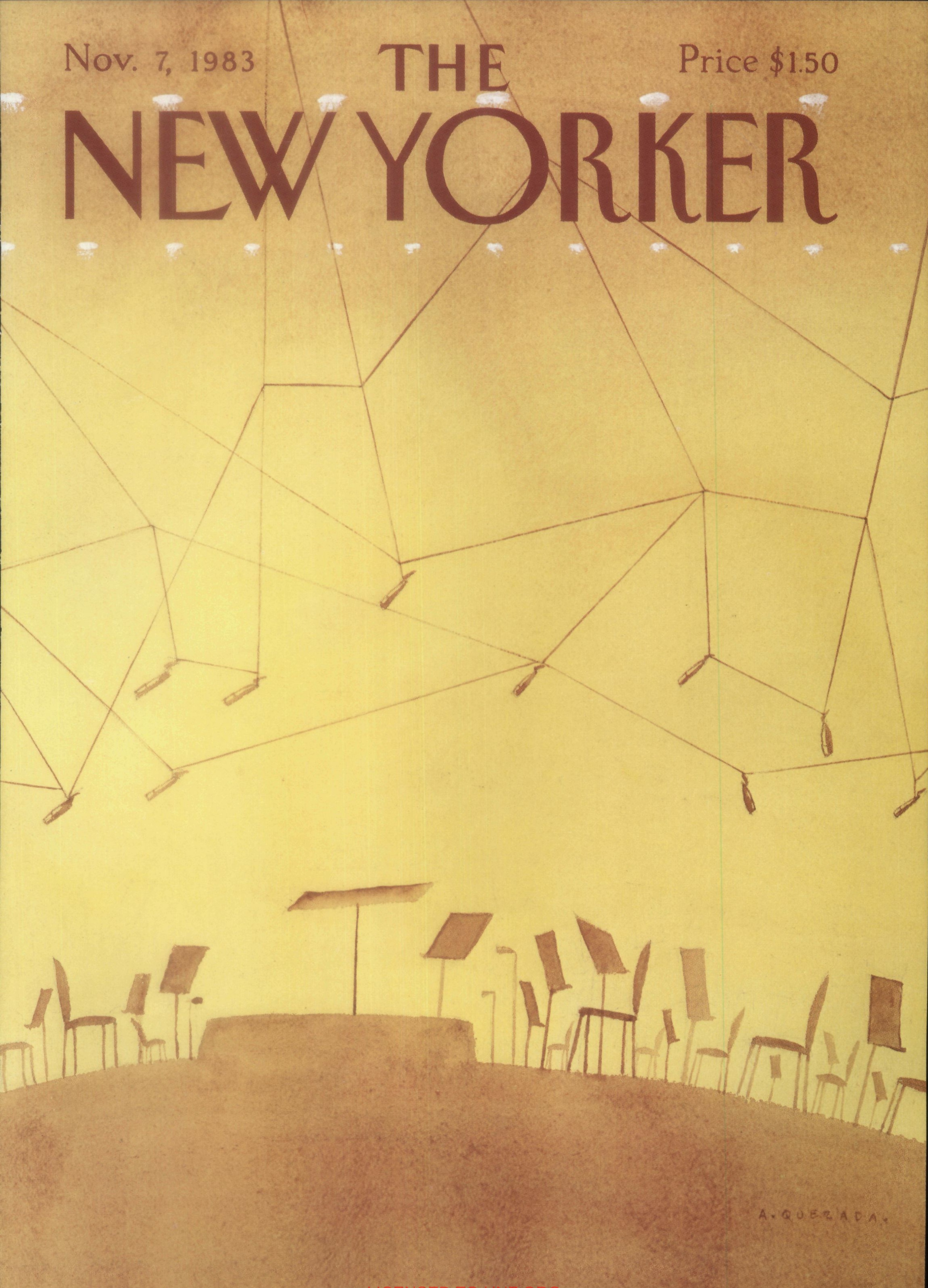

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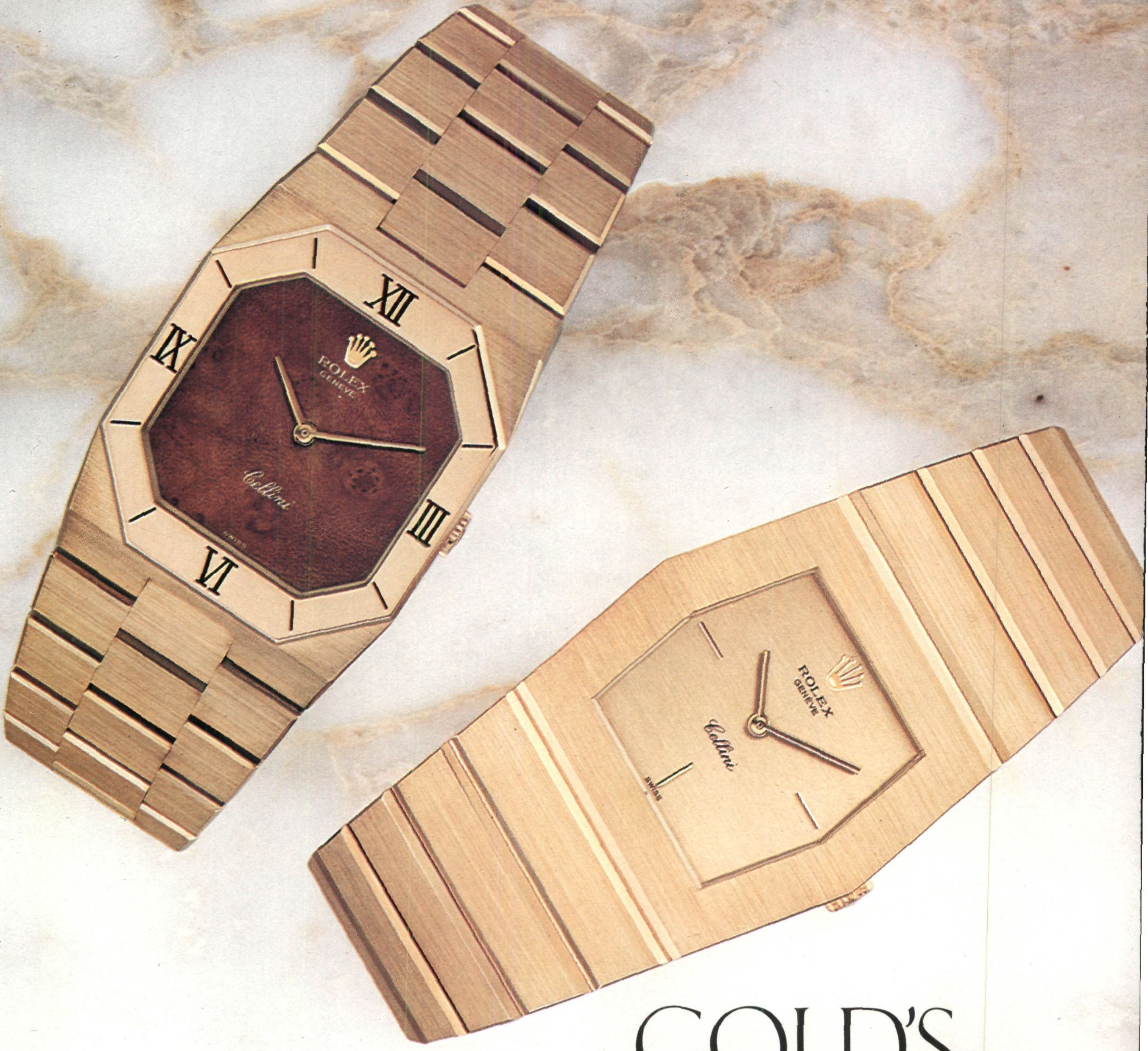

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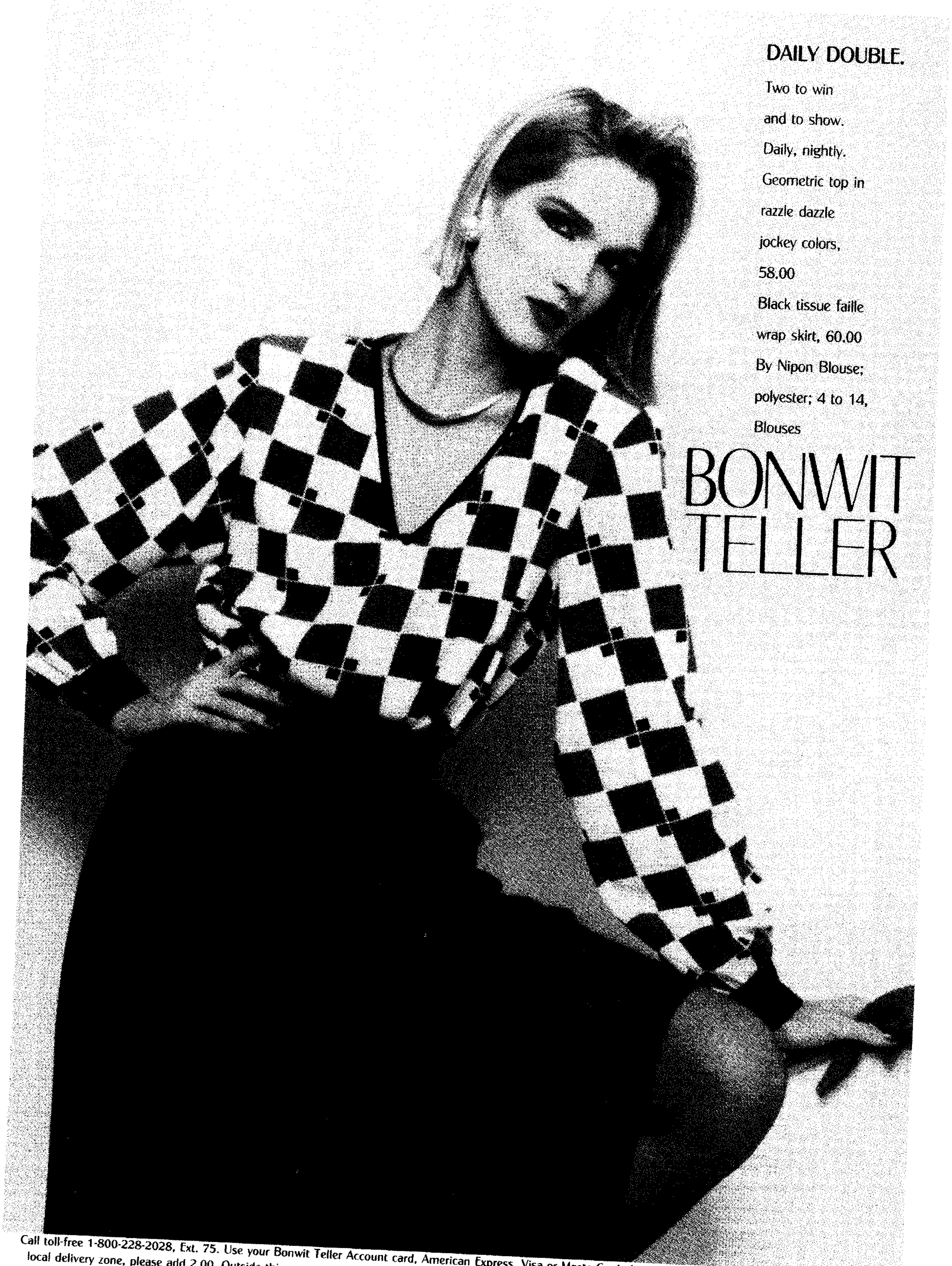

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

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Amen Corner—A musical with a book by Philip Rose and Peter Udell, music by Garry Sherman, lyrics by Mr. Udell, and direction by Mr. Rose. It is based on the James Baldwin play "The Amen Corner." Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 10. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—A comedy by David Mamet that depicts the perplexities—sometimes cruel, sometimes touching, and often surprisingly funny—of three sorry souls in the lower depths of Chicago. Superbly enacted by Al Pacino, J. J. Johnston, and James Hayden, under the direction of Arvin Brown. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A comedy revue with skits and music written by Anne Meara, Wendy Wasserstein, Steve Tesich, and others. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 2, and will run through Monday, Nov. 14. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 6, and Sundays and Mondays at 8.)

Baby with the Bathwater—A play by Christopher Durang. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 3. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Big Maggie—This harsh comedy—an Irish import by John D. Keane—is about a widow and the schemes she devises to initiate her four grown children into the stringent realities of life in provincial Ireland. Ideally, the play should be performed by an Irish company, but the American actors assembled do pretty well under Donal Donnelly's direction. Robin Howard is excellent in the title role. (10/10/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Now with Fisher Stevens as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Brothers—Carroll O'Connor is the star and director of a play by George Sibbald. Previews from Wednesday evening, Nov. 2, through Tuesday evening, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—A distinguished cast, headed by Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, and Joe Namath, breathes plenty of life into Herman Wouk's time-tested melodrama about a Navy minesweeper in the Second World War. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Meredith Willson's 1957 musical THE MUSIC MAN is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress on a British soap opera, whose part is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Last of the Knucklemen—A play by John

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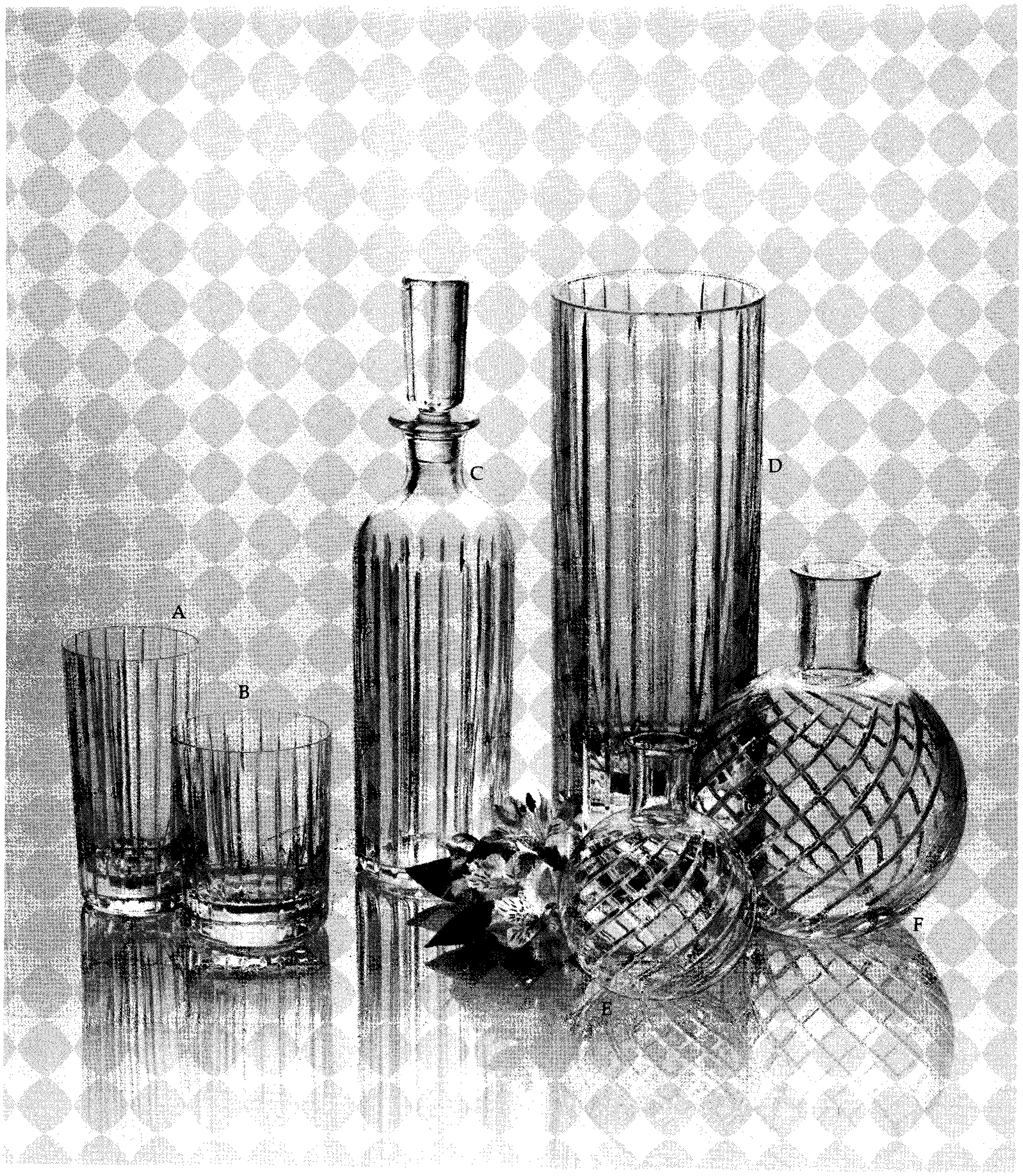

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Powers, with Kevin O'Connor and Dennis Quaid. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Theatre for Actors, 314 W. 54th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Master Builder—A moribund revival. (10/24/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—A stylish and spirited revival of Christopher Hampton's satire—a spinoff (and reversal) of Molière's "The Misanthrope." David McCallum gives a strong performance in the title role, and he is very ably supported by Glenne Headly and Anthony Heald, among others. (10/24/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Barbara Caruso. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Sand Dancing—Lynn Milgrim gives a fine performance as a woman slowly awakening after years of sleeping sickness in Kenneth Pressman's play about a reunion of friends on an island in the Chesapeake Bay. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Shades of Brown—An Afrikaans policeman comes to a Colored psychologist for advice, and this melodrama, set in South Africa, becomes a two-act therapy session. The idea (fable or not) is preposterous, but the actors give it more credibility than it earns. They are Count Stovall (therapist) and Michael O'Hare (cop). (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Tallulah—Helen Gallagher has the title role and Russell Nype plays Congressman Bankhead in this musical by Tony Lang (book), Arthur Siegel (music), and Mae Richard (lyrics). (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Trial of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.—A play by Billy Graham. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Up from Paradise—Arthur Miller has fashioned a small, attractive musical out of the Book of Genesis. The delightful, melodic score is by Stanley Silverman, and the company is of a quality that is rare indeed Off (or On) Broadway. Austin Pendleton is Adam, Alice Playten is Eve, and Len Cariou is God Almighty. The singing (by a trio of angels) is as good as the acting. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi was the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—Eddie Albert, Eva Gabor, and an army of others in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usua frantic pace. The enormous cast is young tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45t St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,784 performances so far (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warne Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographe by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 24 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATE TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third smallest town in Texas, in a play that is a broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in th Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254 6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinée Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quick ie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant jokey musical is wholly free of camp. Th score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics Martin P. Robinson designed the menacin plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 12 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesday through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays a 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directe twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays th hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-od women, most of them abjectly servile sexua objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Stree Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to giv us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Monday through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 an 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays a 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FO YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang' brace of one-acters, is a seething satire o Catholic education: a crazy nun verball molests her small pupils until she is given he comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In th curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," businessman dreams that he is on a stage an forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster shrewd parodies of respected playwright (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays a 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Thre plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustle and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes fo Mr. Hadary at the matinée performance (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-945 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRU WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two riva brothers in California, which was given a unsatisfactory production originally, has no been transformed by the clowning of Jame Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was th excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Program—Among those taking part i this benefit for the preservation of the Statu of Liberty and Ellis Island will be Peter Martins, Luciano Pavarotti, Peggy Lee, and Bo Hope. (New York State Theatre. Monda Nov. 7, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 877-4700.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire o Shubert Alley denizens, in a revised, update

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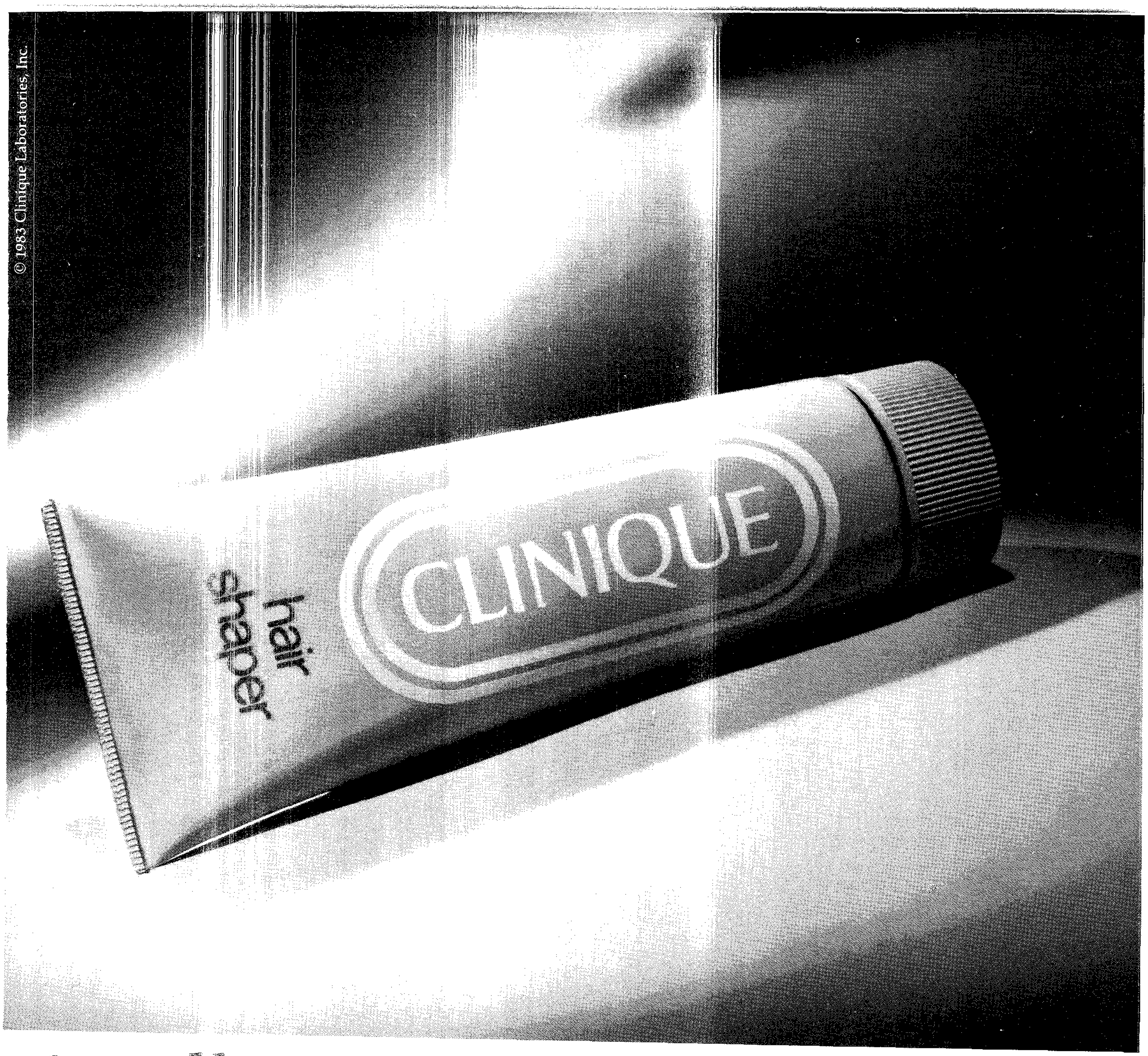

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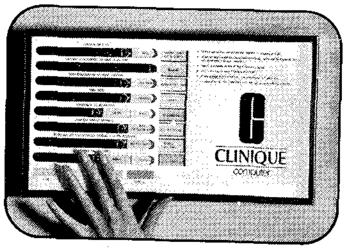

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version. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (*Palsson's Upstairs,* 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 869-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "Dream Dances," "Square Deal" (première), and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Les Patineurs," "Illuminations," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4; Tuesday evening, Nov. 8; and Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "Light Rain," "Square Deal," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Love Songs," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 6: "Italian Suite," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 6: "Les Patineurs," "Parade," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "Fire," "Quarter-Tones for Mr. B," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Love Songs," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Italian Suite," "Fire," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Affiliate Artists Dance!—Presenting three programs. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Program I: Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Program II: Thursday, Nov. 10, and Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Program III: Friday, Nov. 11, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano singing batches and batches of surefire Gershwin tunes for his devoted audiences in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, the **JOHN HICKS** trio will be aboard, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will anchor here. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here doing concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **AHMAD JAMAL,** a popular, controversial pianist—some people think he's gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis has called him a genius—performs here through Sunday, Nov. 6; Monday, Nov. 7, will belong to Mark Morganelli & the Jazz Forum All-Stars; and on Tuesday, Nov. 8, flutists **HERBIE MANN** and **DAVE VALENTIN** will move in for six nights. Music from nine-thirty. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions on Fridays and Saturdays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Thursday and Friday, Nov. 3-4, rockabillyist **ROBERT GORDON** and the **COASTERS;** Saturday, Nov. 5, tenor saxophonist **SONNY ROLLINS;** Sunday, Nov. 6, Shadowfax and Alex De Grassi; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 7-8, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his orchestra; Friday, Nov. 11, guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** and bassist **JAMAALADEEN TACUMA;** and Saturday, Nov. 12, Chris Rush and the Washington Squares. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **ALAN BROADBENT** and Putter Smith through Saturday, Nov. 5, and **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Monday, Nov. 7. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** once the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle—nowadays, a prized visitor—is back, vigorously paying his respects to Coward, Porter, Gershwin, and company, as his ardent followers vigorously pay him theirs. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

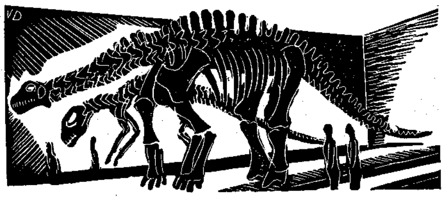
Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has moved back into this dark-brown restaurant around the corner from Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Nov. 2, the Mood Elevators, Danny Echoes, and the Rats; Thursday, Nov. 3, the Race, Zibawny, and None of the Above; Friday, Nov. 4, the Swinging Madisons, the Last Goodnight, Naux, and the New Toys; Saturday, Nov. 5, Ned Sublette and Hi Fi Tie; and Tuesday, Nov. 8, the Planets. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Club Jisco, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A large room (until recently, known as the Jazzmania Society) with ceiling fans, jazz fans, and dancing fans. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, vibraharpist **KARL BERGER'S GAMELA-TAKI FUNK BAND,** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, Frequency. Thursdays are the property of **HERMAN ANGEL'S** sextet with guest soloist trumpeter **JIMMY OWENS** sitting in on Nov. 5. Live music from ten; taped music from nine.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Stride pianist **JOE TURNER** is on hand at nine and eleven-fifteen through Saturday, *Nov. 5; singer and songwriter* **ALBERTA HUNTER** will return on Wednesday, Nov. 9, to perform a nine-thirty show. Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-thirty are now the property of singer Laura Theodore. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, *and British and Irish folk music.* (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Saturday Nov. 5, **FIDDLE FEVER,** a quintet that features **MATT GLASER** and **RUSS BARENBERG;** Thursday Nov. 10, the **TRACY SCHWARTZ FAMILY BAND;** and Saturday, Nov. 12, the Lundy Bros. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.



Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Nov 6, the **JOHN BUNCH** quintet will perform. On Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer heads his group from eight-thirty; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio and Jay Leonhart co-pilot a quartet. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A spiffy downstairs jazz room that has, for the moment, become a jazz vocalist's room. Keyboardist and vocalist **LES MC CANN** leads his outfit through Sunday, Nov. 6; on Tuesday, Nov. 8, drummer and father figure **ART BLAKEY** will bring in his latest **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Sets begin after nine. Dining Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, Nov 3, Buzzy Linhart; Friday, Nov. 4, June & Jean Millington; Saturday, Nov. 5, singer **PAULA LOCKHEART;** Sunday, Nov. 6, Jane Brucker; Monday, Nov. 7, Lynn Samuels *Thursday, Nov. 10, the* **CLANCY BROTHERS,** at eight and eleven; and Saturday, Nov. 12 Mick Moloney & Eugene O'Donnell. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which i hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummer less music. A schedule of pianists: **ALBERT DAILEY** through Sunday, Nov. 6; **RAHN BURTON** Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 8-9; and Kenny Brawner Thursday through Saturday Nov. 10-12. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371 2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist Matt McErlean's trio can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays, pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sunday from five to ten, Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hour Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289 3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. Trumpeter **DICK SUDHALTER** works with pianist **STEVE KUHN** through Saturday, Nov. 5, and with pianist Henry Francis from Tuesday Nov. 8. **DICK HYMAN** owns the dining-room grand on Mondays, and Keith MacDonald drops by on Sundays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Friday and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty pace east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays Kaminsky directs another group of musica archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are the good pianists and bassists: **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RON CARTER** through Saturday Nov. 5; Jack Wilson and David Jackson

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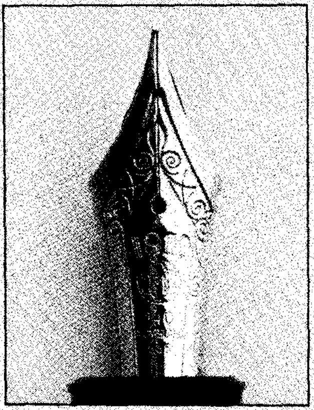

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

starting Tuesday, Nov. 8; and the Sunday and Monday guys, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can spot the down-home folks; they're the guys in Bermudas and sockless loafers who look like former high-school football players. Wednesday, Nov. 2, the Allen Collins Band and the Heart Fixers; Thursday, Nov. 3, the Younger Brothers and Gabe Johnson; Sunday, Nov. 6, the Drifters; and Monday, Nov. 7, singer **ETTA JAMES.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. The roster: Alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** and his quartet, Alto Madness, through Sunday, Nov. 6; vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON'S** quartet Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 8-12. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The **MAX MORATH** quintet performs classic popular tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 2, Slow Train; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 3-5, singer **JON LUCIEN.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and, lately, more-than-occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 2, Doug Harris, the Whirling Dervishes, and the Jackrabbits; Thursday, Nov. 3, Hooke & Scalfi, Nancy Griffith, Jack Hardy, and the Baxters; Friday, Nov. 4, Grape Jam, Junior X Trio, and L-7; Saturday, Nov. 5, Maiden American and Spellbound; Sunday, Nov. 6, singer-bassist Rob Stoner; Monday, Nov. 7, the One, the Band Next Door, and Aces & 8; Wednesday, Nov. 9, Janie Barnett, Conviction, and Bricks Mortar; Thursday, Nov. 10, the Modulators, the Spencers, and White Noise; Friday, Nov. 11, the Bouncing Balls, Carol McDonald & Witch, and the Strate A's; and Saturday, Nov. 12, sublime blues singer **PAUL BUTTERFIELD.** Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Saturday, Nov. 5, the **SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS,** Scotland's answer to the Crickets; Friday, Nov. 11, the Disciples of Joyous Reckoning; and Saturday, Nov. 12, Pylon. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play the eighties version of the Bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Nov. 3, Southside Johnny and the Jukes; Friday, Nov. 4, A.P.B.; Saturday, Nov. 5, the Payolas; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 8-9, **X;**

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Friday, Nov. 11, Trio; and Saturday, Nov. 12, the Lords of the New Church. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 2, flutist **RICHARD CLAY;** Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 3-6, the **CEDAR WALTON** quartet; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 9-10, Cornelius Bumpus; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, singer **BONNIE KOLOC.** Mondays have been reserved for pianist, composer, arranger, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his orchestra. Music from ten.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The exuberant weekend crush does nothing to dispel the rumor that Brazil is the Texas of South America. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 2, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Thursday, Nov. 3, Gumbe Sounds; Friday, Nov. 4, and Saturday, Nov. 12, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Saturday, Nov. 5, and Friday, Nov. 11, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, Nov. 8, Kubata; Wednesday, Nov. 9, Mario Rivera; and Thursday, Nov. 10, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

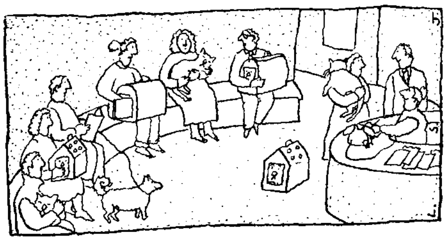
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The jazz players: saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet through Saturday, Nov. 5; and Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 8-12, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and his quartet. Sundays belong to **HOWARD JOHNSON'S** buoyant, lively tuba band, **GRAVITY,** and Mondays to the **DAVID MURRAY** big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Nov. 7, **RAY BARRETTO** and the Bad Street Boys will share the stage with guest jazz soloist, trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE.** In the Top of the Gate, renamed Bananas at the Gate, comics Franklin Ajaye and Mark Schiff hold forth through Saturday, Nov. 5. Shows at nine and midnight. And starting about nine out on the Terrace, pianist **JAKI BYARD** works until Sunday, Nov. 6; the **KIRK LIGHTSEY** duo will arrive on Tuesday, Nov. 8; and every Tuesday resident jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** can be found alternating with the visiting pianists.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **ZOOT SIMS** plays dancing tenor-sax solos and leads his quartet through Sunday, Nov. 6; on Tuesday, Nov. 8, the quintet **QUEST** will move in for six nights. On Mondays the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** takes charge. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Guitarist **MUNDELL LOWE** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** wind up their stay on Sunday, Nov. 6; on Tuesday, Nov. 8, guitarist-singer **SLIM GAILLARD** will come in with tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK** and bassist **RUFUS REID.** Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing distric One attraction is the authentically prepare collard greens; another is the warm atmo sphere. The pianists: Wednesday, Nov. Hank Johnson; Thursday through Sunda Nov. 3-6, Esther Blue; Monday throug Wednesday, Nov. 7-9, Samir Saswat; an Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 10-13, Ton Regusis. Music from eight-thirty until two.



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666 8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-ho student food, beyond the pinball machines a room full of mostly swing music. The mu sicians: pianist **SAMMY PRICE** and his ban through Saturday, Nov. 5, and starting Mon day, Nov. 7, the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAN** Sundays are the property of pianist **DICK KAT** Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A roster duos: guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **JA LEONHART** through Saturday, Nov. 5; pianis **NORMAN SIMMONS** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** o Sunday, Nov. 6; and pianist **JAMES WILLIAM** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** starting Monda Nov. 7. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SAMMY DAVIS, JR., and **BILL COSBY**—A two-wee engagement. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st S west of Broadway. 586-6510. Monday through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays an Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Through Satu day, Nov. 12.)

KOOL & THE GANG—With the S.O.S. Band. (Radi City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 24 4600. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 2- at 8.)

DICK HYMAN AND RUBY BRAFF—New School, 66 W 12th St. Friday, Nov. 4, at 6. Tickets at th door on the night of the concert.

WOODY SHAW QUINTET AND GRADY TATE—Brookly Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 63 4100. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.

MEG CHRISTIAN, CRIS WILLIAMSON, TRET FURE, TERES TRULL, AND BARBARA HIGBIE—Beacon Theatr Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturda Nov. 5, at 8.

MILES AHEAD—George Benson, Angela Bofil Herbie Hancock, Quincy Jones, Grover Wash ington, Jr., and others in a tribute to Mil Davis. (Radio City Music Hall. Sunday, No 6, at 8.)

BLUES GREATS—John Lee Hooker, Willie Dixo Sippie Wallace, John Hammond, and th Robert Cray Band. (Carnegie Hall. 24 7459. Monday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

JOHNNY MATHIS—With Debbie Allen. (Rad City Music Hall. Tuesday and Wednesda Nov. 8-9, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1 12, at 8.)

FRED FRIED—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th S Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8. For informati about tickets, call 757-3255.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Saxophonists Zoot Sim Jimmy Heath, and Pepper Adams, an others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Lo Student Center, Washington Sq. S. an LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 1 at 8.)

STANLEY CLARKE/GEORGE DUKE PROJECT—Beac Theatre. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.

JAZZ CULTURAL THEATRE—Friday and Saturda Nov. 4-5, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Teri Thornt trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-1 at 10, 11:30, and 1: Chris Anderson tri (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. betwe 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are op Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

TADASHI ASOMA—Views of wooded areas an ponds, most of them painted from a closeu perspective. Through Saturday, Nov. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77 St.)

PAUL BRACH—Landscape paintings that repe motifs of the Southwest—horses running herds, mesas—and are bordered with Nava designs. Through Nov. 19. (Steinbaum, 90 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

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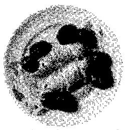
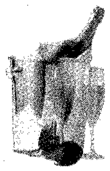


In the heart of the financial district, steps away from the harbor and historic Boston.



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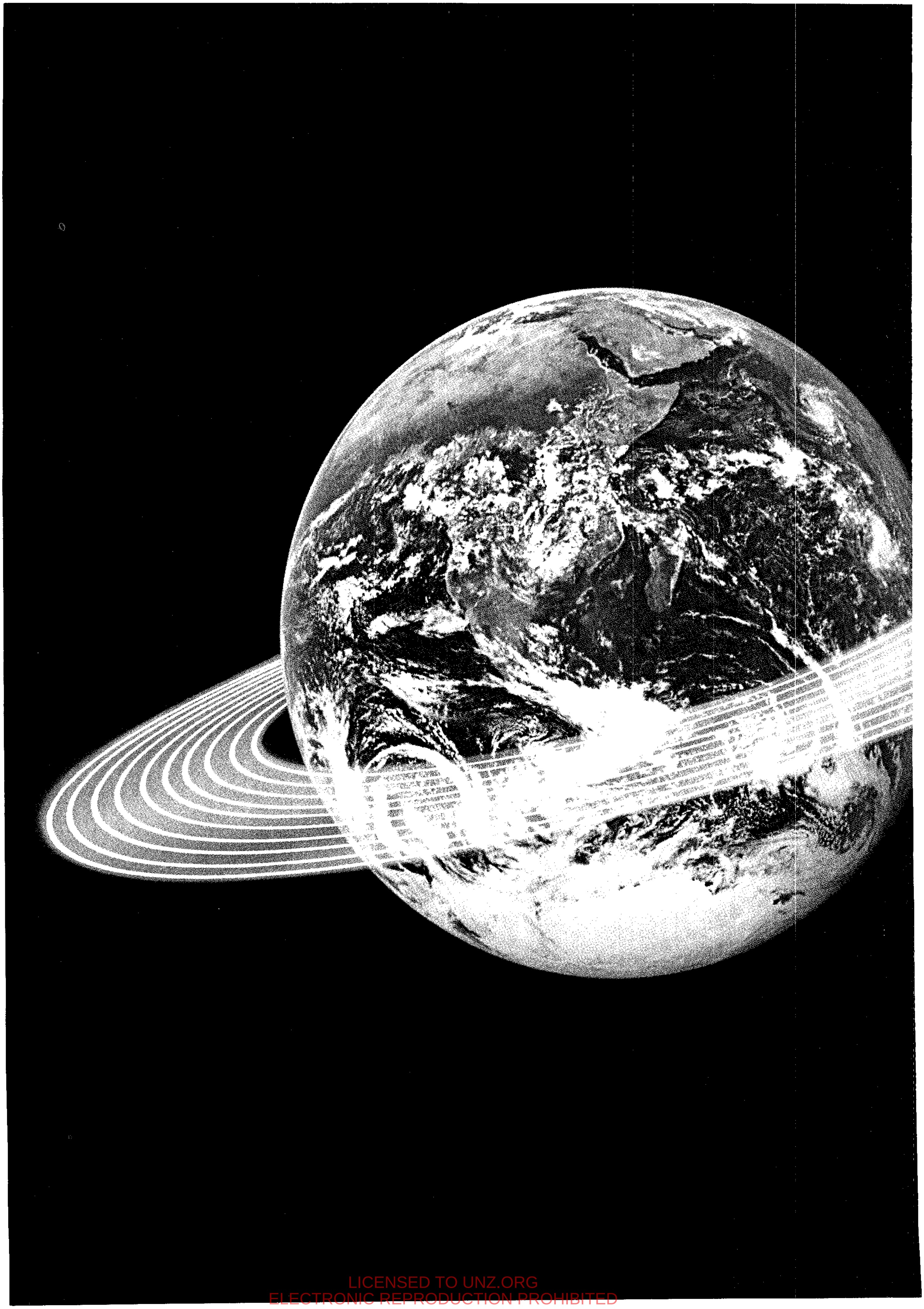

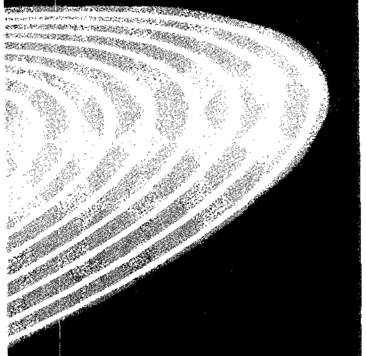

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Far more efficient and economical than copper cable, lightwave communications speeds your messages over 90 million light pulses per second through hair-thin glass fibers. A single lightguide cable can carry 240,000 telephone calls at once.

Right now Western Electric is installing the world's largest lightwave system in the busy Northeast Corridor. Another will transmit the entire 1984 Los Angeles Summer Olympics to ABC television studios.

And our research and development arm, Bell Labs, is working on a transatlantic lightwave cable that will triple calling capacity and enhance transmission quality.

These systems are forerunners of a continually expanding lightwave network that one day will literally circle the earth, bringing everyone exciting new information services.

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AT&T

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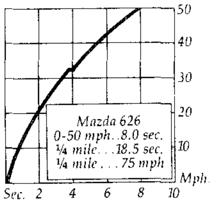
Four doors. Cavernous trunk. Fold-down rear seatbacks. Room for five adults. If convenience were the only thing to like about the 626 Sedan, it would still be an impressive value.

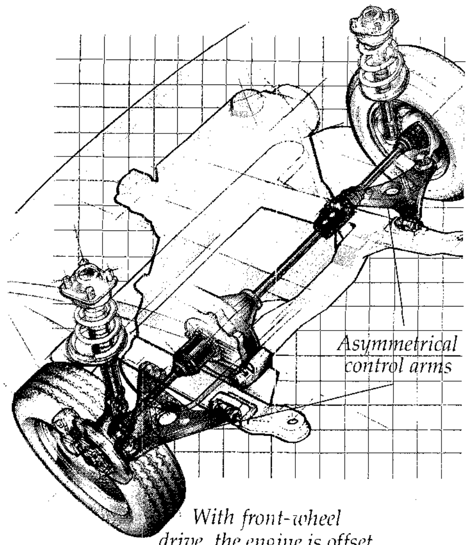


But there's more. There's front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires, plus unique engineering components in its 4-wheel independent suspension system—all of which adds up to exceptional handling.

And there's an easy-revving 2-litre overhead cam engine that helps whisk the 626 from zero to 50 in 8 seconds flat.

In other words, what you experience in the Mazda 626 Sedan is outstanding performance. The sort of performance you might not expect to find in a road car this luxurious, this comfortable. And yes, this convenient.

41 EST. HWY. MPG / **29** EST.* MPG



With front-wheel drive, the engine is offset to the right. To counteract this imbalance and permit equal response in left and right turns, the 626 uses unique asymmetrical control arm (the right arm is 1.4 inches shorter than the left

EXPERIENC
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You find luxury everywhere you look inside the spacious 626 Sport Sedan. Richly-textured velour upholstery. Full cut-pile carpeting. 6-way adjustable driver's seat. Tilt steering wheel. Dual remote-control door mirrors. As a further thoughtful touch, chimes remind you when you've left your lights on, your key in the ignition, or your door ajar.

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*EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options (tires/al. wheels shown) and other dealer charges extra. Price may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with specific features may vary.

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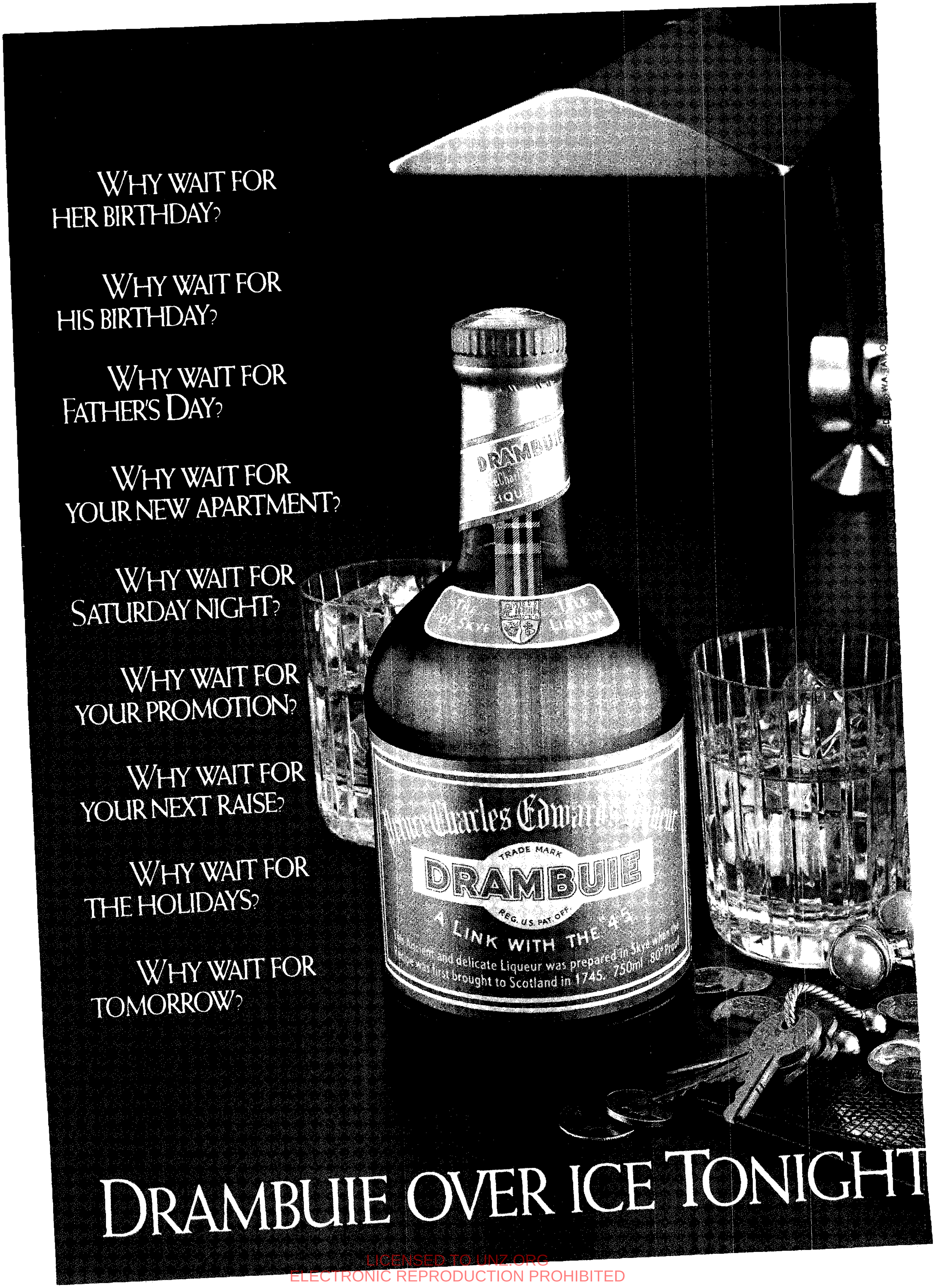
THE MORE YOU LOOK,
THE MORE YOU LIKE.


WHY WAIT FOR HER BIRTHDAY?
WHY WAIT FOR HIS BIRTHDAY?
WHY WAIT FOR FATHER'S DAY?
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(1900-73)—Paintings of the *haut monde* in the thirties and early forties but looking just as *haut* now as they did then. Through Dec. 3. / Works on paper, among them hard-edge abstractions in tempera and gouache. Through Nov. 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Pène du Bois—A retrospective of paintings and drawings done over the past fifty years by this well-known author and illustrator of children's books, who is the son of Guy Pène du Bois. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Schiller-Wapner, 36 E. 61st St.)

Elizabeth Egbert—A room-size geometric sculpture whose spiral form was constructed from slats of red oak. Through Nov. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Michael Flanagan—Meticulously painted surrealistic works. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Philip Grausman—Stylized portrait heads in pewter, aluminum, and bronze. Through Nov. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959) **and Hannah Höch** (1889-1978)—Oils and works on paper done in Berlin during the twenties and thirties. Through Dec. 31. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Michael Heizer—Seven new sculptures (five of them very big), and eight large-scale drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Hard-edge abstractions in brilliant colors. Through Dec. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Close to seventy paintings by an American modernist. Through Dec. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Drawings in a range of mediums, including four in charcoal on canvas. From the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso. Through Dec. 3. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Cornelis Ruhtenberg—New representational paintings. Through Nov. 17. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Nancy Spero—Paintings of couples, from the sixties, and recent drawings, frequently consisting of repeated images stamped on paper from a crude zinc plate. Through Nov. 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Miklos Suba (1880-1944)—Drawings and watercolors of New York, mostly from the thirties. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Group Shows—At the **CARUS**, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Watercolors, drawings, and prints by the original German Expressionists, such as Emil Nolde, Kirchner, and Pechstein. Through Dec. 17. . . . **COLNAGHI**, 26 E. 80th St.: Still-life and hunting paintings by European artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Through Nov. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by some of this century's more formidable artists, among them Picasso, Miró, Balthus, and Giacometti. Through Nov. 23. . . . **HUTTON**, 33 E. 74th St.: Russian Suprematist works, many of which were hidden in a Leningrad apartment until the seventies: Twenty-five drawings by Malevich, porcelains by Nikolai Suetin, and ink drawings and porcelains by Ilya Chashnik. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COE KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Scenes of turn-of-the-century Venice in paintings, works on paper, and prints by a half-dozen Americans, among them Childe Hassam and Maurice Prendergast. Through Nov. 16. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings and watercolors—primarily landscapes and figures—by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English artists (Turner among them) and nineteenth-century French artists (Harpignies). Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Rela Banks—A new series of marble sculptures emphasizing egg-shaped forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Ben Benn (1884-1983)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Brooks—Recent paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

George Constant (1892-1978)—Landscapes and figurative works. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael David—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Valentina DuBasky—Paintings and drawings from the "stag" series, in which landscape *and still-life meld—along with the stag, of* course. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Joellyn Duesberry—Landscapes in oil. Through Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Paintings from the thirties and fifties by an abstract colorist. Through Nov. 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sam Francis—Paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Elisabeth Frink—New bronzes in her distinctive style. Through Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—Late paintings not seen in New York until now. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette / George Negroponte—Colored-pencil drawings and pastels. / Abstractions in oil. Through Nov. 25. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Christopher James—Watercolors of women swimmers and hand-colored-and-lacquered photographs of swimming pools in winter (closeup or deliberately skewed). Through Nov. 26. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Terence LaNoue—Large, dense abstract paintings rich with references to pre-Columbian earthworks and Indonesian designs. Through Nov. 19. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Mixed mediums on paper, filled with private symbolism and unaccountable inscriptions. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Markus Lüpertz—Oil paintings by a German Neo-Expressionist. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ben Frank Moss—Paintings and drawings, mostly of landscapes on the coast of Washington State. Through Nov. 19. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan / Heinrich Kühn (1866-1944)—Studio still-lifes that bring to mind Morandi's works, plus self-portraits. / Photographs, among them large-format exhibition prints (platinum and gum-bichromate) of his travels in Europe. Through Nov. 19. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

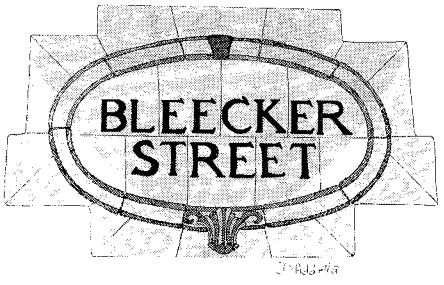
Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Herman Rose—Representational paintings spanning a fifty-year period. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through Nov. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dee Shapiro—Richly colored, patterned watercolors. Through Nov. 18. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Steven Sorman—Large abstract works done in various mediums on polyester drapery material. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)



Andrew Tavarelli—Abstractions from nature—the Northern lights, clouds, mountains, and the sea. Through Nov. 26. (Haber Theodore, in a new location at 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—Abstract wall sculptures in a dazzling variety of mediums; this is the artist's first major show since his retrospective at the Whitney in 1975. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ruth Vollmer (1903-82)—Sculptures in bronze, wood, plastic, and aluminum, reflecting her mathematical turn of mind. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—Forty etchings and drypoints of Venice in the eighteen-eighties, marking the centennial of his first show here with the same dealers. Through Nov. 30. (Wunderlich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FRENCH**, 41 W. 57th St.: Cityscapes interpreted by seventeen realist painters, among them Matthew Daub (New York), Peter Poskas (Waterbury), and Linda Etcoff (Boston). Through Nov. 19. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Luis Cruz Azaceta, JoAnne Carson, and Roy De Forest are among the artists whose paintings, constructed in three dimensions, are on view. Through Thursday, Nov. 10. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES**, 24 W. 57th St.: An exhibit documenting the connection between the idealized portraits of women by American artists active between 1880 and 1917 (John Alexander White, Edward August Bell) and the prints of Whistler and *Ukiyo-e* artists. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Bonnard, Vuillard, Roussel, Pissarro, and Toulouse-Lautrec. Through Nov. 30. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: The years 1770-1922 bracket this show of sixty paintings, largely landscapes and portraits, by such Americans as John Singleton Copley, Elihu Vedder, and William Merritt Chase. Through Dec. 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Rita Baragona—Everything floral, from azaleas to zinnias, seems to be represented in these oils, watercolors, and prints. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Mel Bochner—Large paintings of overlapping geometric forms on canvases shaped to accommodate them. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Chris Burden—"Cost Effective Micro-Weaponry and Related Machines" comprises six very active installations, some of them ("The Flying Kayak," for instance) intended for audience participation. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

William N. Copley—New paintings and three-panel screens, mostly high-gloss narrative works involving erotica. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Bill Creevy—Small, competent landscapes done in layer upon ground-in layer of pastels. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Don Eddy—Photo-Realist airbrush paintings of glassware, toys, and assorted doodads arranged on glass shelves. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mary Beth Edelson—Large-scale paintings and drawings in which the artist focussed on portrait busts from antiquity—in particular, ones with missing noses. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Alain Kirili—Forged-iron sculptures, mostly slim upright shafts, hammered into shape by hand. Through Nov. 26. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Fay Lansner—Large drawings. Through Nov. 19. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Marion Lerner Levine—Realist paintings of postcards laid out on lace. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Ju Ming—Sculptures of mammoth tree trunks, cast in bronze; wooden logs shaped with an

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

axe; and, on a smaller scale, ceramic fish and people. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Mimmo Paladino—Paintings and sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Edward Pieters—Abstract sculptures made of dyed handmade paper. Through Tuesday, Nov. 8. *(Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily;* opens Sundays at noon.)

Milo Reice—Large-scale oils by a painter whose sources were Shakespeare and mythology. Through Nov. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Arlene Slavin—A three-part, eight-foot folding screen commissioned by the Hudson River Museum, and other works. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Carol Unger / Eve Licea—Outsize pencil drawings of comfortably seated young people, done with exceptional exactitude. / Sculptures, both on the wall and freestanding, made of handmade paper and pieces of wood, string, glass, metal, etc. Through Sunday, Nov. 6. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

John T. Young / Leonard Dufresne—Rock cores a couple of inches in diameter and several feet long, taken by geologists testing for oil in Washington State, are linked together here in decorative sculptural works. / Small, stylized paintings of everyday life in kitchen, bedroom, and bath. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. *(O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)*

British Art: New Directions—Fifty or so contemporary artists showing their paintings, sculptures, prints, and crafts. Through Nov. 17. (Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St. Open daily.)

The New Museum, now in galleries at 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Sixty-eight artists, all of whom have had a work or two at the museum in the past, are represented by paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and video. William Wiley, Lynda Benglis, William Wegman, Nancy Arlen, and Brice Marden, among others. Through Nov. 27. Except on Wednesdays after 5, admission is $2.50. (Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Show—Drawings and models of architectural follies, ranging from pleasure domes to private prisons, by nineteen architects, among them Michael Graves, Arata Isozaki, and Frank Gehry. Through Nov. 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Alice Adams—A copper sculpture sixteen feet long and shaped like a section of roof. Through Jan. 3. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Alfredo Castañeda—Paintings by a Mexican artist with his own brand of surrealism and his own earthy wit. First one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 18. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Rosemarie Castoro—More than a hundred black-and-white drawings that the artist calls "voyeuristic portraits," plus sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Heidi Glück—Long, narrow, precise Minimalist drawings designed expressly for the walls they occupy and painted directly on them. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Shigeko Kubota—Video works, including one inspired by Duchamp's "Bicycle Wheel," and drawings. Through Nov. 26. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alfred Leslie—Dramatic landscapes done with varying shades of black watercolor on white paper; they evolved from quick sketches made along the highways between California and New England. Through Dec. 3. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

George Peck—Abstractions based on chevron shapes, and other paintings and drawings from the past three years. Through Nov. 26. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Jane Sargeant—Recent oils and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St.)

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Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—More than thirty-five works on paper, representing the full range of his styles. Through Nov. 19. (Visual Arts Museum, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Allan Chasanoff—Photographs of still-life compositions, which were altered by painted-in trompe-l'oeil effects. Through Nov. 25. *(Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)*

Roland Freeman—More than a hundred prints of contemporary blacks by a photojournalist. Through Jan. 8. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Lee Friedlander / Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Portraits from the past three decades. / Platinum prints of Mexico and New Mexico in the thirties. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Hamish Fulton—Panoramic photographs taken in remote areas of Australia, Bolivia, Japan, Ireland, Nepal, and Florida, documenting this British artist's back-to-nature campaign. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Frank Gohlke—Fifteen photographs have been mounted in the lobby of the Museum of Modern Art, showing the region affected by the eruption of Mt. St. Helens one, two, and three years after the disaster. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

N. Jay Jaffee / Bob Willoughby—Black-and-white photographs. / Portraits of celebrities, generally taken on movie sets. Through Nov. 26. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Grace Knowlton—Platinum prints that present further refinements of her subject—corners. Through Dec. 10. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Eliot Porter—Photographs of China. Through Dec. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Prince—A dozen photographs of magazine and newspaper ads for a cigarette brand. Through Nov. 19. (Baskerville & Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Don Rodan—One photograph and one drawing apiece for each of the four seasons. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Cindy Sherman—New photographic works. Through Nov. 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show called "Metropolitan Opera Centennial: A Photographic Album." . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Canadian portraitist Yousuf Karsh. Both shows through Nov. 13. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Color photographs taken during the forties for the Farm Security Administration by Marion Post Wolcott, Russell Lee, Jack Delano, and John Vachon; lost for more than thirty years, the original transparencies were used to produce these dye-transfer prints. Through Nov. 26. (Light, 724 Fif Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.- The Édouard Manet retrospective. Throu Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the pair ings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, late-nineteenth-century painter and exp nent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the c lection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; amo the seventy-five works are ten newly a quired ones, including an O'Keeffe and Mondrian. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A sh devoted to Erastus Dow Palmer (1817-190 the American neoclassical sculptor who ma his reputation with the marble "White Ca tive," one of twenty-five pieces on vie Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Monda Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, 10 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 4:45; Sundays, Election Day, and Vetera Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.— hundred drawings that are eminent exampl of all the major artistic movements fr Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurati styles of the fifties and of the museum's c lection as well. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Polloc Diebenkorn, others. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ show of large-scale prints by Georg Baseli (sixteen linoleum cuts) and Rolf Iseli (sixte drypoints). Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ The sh history of video—its artists and exhibitions- is summarized in a show of photograp and catalogues. Through Jan. 3. . . . **Ph tography:** Frank Gohlke's prints of Mt. Helens. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, cept Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursd evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.— show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, a photographs by eleven artists from arou the country who have been chosen to rep sent "New Perspectives in American Art Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mo days. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no a mission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesda through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison A at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrosp tive contains more than a hundred paintin sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 the present. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "T Sculptor as Draftsman," a show of abo forty twentieth-century drawings by ne ly as many artists, including Elie Nad man, Isamu Noguchi, and H. C. West mann. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily exce Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, wi no admission charge after 6; Wednesda through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show prints from the past two years by Americ artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderso Helen Frankenthaler, and many othe Through Jan. 22. (Open Wednesdays throu Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; V erans Day, 1 to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit more than fifty pieces of mid-seventeent century utilitarian Chinese ceramics—bow square vases, brush holders, and so Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except V erans Day. Hours: Mondays through F days, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91 St.—A group of ornamental silver *objec* (many of them overlaid with a thin coat gold) created by European goldsmiths duri the Renaissance and after. From the Schrod Collection of Great Britain. Through Ja 22. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright and the Pr rie School," an exhibit examining the evol tion of that style, as well as the results Wright's collaborations with artists and oth architects in designing, furnishing, and e bellishing such structures as the Robie hous Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hot Drawings, photographs, sculptures, furnitu decorative glass, and silverware. Throu Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hou Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission char after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A thirteent

A FEW IMPARTIAL WORDS TO HELP YOU DECIDE WHICH FOOD PROCESSOR TO GIVE.

EVALUATIONS OF 4 MODELS REPRINTED FROM THE COOK'S MAGAZINE, BROUGHT TO YOU BY THEIR UNANIMOUS CHOICE FOR FIRST PLACE.

CUISINART

"The reason Cuisinart is practically the generic term for food processor is apparent in the quality and performance of the DLC-7 PRO ($275). It scored as high as possible with one tester in all but two categories. (She found it left a little cheese on top of the blade and trapped a small amount of not-completely-processed peanut butter under the blade.) The other tester thought it performed virtually flawlessly. Well designed and heavy, with the unique feature of separate switches for pulse and on/off, the Cuisinart even has the best instruction booklet and a fine warranty (two years on the processor, to be increased to three on October 1, and 30 years on the rotor, stator, and bearings). Available attachments include five slicing blades, a shredder, two funnels, a french fry cutter, and two julienne blades, a blade holder, and pasta machine.

Our testers' only suggestion is that a standard feed tube might be included for use with small quantities. The Cuisinart was the top choice of both testers when they were not considering price and even when they were. Other Cuisinarts include the DLC-10E at about $130, the DLC-8F at $190, and the DLCX at $390.

ROBOT COUPE

The Robot Coupe 3500 *looks* wonderful. Its sleek, high-tech design, heavy weight, and long warranty (30 years on rotor, stator, and bearings, one year on all parts) indicate very high quality. The instant stop feature, the magnetic lock on the work bowl, and red and green warning-ready lights indicate a real concern for safety. Its performance received excellent ratings in only two tasks—making peanut butter and slicing strawberries. After less than one minute of kneading, it stalled for five to eight minutes even though its alleged capacity was not exceeded by our recipe. Although it shredded the cheese very well and left none on top of the disc, the machine wobbled and the bowl came loose from the base. One tester noted, "It was so fast, there was no controlling it."

One tester found the flashing ready lights very distracting when the machine was pulsing. The instant stop feature makes the machine shudder violently as it stops, which is especially disturbing when pulsing on and off. A full complement of accessories is available—dough blade, citrus juicer, pasta attachment, three slicers, three shredders, ice/Parmesan grater, french fry cutter, and ripple cutter. There are several other models: the 2000 at $125, the 2100W at $150, the 2800 at $225, and the 3600 at $275. Of the three expensive machines, the Robot Coupe placed third.

KITCHENAID

KitchenAid's reputation as a high quality brand remains intact: the food processor worked extremely well and its design, quality, and weight were given excellent ratings. Although it stalled after kneading the bread dough for one minute, the machine didn't move around on the counter and the dough was well kneaded. The cheese shredding was excellent with good control, and although one tester felt it rattled when shredding, it left no cheese on top of the disc. Its performance with the peanut butter, onions, and strawberries was excellent; its pureeing ability very good; the mousse was quite smooth, but the machine did jump around a bit. One tester felt the slicing blade does not snap onto the shaft and could be dangerous if dropped. Additional slicers, a french fry cutter, and ice/Parmesan grater are available as well as a pasta maker and juicer. The KitchenAid 700 at $264.95 was rated second in both categories. The new model 400 will be available next month at about $169.95.

SUNBEAM

Neither tester picked the Sunbeam at $131.95 in either category, although, except for the cheese and strawberries, it did an adequate job with the tests. It made an excellent, fully kneaded dough without stalling (although it did evidence some strain), and made excellent peanut butter in two minutes. Although it managed to handle the chicken, the machine crawled as it processed it. When working with the onion it left a few larger pieces unchopped. Four slicers, two shredders, and a french fry cutter are available. The model 14011 is $120.95, the 14056 is $69.95.

The Sunbeam 14021 has some features which seem like excellent ideas but don't work as well as they should. The food pusher separates into two sections so that, theoretically, one carrot or other slender food can be sliced at a time. Unfortunately, when you need to use the whole feed tube, the pusher keeps coming apart, making it difficult to shred cheese or even slice strawberries. Our testers felt a one-piece pusher should be included.

The other feature which should work better than it does is the "slinger," a continuous feed chute which, according to one tester, "needs an *awfully* large bowl to catch the food." The other tester exclaimed, "It spit food all over the place.""

Cuisinart
Food Processor

For more information write: Cuisinarts Inc., 411 (N) West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830.
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The COOK'S Magazine has no connection with Cuisinarts, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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century Japanese National Treasure, "Toiletry Case with Medallion Design," is included in a show that focusses on the autumn-grass and water motifs in the classical art of that country. Lacquerware, porcelain, screens, and textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit called "The History of the Jews in Denmark 1622-1983" coincides with the fortieth anniversary of the rescue of Danish Jews from the Nazis, and takes in documents from that time as well as paintings and ceremonial objects from the Hebraica Collection of the Royal Library, in Copenhagen. . . . ¶ Large-scale charcoal and pastel drawings of Jerusalem by Anna Ticho. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centuries of Opera," a show that offers original music manuscripts, printed scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. Through Sunday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans Day. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Rachel Rosenthal (performance), Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:30; a short work each by four performance artists, Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:30; Layne Redmond and Glen Velez (performance), Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A show of videotapes, photographs, and books by Peter D'Agostino. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ A two-part exhibit of books illustrated by Cubists and of Cubist prints, plus related materials. Through Dec. 3. (The books are here; the prints are on view at Aldis Browne, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen (a video feature called "The Bad Sister"), Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 5-6, at 8:30; Earl Howard, with George Lewis, Anthony Davis, and Gerry Hemingway (music), Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30; Max Roach, Fab 5 Freddy, DJ Spy, and others (music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 8:30.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The paintings and sculptures of five of Germany's Neo-Expressionists—Georg Baselitz, Jörg Immendorff, Anselm Kiefer, Markus Lüpertz, and A. R. Penck—occupy the main galleries. Through Nov. 20.

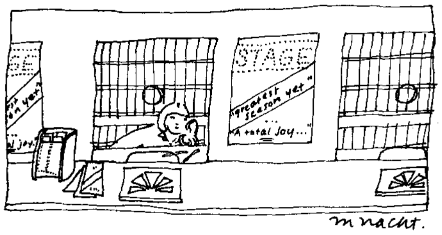
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., 636-4100; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St., 864-5400. Other box-office *numbers are included in the listings.)*

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Myra Merritt, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Myra Merritt, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 7: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 8: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Myra Merritt, Neil Shicoff, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "Peter Grimes," with Johanna Meier, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, and Peter Glossop; John Pritchard. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Pamela Myers, Jon Garrison, Marcel Vanaud, and Gregory Stapp; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Jon Fredric West, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Stephanie Sundine, Gianna Rolandi, Patricia McCaffrey, and John Alexander; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, Jon Garrison, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "The Merry Widow," with Karen Huffstodt, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, and John Reardon; Eric Knight. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 6: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Jon Fredric West, and William Dansby; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 6: "The Cunning Little Vixen," with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, and Richard Cross; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Pamela Porter-Arnold, Gianna Rolandi, Delores Ziegler, and John Alexander; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "The Cunning Little Vixen," with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, and Richard Cross; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "The Merry Widow," with Karen Huffstodt, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, and John Reardon; Eric Knight. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Pamela Myers, Jon Garrison, Marcel Vanaud, and Gregory Stapp; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "Carmen," with Janice Meyerson, Karen Huffstodt, Jon Fredric West, and Alfred Anderson; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "The Merry Widow," with Leigh Munro, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, and John Reardon; Eric Knight. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)



Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the first four of eight performances of two one-act operas based on stories by Anton Chekhov: "The Scarf," by Lee Hoiby, and "The Boor," by Dominick Argento. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Fridays, Nov. 4 and 11, and Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Aida." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRA AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a Webern–Beethoven–Richard Strauss program on Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8; Friday, Nov. 4, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8 (all with Rudolf Buchbinder, piano). . . . ¶ Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 9-10, at 8; Friday, Nov. 11, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7:30 (all with Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano).

San Francisco Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Edo de Waart conducting—Friday, Nov. 4, at 8: An Anatol Liadov–Saint-Saëns–Elgar program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8: A Mozart-Sessions-Rachmaninoff program, with Heinz Holliger, oboe.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting—A Weber-Brahms-Shostakovich program, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5 at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2.) . . . ¶ The first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to music of American composers, including Elliott Carter and John Cage. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8. . . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6300, Ext. 205.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8, with Keith Jarrett, piano. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 7, at 8, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Richard Strauss's "Die Liebe der Danae" in concert form, with Rosalind Plowright, soprano; William Lewis and Ragnar Ulfung, tenors; Rogor Roloff, baritone; and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Charles Mackerras conducting, with Gidon Kremer, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Gaechinger Kantorei of Stuttgart and the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra—Helmuth Rilling directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion." (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing an all-Beethoven program, with Young Mi Kim, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

liot Fisk—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

afelmusik—Four musicians performing a program of twentieth-century chamber music. (Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ndrew Appel—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

hamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Joseph Suk, violin; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; David Jolley, horn; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 5.)

he Bach Winterfest—The second in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Julius Baker, flute; Melanie Punter, bass; and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St., on Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Valter Hilse—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2:30.)

omposers' Forum—Three concerts at Symphony Space—Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3: A program of music by Elizabeth Larsen, Tona Scherchen, Otto Laske, Edward Diemente, Joan La Barbara, and Jerry Hunt, performed by Anthony de Mare, piano; Joan Heller, soprano; Mr. Hunt; and the Bowery Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8: A program of music by Hans-Karsten Raecke and Leroy Jenkins, performed by Mr. Raecke and the Mixed Quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3: A program of music by Judith Weir, Jean-Charles François, Tristram Cary, Roger Reynolds, and Milton Babbitt, performed by Jane Manning, soprano; Mr. François; and others.

spen Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 5:30.)

hura Cherkassky—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

uir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

usic from Marlboro—Yuzuko Horigame and Todd Phillips, violin; Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Judith Serkin and Peter Wiley, cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

ale Chamber Music Series—The second in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Thomas Nyfenger, flute; Craig Nies, piano; Arthur Weisberg, bassoon; and Britt Wheeler, harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

ew York Chamber Soloists—An all-Mozart program, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

hruston Johnson—Violin, with Frances Bing, piano, in a program of Brahms sonatas. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

hamber Music—Daniel Stepner, baroque violin; Anner Bylsma, baroque cello; and Kenneth Cooper, fortepiano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2.)

mega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

leveland Quartet—With Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

rans Brueggen—Recorder. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

ational Association of Composers, U.S.A.—Max Lifchitz conducting a program of music by Leo Kraft, David Maves, Dorothy Dushkin, and others, performed by Stephen Gerber, piano; Catherine Rowe, soprano; and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

David Shifrin—Clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Rolf Smedvig—Trumpet, with Tatiana Yampolsky, piano, and the Empire Brass Quintet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Frans Brueggen and John Gibbons—Recorder/transverse flute and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

New York Quintet—A program of new American and Japanese music. (Symphony Space. Monday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A program of Renaissance music, with guest instrumentalists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

New Sounds from Vienna—Peter Keuschnig conducting the Ensemble Kontrapunkte in four concerts of contemporary Austrian chamber music. With Heinz Karl Gruber as vocalist and narrator. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 3 and 8:30, and Thursday, Nov. 10, at 4 and 8:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the concerts.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Paul Neubauer—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Julianne Baird and Colin Tilney—Soprano and harpsichord. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Gotham Chamber Players—Edgard Feder conducting, with Stephen Kates, cello; Judith Alstadter and James Gemmell, piano; and Robert Sherman, narrator. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Jaap Schröder and Elaine Thornburgh—Baroque violin and harpsichord. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of music from the courts of the Hapsburg Empire. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in a series of five concerts of contemporary music, this one performed by the Atlantic Quartet, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Wanda Wilkomirska—Violin, in a benefit recital. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 7:30. For tickets, call 989-0909.)

Orlando Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The second in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Leonard Rose, cello; Claude Frank, piano; the Raphael Trio; and the Emerson String Quartet. (Symphony Space. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

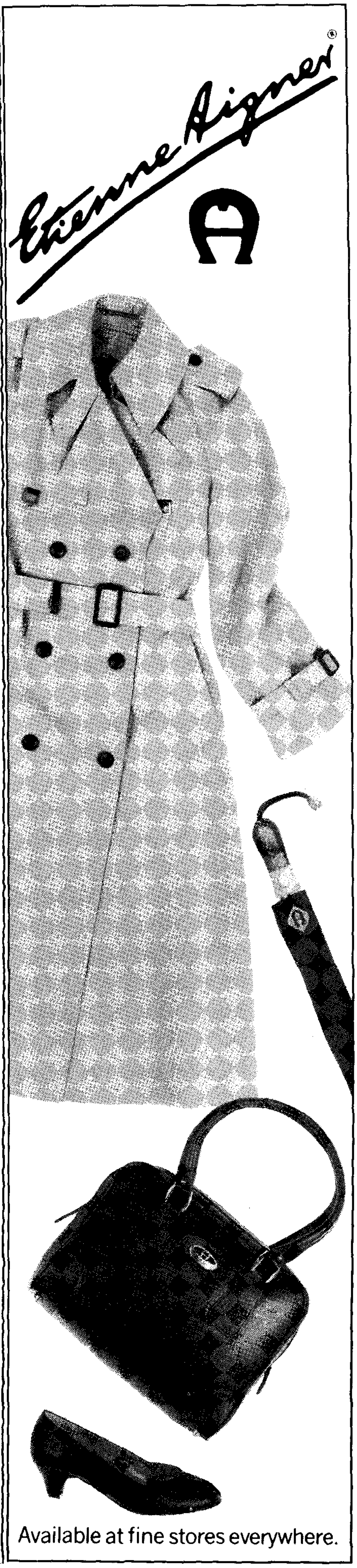
Jesús-Maria Sanromá—Piano. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 7:30. For tickets, call 662-2133.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of three concerts, this one devoted to Renaissance music from the royal courts of Europe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program featuring Peter Schickele's "Bestiary," a musical theatre piece for Renaissance instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—The third in a series of four productions at the Brooklyn Academy of



Music, which combine music, theatre, and visual effects: THE GOSPEL AT COLONUS, performed by Morgan Freeman, the Institutional Radio Choir, the J. D. Steele Singers, and others. The first five of fourteen performances. (Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 8-9, at 8; Thursday, Nov. 10, at 7; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Diego, Friday, Nov. 11, at 7:35. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Chicago, Thursday, Nov. 3, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Nov. 11, at 7:35.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 5: Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Colgate, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 6: Manhattan vs. St. John Fisher, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 12: Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Baltimore Colts. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 4.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Detroit Lions. (Detroit. Monday, Nov. 7.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Nov. 12, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Friday, Nov. 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Saturday, Nov. 12, at 1:35.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Sunday, Nov. 6. Competitions daily at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The East View, Wednesday, Nov. 2; the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 5; the First Flight Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 6; the General Douglas MacArthur Handicap, Friday, Nov. 11; and the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Young America, Saturday, Nov. 5, and the Long Look, Thursday, Nov. 10. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 12.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, starting Monday, Nov. 7.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 8; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry and Prose Readings—William Maxwell reading from his own prose. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sandra McPherson and David St. John reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

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Flower Show—The annual Chrysanthemum Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Friday, Nov. 4, from 10 to 4; Saturdays, Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans Day, 11 to 4. Through Nov. 27.)

Auctions—At the NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 1: A benefit auction of autographed theatre *Playbills*. For information about written bids and admission, call 870-1670. Exhibition Saturday, Nov. 5, from 11 to 5. . . . SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 6, from 1 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 3, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 2, and Saturday, Nov. 5, at 10:15 and 2: International sculptures, porcelains, furniture, and decorations—all from the Victorian era. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 11 and 2: Photographs. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7, and Thursday, Nov. 10, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, from the estate of Robert Elkon and from other sources. Admission to the evening sale by ticket only; for information, call 794-3098. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7: Contemporary art, from the collection of Pauli Hirsh. . . . Tuesday, Nov. 8, at approximately 7:45: Contemporary art. Admission to both sales by ticket only; for information, call 546-1127. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 10: Contemporary paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 3: Contemporary art, from the estate of Betty Parsons. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 3.

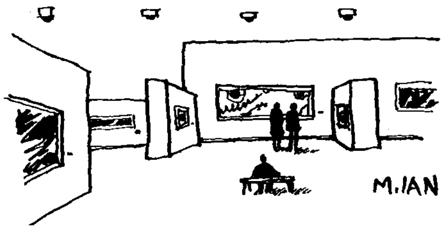
COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Nov. 15 (Indiana), Nov. 19 (Detroit), Nov. 22 (Boston), Nov. 26 (Cleveland), Nov. 29 (San Antonio), Dec. 1 (Washington), Dec. 3 (Houston), and Dec. 6 (Denver). . . . ¶ The Nets at the BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Nov. 30 (Knicks), Dec. 3 (Portland), and Dec. 6 (Cleveland).

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 19: Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Harvard Stadium; Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . FRIDAY, NOV. 25: Army vs. Navy, at the Rose Bowl.

Professional Football—SUNDAY, NOV. 13: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 20: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . MONDAY, NOV. 21: Jets vs. New Orleans Saints, at New Orleans. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 27: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Los Angeles Raiders, at Los Angeles. . . . SUNDAY, DEC. 4: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 10: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Shea Stadium.



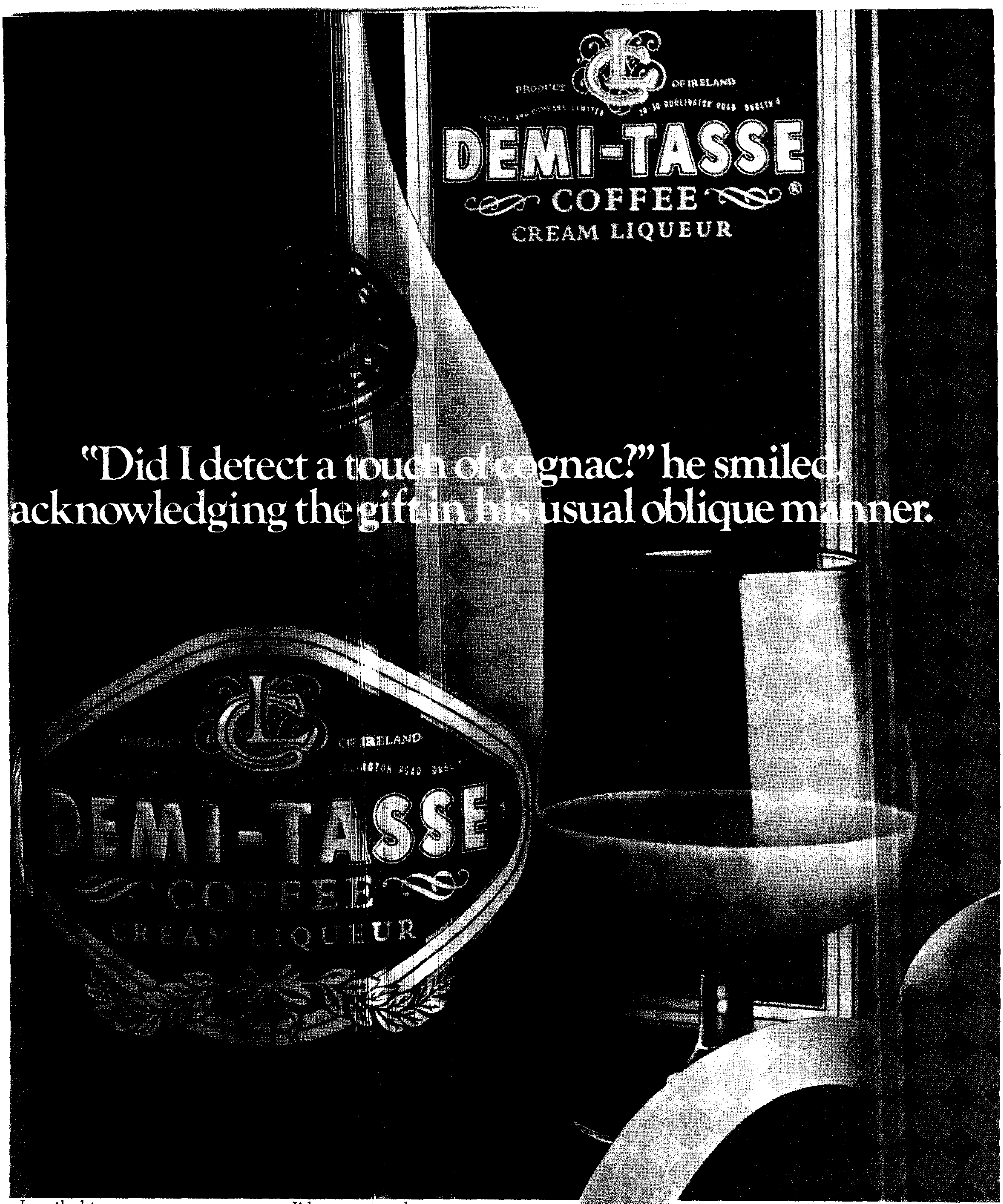
Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN Nov. 13 (Detroit), Nov. 16 (Washington) Nov. 20 (Quebec), Nov. 23 (Buffalo), Nov. 2 (Vancouver), Nov. 30 (Chicago), Dec. (Minnesota), and Dec. 7 (Washington). . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: Nov. 1 (Hartford), Nov. 19 (Washington), Nov. 2 (Quebec), and Nov. 26 (Chicago). . . . ¶ The Devils at BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Nov. 2 (Chicago), Dec. 2 (Washington), Dec. 4 (Detroit), Dec. 7 (Winnipeg), and Dec. 1 (Philadelphia).

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (362-6000): The season continues through April 21. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Nov 20. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Danie Barenboim, piano, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Keith Jarrett, piano, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 9. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov 13. . . . ¶ Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Ani Kavafian, violin, and Ida Kavafian, violin and viola, Nov. 17. . . ¶ Bella Davidovich, piano, Nov. 20. . . ¶ Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi, piano Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Jessye Norman, soprano, Nov 22. . . . ¶ American Chamber Orchestra Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov 29. . . . ¶ Joseph Kalichstein, piano, Nov. 30 . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, and Itzhak Perlman, violin, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin piano, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911) Music from Marlboro, Nov. 14. . . ¶ Gregory Fulkerson, violin, Nov. 15. . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 17 and 19. . . ¶ Beethoven Society, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ André-Michel Schub, piano, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 20-2 and Dec. 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Barbara Hendricks soprano, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Kathleen Battle, soprano, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, Dec 10. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y Nov. 15-16. . . . ¶ Yuval Waldman, violin Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Nov 26-27. . . . ¶ André Emelianoff, cello, Dec. 8 . . . ¶ Solisti New York, Dec. 10. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Music from Marlboro, Nov 17. . . . ¶ Mozartean Players, Nov. 18. . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 19. . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Robert Mann, violin, and Yefim Bronfman, piano Dec. 10. . . . TOWN HALL (840-2824): Jorge Morel, classical guitarist, Dec. 9.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Garry Trudeau wrote the book and lyrics for "Doonesbury," a musical based on his comic strip. Elizabeth Swados composed the music . . . ¶ Alyson Reed will portray Marilyn Monroe in a musical, "Marilyn an American Fable," by Patricia Michaels (book) and Jeanne Napoli, Doug Frank, Gary Portnoy Beth Lawrence, and Norman Thalheimer (music and lyrics). . . . ¶ "La Tragédie de Carmen," originally seen in Paris two seasons ago. The adaptation of the George Bizet opera was done by composer Marius Constant, playwright Jean-Claude Carrière, and director Peter Brook. . . . ¶ Jessica Tandy Amanda Plummer, and John Heard will star in a revival of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie." . . . ¶ "Baby," a musical with lyrics by Richard Maltby, Jr., and music by David Shire. Sybille Pearson provided the book. . . . ¶ Rex Harrison, Rosemary Harris, and Amy Irving head the cast of a revival of Shaw's "Heartbreak House." . . . ¶ "The Tap Dance Kid," a musical with a book by Charles Blackwell, music by Henry Krieger and lyrics by Robert Lorick, is based on the novel by Louise Fitzhugh that was turned into a 1978 television film.

Dance—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 15-Feb. 19. . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Nov. 30-Dec. 18.

Other Dates—National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda Nov. 17-20. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 24.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"Demi-Tasse," he murmured, registering the name forever in his mind.

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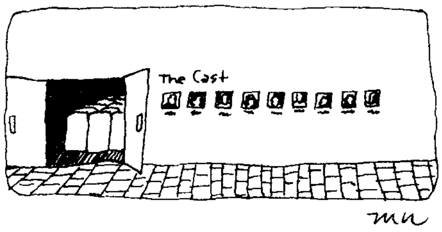
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Nov. 6: The final programs in a series of films from Columbia Pictures.
From Nov. 8: "Susana" (1951; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Nov. 3: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.
From Nov. 4: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 3: "Risky Business" (†); and "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.
Nov. 4-10: "The Grey Fox" (†) and "The Searchers" (†).
From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 3: "Under Fire" (†).
From Nov. 4: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 10: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.
From Nov. 11: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Nov. 3: "The Wicked Lady" (Michael Winner), with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates.
From Nov. 4: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 9: "Never Say Never Again." From Nov. 10: "Zelig" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen. From Nov. 4: "Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.
Theatre 2: "Heart Like a Wheel" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Bonnie Bedelia and Beau Bridges.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" (Robert M. Young), with Edward James Olmos. Nov. 9: Theatre closed. From Nov. 10: "Star 80" (Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). Nov. 4-10: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver. From Nov. 11: "I Am the Cheese" (Robert Jiras), with Robert Wagner and Hope Lange.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Rumble Fish" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Risky Business" (†).

U.A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 10: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.
From Nov. 11: "Young Warriors" (Lawrence D. Foldes), with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 3: "Possession" (Andrzej Zulawski), with Isabelle Adjani and Sam Neill.
From Nov. 4: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Sans Soleil" (1982; directed by Chris Marker). From Nov. 9: "Born in Flames" (Lizzie Borden).
Theatre 2: Nov. 2: "Young Törless" (1968; Volker Schlöndorff; in German); and "Jail Bait" (1972; Rainer Werner Fassbinder, in German). Nov. 3: "From the Cloud of the Resistance" (1979; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet); and "Fortini/Cani" (1977; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet). Nov. 4-5: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" (1975; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira; and "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab. Nov. 6-7: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972; Wim Wenders; in German); and "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Peter Kern. Nov. 8-9: "The Wild Duck" (†); and "Black and White Like Day and Night" (1981; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Bruno Ganz. Nov. 10: "The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach" (1971; Volker Schlöndorff; in German); and "The American Soldier" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta. Nov. 11-12: "The Tin Drum" (†) and "Woyzeck" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "The Leopard" (†). From Nov. 4: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Theatre 2: "The Wicked Lady" (Michael Winner), with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 3:: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†). From Nov. 4: "Blade Runner" (†) and "The Road Warrior" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 10: "Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh.
From Nov. 11: A week-long program of Spanish films.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Brainstorm" (Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken and Natalie Wood.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Nov. 3: "Lonely Hearts" (†).
From Nov. 4: "Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Nov. 10: "Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).
From Nov. 11: "Purple Haze" (David Burton Morris), with Peter Nelson and Chuck McQuary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shaski Kapoor.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Nov. 9: "Zelig" (†).
From Nov. 10: "Star 80" (Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Streamers" (Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Nov. 2: "Summerfield" (1977; Ken Hannam; an Australian film). Nov. 3: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Sunday, Too Far Away" (1975; Ken Hannam; an Australian film). Nov. 4: "The Night, the Prowler" (1978; Jim Sharman; an Australian film). Nov. 5: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr. Nov. 6: "The Man from Snowy River" (George Miller), with Kirk Douglas and Jack

Thompson; and “We of the Never Never” (*Igor Auzins; an Australian film*). From Nov. 7: “Monkey Grip” (Ken Cameron; an Australian film).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: “Flashdance” (†). From Nov. 4: “Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential” (Peter Duffell).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: “Never Say Never Again” (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: “The Wicked Lady” (Michael Winner), with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates. From Nov. 4: “Never Cry Wolf” (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 10: “The Big Chill” (†). From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 10: “Fanny and Alexander” (†). From Nov. 11: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: “Hanna K.” (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh. From Nov. 4: “Deal of the Century” (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.

Theatre 2: “Educating Rita” (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: “Risky Business” (†) and “Twilight Zone—The Movie” (†). From Nov. 4: “Zelig” (†) and “A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy” (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: “Possession” (Andrzej Zulawski), with Isabelle Adjani and Sam Neill. From Nov. 4: “From Russia with Love” (1964; Terence Young), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and “Moonraker” (1979; Lewis Gilbert), with Roger Moore as Bond.

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 3: “Going Berserk” (David Steinberg), with John Candy. From Nov. 4: “Blade Runner” (†) and “The Road Warrior” (†).

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 3: “Trading Places” (†) and “48 Hrs.” (†). From Nov. 4: “Beyond the Limit” (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine; and “The Lords of Discipline” (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: “Never Say Never Again” (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Theatre 2: “All the Right Moves” (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 3: “Mr. Mom” (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton. From Nov. 4: “Risky Business” (†).

Theatre 4: “The Lonely Lady” (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

Theatre 5: “Revenge of the Ninja” (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.

Theatre 6: Through Nov. 3: “Zelig” (†). From Nov. 4: To be announced.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

“Trading Places” (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: “Flashdance” (†).

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 3: “Easy Money” (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield. From Nov. 4: “City of the Walking Dead.”

Theatre 4: “Staying Alive” (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

“Under Fire” (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: “The Dead Zone” (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

Theatre 2: “Richard Pryor Here and Now” (Pryor), a concert film.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Nov. 3: “Risky Business” (†).

From Nov. 4: To be announced.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

“Beyond the Limit” (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: “The Wicked Lady” (Michael Winner), with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates. From Nov. 11: “Young Warriors” (Lawrence D. Foldes), with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree.

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Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: “Possession” (Andrzej Zulawski), with Isabelle Adjani and Sam Neill. From Nov. 11: “Monty Python and the Holy Grail” (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and “The Secret Policeman's Other Ball” (1982), a series of comedy skits.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: “Sex and Violence.” From Nov. 4: “Going Berserk” (David Steinberg), with John Candy.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: “Going Berserk.” From Nov. 4: “The Osterman Weekend” (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: “The Right Stuff” (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: “Night of the Zombies” (Vincent Dawn), with Frank Garfeeld. From Nov. 4: “Deal of the Century” (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306); theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed on Mondays and Tuesdays.)

Through Nov. 6: “Rich and Strange” (1932; directed by Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry; and “The Man Who Knew Too Much” (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.

From Nov. 9: “The 39 Steps” (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and “Sabotage” (“The Woman Alone;” 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through Nov. 3: “In the Realm of the Senses” (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.

From Nov. 4: To be announced.

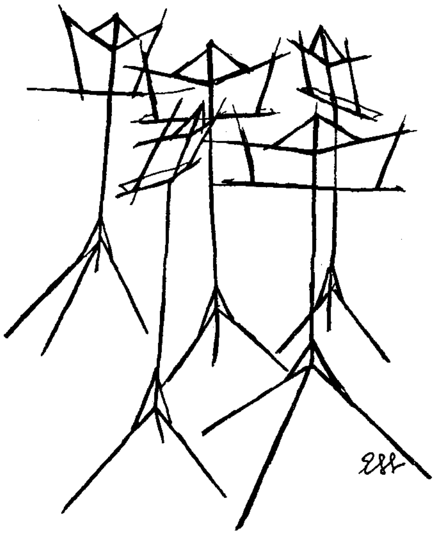
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Nov. 10: “The Two Worlds of Angelita” (1983; Jane Morrison; in Spanish).

From Nov. 11: A week-long program of Yugoslav films.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 3: “Persona” (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and “Cries and Whispers” (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.



Nov. 4-5: “The Road Warrior” (†); and “Mad Max” (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.

Nov. 6-8: “1900” (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Nov. 9-10: “Russ Meyer's ‘Vixen’ ” (1969); and “Beneath the Valley of the Ultra-vixens” (1979; Russ Meyer).

Nov. 11-12: “The Fountainhead” (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and “Beyond the Forest” (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Nov. 8: “Return of the Secaucus 7” (1980; John Sayles).

From Nov. 9: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Nov. 2: “M*A*S*H” (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman; and “Private Benjamin” (1980; Howard Zieff), with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante, and Robert Webber.

Nov. 3-5: “La Cage aux Folles” (1979) and “La Cage aux Folles II” (1981), both films in French, directed by Edouard Molinaro, with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Nov. 6-7: “Days of Heaven” (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and “An Officer and a Gentleman” (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.

Nov. 8-9: “The Fugitive Kind” (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and “Sweet Bird of Youth” (†).

Nov. 10-12: “Being There” (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and “The World According to Garp” (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Nov. 3: “Angelo My Love” (1983; Robert Duvall); and “Gloria” (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry.

Nov. 4-5: “An American Werewolf in London” (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and “Wolfen” (1981; Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Nov. 6: “The Godfather” (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and “The Godfather, Part II” (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Nov. 7-8: “Greetings” (†) and “Putney Swope” (†).

Nov. 9-10: “Tex” (1982; Tim Hunter), with Matt Dillon; and “The Outsiders” (1983; Francis Ford Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Nov. 11-12: “Prince of the City” (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach; and “Fort Apache, the Bronx” (1981; Daniel Petrie), with Paul Newman, Ed Asner, Ken Wahl, and Danny Aiello.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Nov. 2: “*Parsifal*” (*1983; Hans-Jürgen* Syberberg; in German), with Karin Krick and Michael Kutter.

Nov. 3: “One, Two, Three” (1961; Billy Wilder), with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver; and “Strawberry Blonde” (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney, and Rita Hayworth.

Nov. 4: “Closely Watched Trains” (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech); and “The Shop on Main Street” (1965; Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos; in Czech), with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska.

Nov. 5: “East of Eden” (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

Nov. 6: "A Tale of Two Cities" (†); and "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn.

Nov. 7: "Equinox Flower" (1958; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Story of the Last Chrysanthemums" (1939; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Nov. 8: "Tender Mercies" (1982; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "To Kill a Mockingbird" (1963; Robert Mulligan), with Gregory Peck, Mary Badham, Phillip Alford, and Robert Duvall.

Nov. 9: "A Man Escaped" (†); and "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey.

Nov. 10: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, and Ann Sheridan; and "Torrid Zone" (†).

Nov. 11: "Say Amen, Somebody" (1982; George T. Nierenberg), a documentary on gospel music; and "Rockers" (1980; Theodoros Bafaloukos; a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois), with Leroy Wallace.

Nov. 12: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Björn Andresen; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 2: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.

Nov. 3-5: "The Divorce of Lady X" (1937; Tim Whelan), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier; and "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

Nov. 6-7: "Night Must Fall" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery, and Dame May Whitty; and "Queen of Spades" (1949; Thorold Dickinson), with Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans.

Nov. 8-9: "The Man in the White Suit" (†) and "I'm All Right, Jack" (†).

Nov. 10: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (†); and "The Missionary" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin, Maggie Smith, Trevor Howard, and Denholm Elliott.

Nov. 11-12: "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives, and Judith Anderson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 2: "The Life and Opinion of Zatoichi" (1962; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "The Blind Swordsman" (1978; John Nathan), with Shintaro Katsu.

Nov. 3: "Between the Lines" (1977; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Lindsay Crouse; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, and Mickey Rourke.

Nov. 4-5: "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman; and "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

Nov. 6: "Richard III" (1956; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Claire Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Cedric Hardwicke.

Nov. 7: "Devil's Doorway" (1950; Anthony Mann), with Robert Taylor; "Massacre" (1934; Alan Crosland), with Richard Barthlemess and Ann Dvorak; and "Santa Fe Trail" (1940; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Raymond Massey.

Nov. 8: "Girl Friends" (†) and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (†).

Nov. 9: "Shiranui, the Blind Court Masseur" (1960; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Chronicle of Pale Cherry Blossoms" (1959; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa and Shintaro Katsu.

Nov. 10: "My Breakfast with Blassie" (1983), with Andy Kaufman and Freddie Blassie; and "The Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

Nov. 11-12: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo); and "Elevator to the Gallows" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 2: "Broadway Melody" (1929; Harry Beaumont), with Anita Page, Bessie Love, Charles King, and Jed Prouty; and "Broadway Melody of 1938" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, and Buddy Ebsen.

Nov. 3: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish), with Lisbeth Movin and Anna Svierkier.

Nov. 4-5: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

Nov. 6: "Charlie Chan in Panama" (1940; Norman Foster) and "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise" (1940; Eugene Forde), both with Sidney Toler as the detective.

Nov. 7: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932; Leontine Sagan; in German), with Herthe Thiele and Dorothea Wieck; and "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (†).

Nov. 8: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (†); and "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin.

Nov. 9: "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers; and "At the Circus" (†).

Nov. 10: "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Live for Life" (1967; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Yves Montand and Candice Bergen.

Nov. 11-12: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Nov. 3 at 1 and 6:30: "Ludwig" (1973; directed by Luchino Visconti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, Silvana Mangano, Gert Frobe, and Helmut Griem. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Dear Mr. Wonderful" (1982; Peter Lilienthal), with Joe Pesci and Karen Ludwig. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "Krieg und Frieden" (1982; Heinrich Böll, Alexander Kluge, Volker Schlöndorff, Stefan Aust, and Axel Engstfeld; in English and German), with Jürgen Prochnow, Heinz Bennent, and Angela Winkler. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at noon: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1936; John Cromwell), with Freddie Bartholomew, Dolores Costello, C. Aubrey Smith, and Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "Krieg und Frieden." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 5: "Dear Mr. Wonderful." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at noon: "Little Lord Fauntleroy." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Eine Saison in Hakkari" (1982; Erden Kiral; in Turkish, with English subtitles), with Genco Erkal, Erkan Yücel, and Serif Sezer. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 5: "Echtzeit" (1983; Hellmuth Costard and Jürgen Ebert; in German, with English subtitles), with Georg Krämer, Ruth Bierich, and Adolf Hornung. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "Echtzeit." . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: "Processo a Caterina Ross" (1982; Gabriella Rosaleva; an Italian film, in English). Miss Rosaleva will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Eine Saison in Hakkari." . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6: "Manos a la Obra: The Story of Operation Bootstrap" (1983; Pedro Rivera, Susan Zeig, and Jaime Barrios), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30: "Camilla Horn Sieht Sich Als Gretchen in Murnau's Stummfilm Faust" (1981; Hans Sachs and Hedda Rinneberg); and "Rote Liebe" (1982; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles), with Helga Goetze. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 6 and Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Das Gespenst" (1982; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles), with Achternbusch, Annamirl Bierbichler, and Kurt Raab. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 6: "Camilla Horn Sieht Sich Als Gretchen in Murnau's Stummfilm Faust" and "Rote Liebe." . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at noon: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2:30: "Der Mond Ist Nur a Nackerte Kugel" (1980; Jörg Graser; in German, with English subtitles), with Elisabeth Stepanek and Sigfrit Steiner. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 5: "Die Heartbreakers" (1982; Peter Bringmann; in German, with English subtitles), with Sascha Disselkamp, Mary Ketikidou, and Uwe Enkelmann. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Nov. 8: "Primarily Speaking" (1981-83), an audiovisual environment by Gary Hill. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Mr. Hill will be present on Thursday, Nov. 10, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Thalia; Nov. 8.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to shoot Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. Edward Buzzell directed, from Irving Brecher's weary script. With Kenny Baker, Eve Arden, Florence Rice, Nat Pendleton, and Fritz Feld. The music is by Harold Arlen; Groucho sings the famous ditty about "Lydia, the Tattooed Lady." Mervyn LeRoy was the producer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 9.)

Beyond the Forest (1949)—Consistently (though inadvertently) hilarious; there's not a sane dull scene in this peerless piece of camp. This is the melodrama in which Bette Davis tosses her black wig and snarls the line "What a dump!"—which Edward Albee took for the opening of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" An evil Emma Bovary, Davis is a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten); she treats him abominably, and every time she has a chance she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town, join her lover, and be a fancy kept woman; she nearly obsesses the soundtrack with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; covered with droplets of erotic sweat, Davis shakes her ample hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy, and dies within sight of a choo-choo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. Max Steiner's music cues her every stormy mood. With Dona Drake, Ruth Roman, and Regis Toomey. The screenplay is by Lenore Coffee, from a novel by Stuart Engstrand. (Cinema Village; Nov. 11-12.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kas-

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dan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 10.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 4.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 3.)

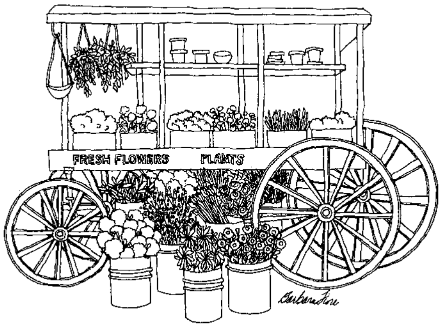
Elevator to the Gallows (1957; also known as "Frantic")—Louis Malle's first film, a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate; the black-and-white cinematography is by Henri Decae. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 11-12.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Gemini; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 10.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 3.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Bus boys. (1/10/83) (Olympia Quad; through Nov. 3.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. This extraordinary film, with its melancholy glamour, is perhaps the only one that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 12.)



Girl Friends (1978)—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is the interesting one of the counterpull between the wish for sociability and the wish to be alone, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (Thalia; Nov. 8.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented actors, including Robert De Niro, Jonathan Warden, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed, edited, and co-written by Brian De Palma, who made it on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars, and in color. The other writer was Charles Hirsch, who was also the producer; cinematography by Robert Fiore. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 7-8.)

The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy. Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 4-10.)

I'm All Right, Jack (1960)—This isn't one of those gentle English comedies with glancing bits of social spoofery; it's a cynical and raucous slapstick farce—the one really funny film satire of labor-management conflicts. Its view of the philosophy of the citizens of the welfare state is summed up in the title, derived from the English armed-forces catch phrase: "- - - - you—I'm all right, Jack." The big businessmen are the villains in the plot, but the film also shows the trade unionists as smug and self-centered, and though the satire of union practices is much more affectionate, it is so accurately aimed—and we are so unused to it—that it comes off much the better. As the shop steward, Peter Sellers is avid to protect the workers' rights—he's earnest, he's monstrously self-serious. He wears a little Hitler mustache—that mustache was always an oddly lower-middle-class adornment on Hitler—and while this shop steward is certainly lower middle class in his habits, he's a fanatical proletarian in theory, and he speaks in a jargon that derives from political pamphlets. The movie parodies this beady-eyed little stuffed shirt and the featherbedding practices of his union. The cast includes Terry-Thomas as an Army officer turned personnel manager; Ian Carmichael as an innocent from Oxford who wants to become a business executive; Dennis Price and Richard Attenborough as capitalist tricksters; and Margaret Rutherford, Miles Malleson, Irene Handl, Marne Maitland, Liz Fraser, Raymond Huntley, and Malcolm Muggeridge—as himself, of course. Produced and directed by Roy and John Boulting; from the novel by Alan Hackney, adapted by John Boulting, Frank Harvey, and Hackney. (Regency; Nov. 8-9.)

The Leopard (1963)—It's magnificent—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. It has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively by Burt Lancaster, who modelled his performance on the nobleman director Luchino Visconti. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes. We couldn't be any closer to Lancaster's Prince if we were inside his skin—which in a way we are. We're inside his mind as he relives his life, experiences regret, and accepts the dying of his class and his own death. It's one of the greatest of all passages in movies. With Alain Delon as the Prince's sly nephew; Claudia Cardinale as a shrewd, sensual heiress; Paolo Stoppa as her beady-eyed, land-grabbing father; Rina Morelli as the Prince's repressed, whimpering wife; and Romolo Valli, Serge Reggiani, Leslie French, and Pierre Clementi. The score is by Nino Rota; the cinematography is by the justly celebrated Giuseppe Rotunno. In Italian; three hours and five minutes. (9/19/83) (Greenwich Playhouse; through Nov. 3.)

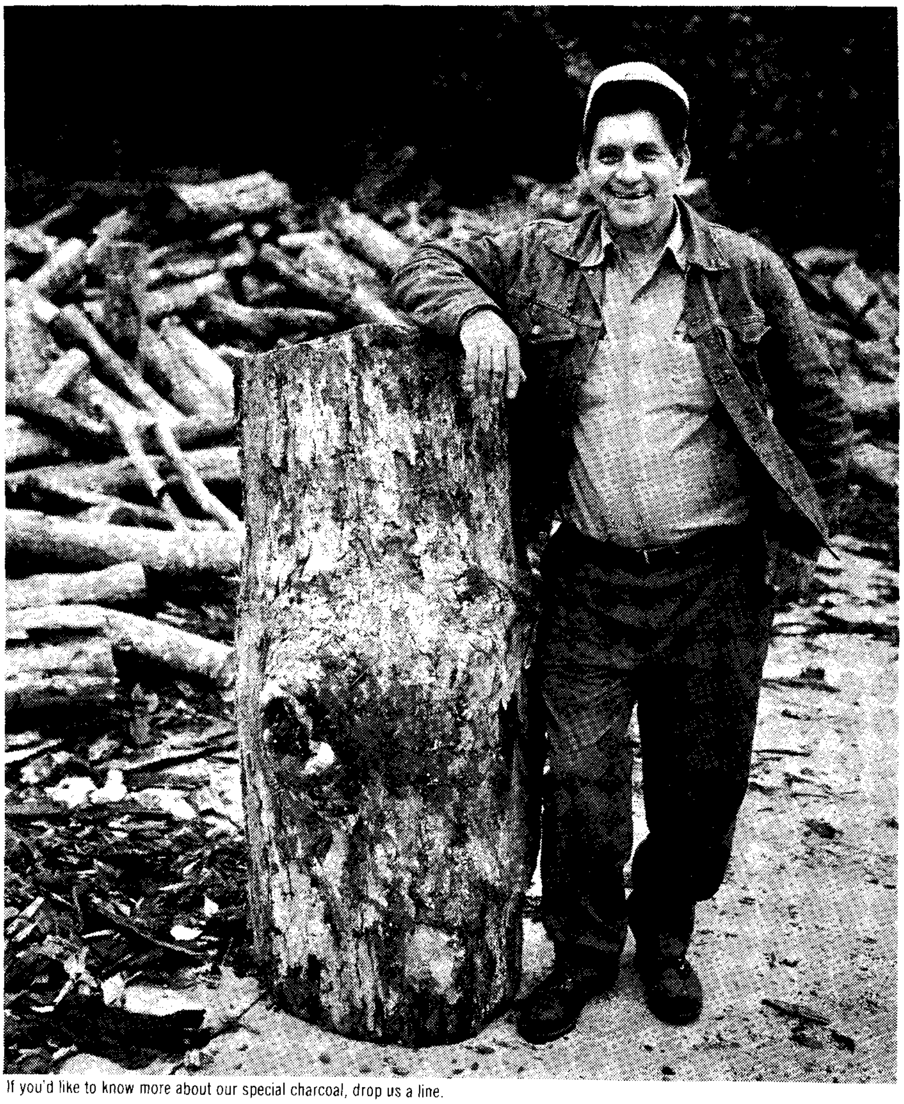
The Little Shop of Horrors (1960)—Amateurish yet funny, in a gross way. A simpleton (Jonathan Haze) who works in a florist shop has a prize plant that becomes a voracious blood-seeking man-eater. It cries, "Feed me! Feed me!" The film is notable for the performance that Jack Nicholson gives in a minor role; as a pain freak who is in ecstasy in a dentist's chair, he shows the comic intensity that later made him a star. Produced and directed by Roger Corman, from a script by Charles B. Griffith. (Thalia; Nov. 10.)

Lonely Hearts—This movie is an Australian variant of the comfy-cozy Ealing comedies of the fifties, but it doesn't have their precise construction. Wendy Hughes is lovely in the standard fine-actress-playing-dowdy-aging-virgin performance. As the piano tuner who courts her, Norman Kaye has a furtive, childlike prankishness, and that's what keeps the movie alive. Directed by Paul Cox, who wrote the script with John Clarke, the film has a cheerless look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. With Jonathan Hardy and Jon Finlayson. (10/3/83) (Festival; through Nov. 3.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—In this country, escape is a theme for action movies, but the French director Robert Bresson is famous for his uncompromising methods, and having been a prisoner of the Nazis himself he is not disposed to treat his material—André Devigny's account of his escape from the Montluc fortress prison—lightly. Bresson's hero's ascetic, single-minded dedication to escape is almost mystic, and the fortress constitutes a world as impersonal and as isolated as Kafka's. The movie was shot at Montluc with fanatic authenticity; the photography, by Léonce-Henry Burel, is austerely beautiful. François Leterrier, a Sorbonne philosophy student, is the lead. The music is Mozart's Mass in C Minor. All this makes it sound terribly pretentious, yet sometimes even the worst ideas can be made to work. It's a marvellous movie. In French. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 9.)

The Man in the White Suit (1951)—Alec Guinness has often been at his comic best in the role of an ordinary man with an obsession, and who can be as ordinary and obsessed as an inventor? In this film, he plays a quirky, idealistic scientist who lives in the modern economy of quick obsolescence yet is fixated on the long-range benefits to humanity of a cloth that will stay clean and last forever. Guinness's bland monomaniacal scientist is beautifully matched by Joan Greenwood, who is all guile and scorn and perversity, without any real aim or purpose. Alexander Mackendrick directed this deft capital-science-labor comedy. With Cecil Parker, and Ernest Thesiger as a half-dead industrialist. Screenplay by Roger MacDougall, John Dighton, and Mackendrick. (Item for collectors of movie memorabilia: the gurgling, bubbling squirts and drips of the hero's experimental apparatus were joined to a rhythm and issued by Coral Records as "The White Suit Samba.") (Regency; Nov. 8-9.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (1982)—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor



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who is a freethinker in sexual matters but is contemptuous of psychic research; Mia Farrow, *the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony* Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. He is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (7/26/82) (Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 4.)

Oh! What a Lovely War (1969)—A big, heavy anti-war musical in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking, with John Mills, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Michael and Corin and Vanessa Redgrave, Maggie Smith, Dirk Bogarde, John Clements, Susannah York, Jack Hawkins, Edward Fox, Cecil Parker, Ian Holm, et al.; if a bomb had fallen on the set, the English theatre would have been wiped out. The conception is a music-hall revue in which the songs of the First World War are counterpointed with the battle statistics to evoke the myths and facts of war. There's a suggestion of how things should go in a number with naïve young chorus girls luring the boys to do their duty. And when Maggie Smith delivers a raucous patriotic song, she's startling and vivifying and you can see that the movie, which is based on the stage production by Joan Littlewood's company, is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed. Apparently it does do all that for some people. But as in Richard Lester's "How I Won the War" and Tony Richardson's "*The Charge of the Light Brigade," the* specific target is the follies of the upper classes, and the explanation of war is the British equivalent of the adolescent *Mad*-magazine approach: wars are made by the officers, who are homicidal imbeciles interested only in personal ambition and indifferent to the death of their men. At times, when these movies positively exult in imbecility (Gielgud's scenes in "Light Brigade" and Olivier harrumphing around in this one) the satire is effective, because the actors can give these monster-ninnies such a glow that their stupidity has a real, Marx Brothers madness to it. But most of the time, particularly in "How I Won the War" and here, the moviemakers just keep demonstrating the same proposition as outrageously as possible. The ritual exhumations of historical figures become as elaborate as their funerals once were; the English pick at their old dead leaders, pounding and jabbing—toreros trying to draw blood from stuffed toy bulls. Directing a movie for the first time, Richard Attenborough has a stately, measured approach—just what the fifty musical numbers don't need. (Regency; Nov. 10.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. *(9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)*

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 7-8.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The *writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on* a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's *Kaufman's*—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

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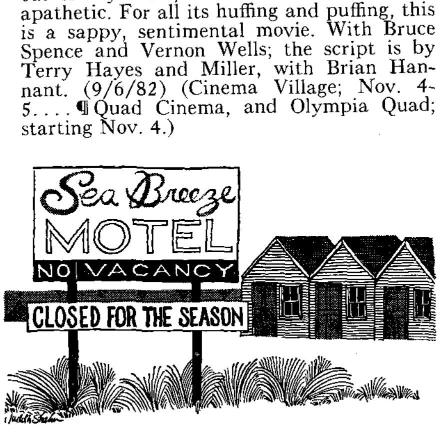
Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (72nd Street East. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Movieland; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Nov. 4.)

The Road Warrior (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Cinema Village; Nov. 4-5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 4.)

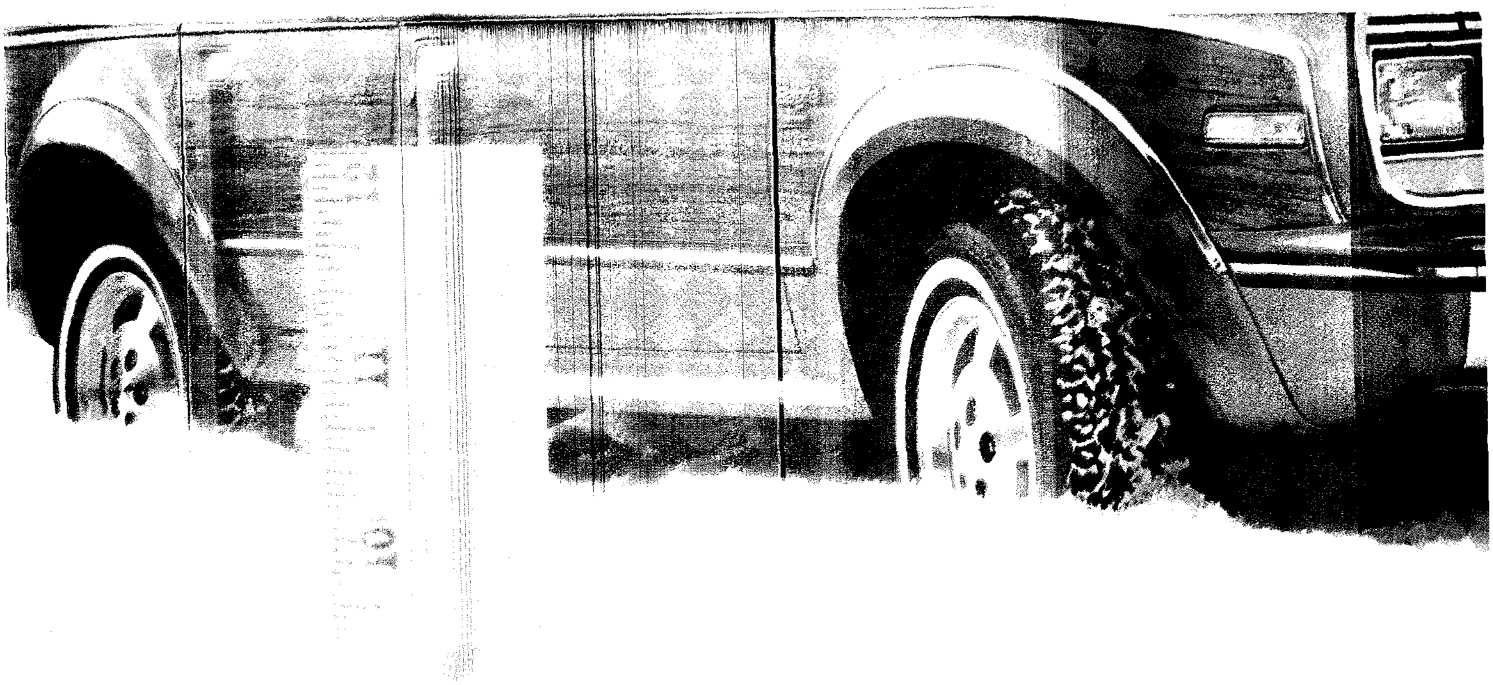


The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone (1961)—The Tennessee Williams novella is in the tradition of D. H. Lawrence's "Lovely Lady" stories; it's about an aging widow, a proud, coldhearted bitch without cares or responsibilities, who learns that sex is all that holds her to life—that it's the only sensation that temporarily saves her from the meaningless drift of her existence. And so she picks up young men and pays them. José Quintero, who directed the film version, and Gavin Lambert, who wrote the adaptation, seem to think this idea so daring and unusual that they fumble around with it almost as much as the doctor in the movie of "Suddenly, Last Summer," who couldn't seem to cope with the simple facts of Sebastian's homosexuality and kept saying, "You *don't* mean *that*?" and "No, it *can't* be *that.*" "The Roman Spring" is so insistent about the "shocking" mechanics of buying love that this is what the film seems to be about, and by trying so diligently to make Mrs. Stone (Vivien Leigh) sympathetic and understandable the moviemakers kill all interest in her. Though the role seems ideal for Vivien Leigh, the director was a novice in films, and she comes across as parched and monotonous. (She was infinitely superior in a similar role in "The Deep Blue Sea.") The picture is a disappointment, but it's a try at a sexual study, and there are moments—especially when Warren Beatty is on the screen. As the young man Mrs. Stone becomes addicted to, the boyish young Beatty shows his gift for slyness. The cast includes Lotte Lenya, Ernest Thesiger, Coral Browne, Jill St. John, and Jeremy Spenser. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 8.)

The Saga of Gösta Berling (1924)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson *in Mauritz Stiller's stirring,* romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 7.)

The Searchers (1956)—John Wayne is the taciturn loner Ethan Edwards, a Confederate veteran who arrives at his married brother's ranch in Texas in 1868. Learning that there are Comanches in the area, Ethan and Martin (Jeffrey Hunter), a part Cherokee young man who lives with the brother's family, go off to look for them. While they're away the Comanches attack the ranch; they return to a scene of horror—the house has been burned down and the family slaughtered, all except Ethan's two nieces, who have been abducted. The ravaged body of the older girl is found and buried; the search for the little one (played by Lana Wood) goes on. You can read a lot into the movie, but it isn't very enjoyable. What made this John Ford Western fascinating to the young directors who hailed it in the seventies as a great work and as a key influence on them is the compulsiveness of Ethan's search for his niece (whose mother he loved) and his bitter, vengeful racism. He's surly and foul-tempered toward Martin, who accompanies him during the five years of looking for the girl (who by then has turned into Natalie Wood, in glossy makeup, as if she were going to a fifties prom), and he hates Indians so much that he intends to kill her when he finds her, because she will have become the "squaw" to what he calls a "buck." The film doesn't develop Ethan's macho savagery; it's just there. Ford's attempts at comic relief are a fizzle—especially the male knockabout humor. Throughout, the performances are highly variable. With Vera Miles, Dorothy Jordan, Ward Bond (who wears a fine top hat), Henry Brandon, Ken Curtis, Hank Worden, Peter Mamakos, Olive Carey, John Qualen, Antonio Moreno, Harry Carey, Jr., Walter Coy, Pippa Scott, Pat Wayne, Nacho Galindo, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. From a novel by Alan LeMay, adapted by Frank S. Nugent; music by Max Steiner. (There are allusions to this film in "Star Wars," "Mean Streets," "Hardcore," and many others.) (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 4-10.)

The Spiral Staircase (1948)—Set in New England in 1906, it's about the activities of a finical strangler engaged in eliminating young women who don't measure up to his ideas of



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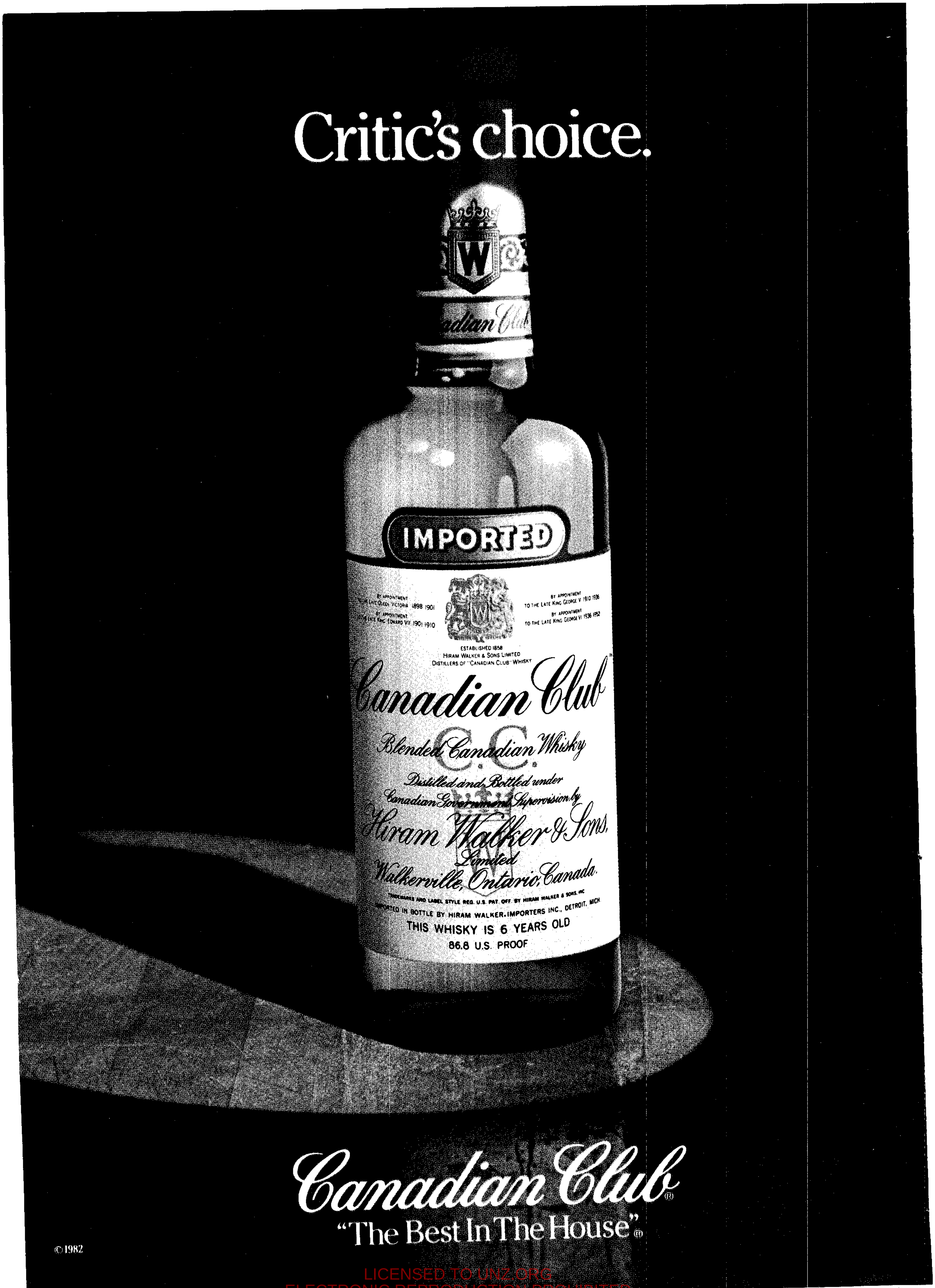
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physical perfection. His preoccupation sets him in murderous pursuit of Dorothy McGuire, a harmless, attractive mute who serves as companion to gruff Ethel Barrymore, the bedridden mistress of a spooky mansion decorated with the hides of various wild animals and full of creaking doors, gates, and shutters. Robert Siodmak directed this little horror classic; it has all the trappings of the genre—a stormy night and a collection of psychopaths—but the psychopaths are quite presentable people, and this, plus the skillful, swift direction, makes the terror convincing. With George Brent, Kent Smith, Sara Allgood, Elsa Lanchester, and Rhonda Fleming. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 11-12.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the wham-bams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Embassy.)

Sweet Bird of Youth (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne, and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brooks' slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant pop fantasy. When Newman's bare chest isn't being fumbled at and crooned over by Miss Page, it's being pawed and picked at by Shirley Knight, who plays his fresh-faced girlfriend, Heavenly Finley. This hysterical twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Heavenly's father (Ed Begley), a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page. (We hear her part of a long-distance conversation with Walter Winchell, who convinces her that, far from being a flop in her last picture, she has scored her greatest hit.) Rip Torn and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the madness. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 8-9.)

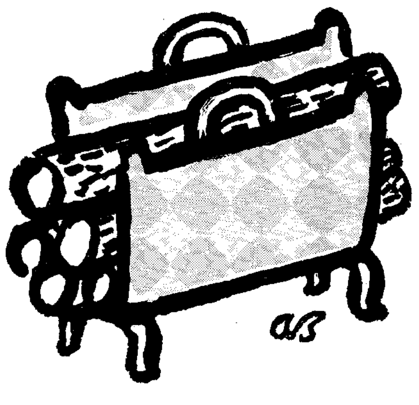
A Tale of Two Cities (1935)—In this most popular version of the least typical of Dickens' novels, Ronald Colman is Sydney Carton, who gives up his life so that another man may live. As Madame Defarge, Blanche Yurka dominates the film; a menace in the grand manner, she knits like a house afire and takes the Bastille practically single-handed. The story has been simplified so that it can be told very clearly. It's a creditable though unadventurous film, handsomely staged in the M-G-M backlot style for classics. It's not likely that adults will be eager to see it, but if they sit down to watch it for a few minutes with their children they'll probably find themselves sitting until the sacrificial end—which isn't as gooey as they may fear. Jack Conway directed, with Val Lewton and Jacques Tourneur working on the Revolution sequences; W. P. Lipscomb and S. N. Behrman wrote the script. The immense cast includes Edna May Oliver as Miss Pross, Elizabeth Allan, Basil Rathbone, Billy Bevan, Reginald Owen, Isabel Jewell, Fritz Leiber, Donald Woods, H. B. Warner, Tully Marshall, Lucille LaVerne, Claude Gillingwater, and Henry B. Walthall. Reputedly there were seventeen thousand extras used in the mob scenes. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 6.)

The Tin Drum (1980)—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (Film Forum; Nov. 11-12.)

Torrid Zone (1940)—Steamy hot and very funny. This tropical comedy-adventure, set in a Warners mockup of a plantation in Honduras, has James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, and Pat O'Brien shouting double-entendres at breakneck speed. Sheridan is sultry and rowdy as a vagrant night-club entertainer wandering through the jungle night-club circuit and taking the natives' minds off banana picking. O'Brien plays the tough plantation manager, and Cagney, with a mustache, is the breezy, belligerent foreman who deals with a crisis a minute, including George Tobias as a revolutionary, Andy Devine as a hopelessly incompetent No. 1 Boy, and cucumber-cool Helen Vinson, always a troublemaker. The picture borders on satirical farce; the target is the typical Hollywood treatment of South American bandits and tropical passions. William Keighley directed, from a script by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald; cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 3.)

Twilight Zone—The Movie—Four young directors—John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and the Australian George Miller—pay homage to the Rod Serling TV series "The Twilight Zone." It's disappointing that they didn't attempt to engineer more modern and artful macabre games than the ones on the old shows; what they've given us is an overproduced remake, but with some redeeming elements. The prologue, written and directed by John Landis, and featuring Dan Aykroyd as a hitchhiker and Albert Brooks as a driver, is a beauty, but the happy rush of fright we get from it has to sustain us for a long stretch, because the first two episodes are embarrassments. The third, directed by Joe Dante, is a risky attempt at using a style derived from animated cartoons for an insidious, expressionist effect. The subject—how horrible life might be if a ten-year-old boy (Jeremy Licht) could run everything just as he liked, on the basis of what he has learned from TV—may be too fertile for the half-hour form. The fourth episode, directed by Miller, from a script by Richard Matheson, is the best reason to see the movie; it's a classic shocker of the short form. Almost all the action takes place in the confines of an airliner during a storm, where a passenger, played by John Lithgow, is seated squirming and thrashing about, sick with fear. Miller builds the kind of immediacy and intensity that the high points of "Jaws" had. The images rush at you; they're fast and energizing. And Lithgow does something that's tough for an actor to do: he shows fear without parodying it and yet makes it horrifyingly funny. (7/25/83) (Olympia Quad; through Nov. 3.)



Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Everything is thought out and prepared, but it isn't explicit, it isn't labored, and it certainly isn't over-composed. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers" and "Burn!" With his subdued impassioned manner, the director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness, by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. The characters around them include Jean-Louis Trintignant as a suave, sleazo Frenchman who works for the C.I.A., Ed Harris as a mercenary with the grin of a happy psychopath, René Enriquez as a Teddy-bear Somoza, and Richard Masur as Somoza's American publicity expert. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Nov. 3.)

The Wild Duck (1977)—The West German director Hans W. Geissendörfer has made a film transcription of Ibsen's play, and it is one of the best Ibsen adaptations ever, with Gina Ekdal (played by Jean Seberg) sewing and troubling herself in a crowded room where yellowy muslin curtains suggest tantalizingly that there must be a sunlit world outside. Her husband, Hjalmar (Peter Kern), is a dullard hypocrite, who boasts of inventing when he has invented nothing. Their child, Hedvig (Anne Bennent), is crippled by the claustrophobia and the unmeant courtesies; her real life, we see, is led in the attic with her wild duck, which is the symbol of her spirit. One looks with grief and pity at the tragedy, all the time affected by the comedy of it; Ibsen's humor is one of his most often forgotten gifts. In German. (Film Forum; Nov. 8-9.)

Woyzeck (1979)—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (Film Forum; Nov. 11-12.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt; it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Nov. 10.)

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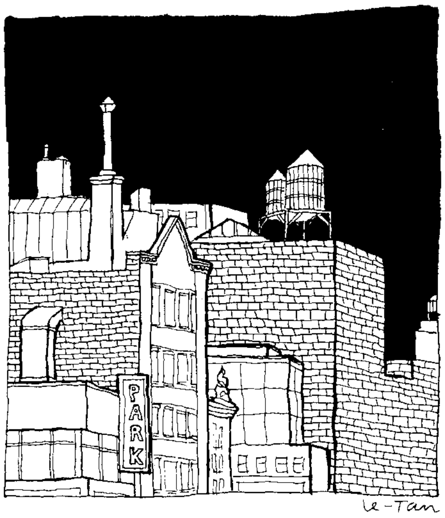
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WORLD events have recently taken on a miasmic quality. Issues, policies, and even geographical regions that should be kept separate and distinct in our minds have been blurring together. Analogy is rampant. Lebanon, it is said, is "another Vietnam." Grenada is "another Lebanon." Or perhaps it is "another Nicaragua." Or perhaps things are the other way around, and Nicaragua is, or is about to be, "another Grenada"—that is, if it turns out that the American invasion of Grenada is a dress rehearsal for an invasion of Nicaragua. Iran was brought in, too. The United States was invading Grenada, it was said, so that it would *not* become "another Iran"—that is, so that we could head off the seizure of any American hostages. In no quarter was the geographical blur more confounding than in the White House, where some officials told a *Times* reporter that Grenada was not so much another Vietnam or another Iran or another Lebanon or another Nicaragua as it was "another Suriname"—presumably sending many Americans (most of them unaware that there was *a* Suriname, much less another one) to their encyclopedias to locate that country. (The *Times* article helpfully explained that Suriname is "the former Dutch colony in northern South America that was taken over by leftists last year in a coup." How the United States omitted to invade it the article does not explain.) And the enemies of the United States, in Lebanon, in Grenada, and elsewhere—the ones referred to by President Reagan, in his press conference the day after the slaughter of the Marines in Lebanon, as "the type of enemy that we face in many critical areas of the world today"—were as changeable and indistinct as the world's newly elided geography. According to Secretary of Defense Weinberger, the evidence pointed to Iran, or to its Lebanese supporters, as the enemy in Lebanon. Later, the President described the enemy there as "little bands of individuals, literally criminal-minded," as though the problem the United States found in Lebanon were crime in the streets. But then, in a clear allusion to the Soviet Union, he mentioned "a force" that might take over the Middle East, and, getting even more apocalyptic, said that the "credibility on a global scale" of American power was at stake. Also, again using the language of the police station, he said that every effort would be made "to find the criminals" responsible for the attack on the Marines—a mode of speaking suggesting that we did not, after all, know who the enemy was, and needed to hire a good detective to find out. Like the dragon in Marianne Moore's poem about that imaginary beast, our foe was, it seemed, "of silkworm size or immense; at times invisible." The world seemed to be experiencing a sort of blood-soaked midsummer night's dream—a delirium in which real soldiers lunged at phantoms, and the world's tiniest countries, by some trick of lighting or of magic, loomed as terrifying giants in the fevered imaginations of the leaders of the greatest powers. But while the giants might be imaginary the bloodshed was real, and the world could only hope that somehow the spell would be broken—that in the minds of the men in power the actions of little bands of individuals and the survival of the world would be disentangled, that tiny countries would shrink back to their true tiny importance—returning the world to a perhaps more prosaic but saner condition.



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MUCH of the early news about the invasion of Grenada came to our networks and newspapers from Radio Havana, while CBS News and other United States news organizations were attempting to pick up some word about the fighting and the conditions on the island from ham radio operators there. The Federal Communications Commission kept open a radio contact with an American student on the scene at St. George's University School of Medicine, from which hundreds of Americans were being evacuated, but forbade any recourse to this hookup or to "unauthorized frequencies" by journalists, on the ground that news interviews constituted an illegal commercial use of the system. Meanwhile, four American reporters who had reached Grenada on a commercial fishing boat were taken from the island by helicopter to the aircraft carrier Guam, where they were told that they could not file their stories from the vessel without approval from Washington. No one in Washington was able to close down Radio Havana, and this meant that for the first two and a half days of the invasion the only news of the operation—the only news not under the control of the invaders, that is—came to us from Cuba. Our own reporters and photographers and radio and television crews had been barred from the scene by decision of the Defense Department and of General John W. Vessey, Jr., the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who had made it known in the past that he believes there is too much news coverage of the military. The Defense Department said that President Reagan and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger were "backing their commanders on this thing," and Mr. Weinberger explained that the reason the commanders did not want the press along was that they "were not able to guarantee any kind of safety of anyone," because of uncertainty about the opposition they might find. A little later, President Reagan said that reporters would be allowed on Grenada as soon as conditions there were calm enough to be "consistent with safety requirements agreed to by the Defense Department." Other notes were struck in justification of a newsless major military operation, including an irritated or patronizing comment from another Defense Department spokesman, who suggested that the invasion was a commando operation that did not lend itself to "the tender loving care and feeding of the press." But safety was the keynote, and President Reagan was consistent in this, if nothing else, for the first objective of the action, presented in his initial announcement of the event, was to protect the personal safety of American citizens on Grenada. He has succeeded, one may conclude, on both counts. No American civilians on Grenada have as yet been reported killed or wounded; no reporters found themselves unsafe. The only civilian casualty, in fact, was freedom of the press—freedom itself, one might say.

Mr. Reagan's second stated objective in the invasion was "to facilitate the evacuation of those who want to leave," and this, too, was accomplished (although it was not convenient to accommodate those who might want to arrive: the press), and his third was "to help in the restoration of democratic institutions in Grenada"—and who in the world can take exception to *that*, as long as it sometimes includes the tender loving care and feeding of the press? The invasion has apparently been a success, in a sense, and if we sound melancholy it is not only because of the casualties and our use of force to gain our objectives but also because we remember so many reporters and cameramen and television and radio crews who went along on previous wars and warlike occasions with no expectation of safety. They went because it was part of their work and part of the work of all of us as citizens of a land then known to be free. Some of them died at that work, and they are still mourned by their families and those who knew them, but no one until now has insulted them with the suggestion that they should have been kept away, kept safe, while young soldiers and old ideas were at such terrible risk.

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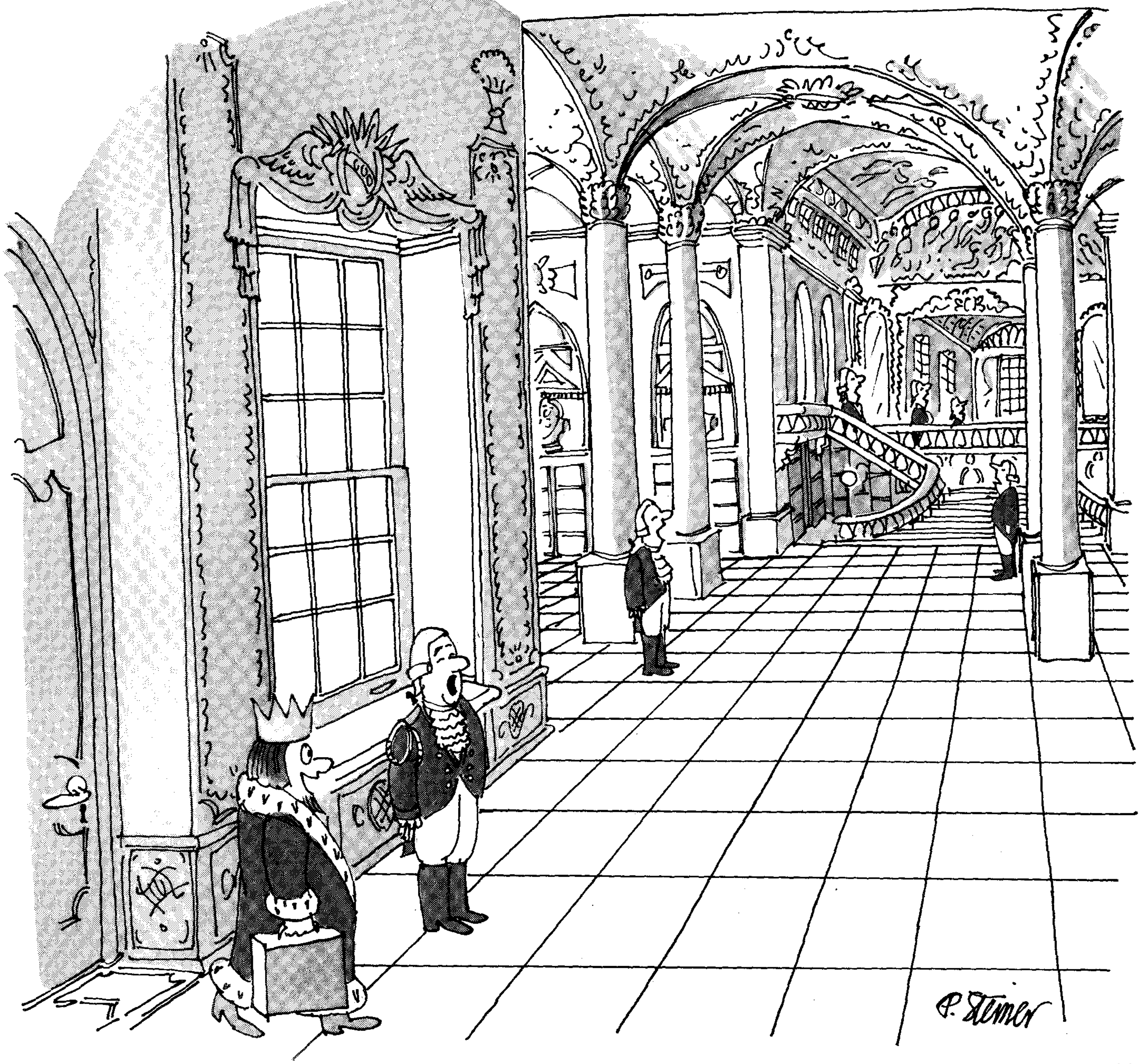
ALL that stuff about American imperialist dogs and sly Yankee invaders and greedy capitalist aggressors—some people really talk that way. We haven't been to the United Nations very often lately, but we did visit one night last week, when the Security Council convened in an after-hours session to discuss our invasion of the island nation of Grenada. Diplomacy in the midst of such crises always seems a little out of place: here many of the delegates opened their speeches with formal tributes to Jordan's Abdullah Salah, this month's president of the Security Council, while a few thousand miles away citizens of several of the nations sitting around the table in New York were doing their bloody best to bayonet and bazooka each other into the hereafter. And much of the debate, vital and timely though it surely was, dragged along, caught in the net of rhetoric and weariness that marks international conclaves. But one speech brought the room to stiff attention. The Grenadian emissary Ian Jacobs—for the past eighteen hours a man pretty much without a country, or, at least, without a government—began by denying in measured tones the American justifications for the invasion. And then, in a voice that cracked twice but grew steadily louder, he discussed the meaning of the American invasion. Mr. Jacobs reminded the members of the Security Council that his country was tiny—one two-thousandth the population of the United States, in fact. And he warned other delegates that though their nations might be larger than Grenada they were very likely smaller than the United States. He

THE OFFICIAL GUY
OF THE 1984 OLYMPICS



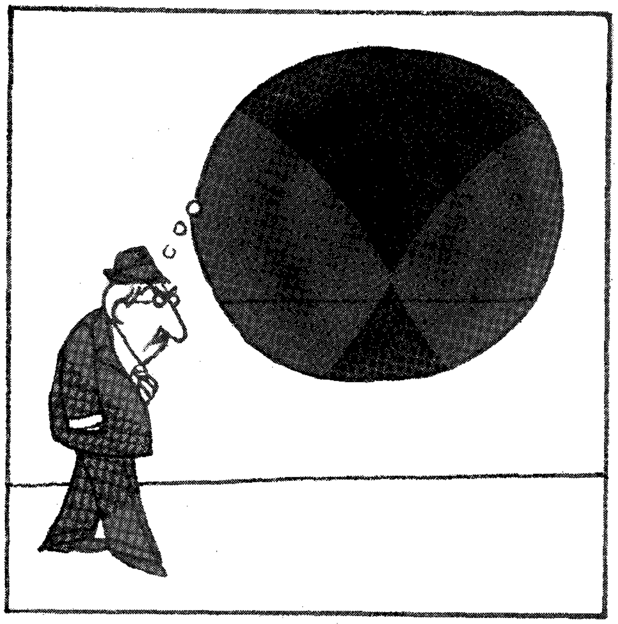
"Honey, I'm home!" . . . "Honey, I'm home!" . . . "Honey, I'm home!" . . . "Honey, I'm home!"

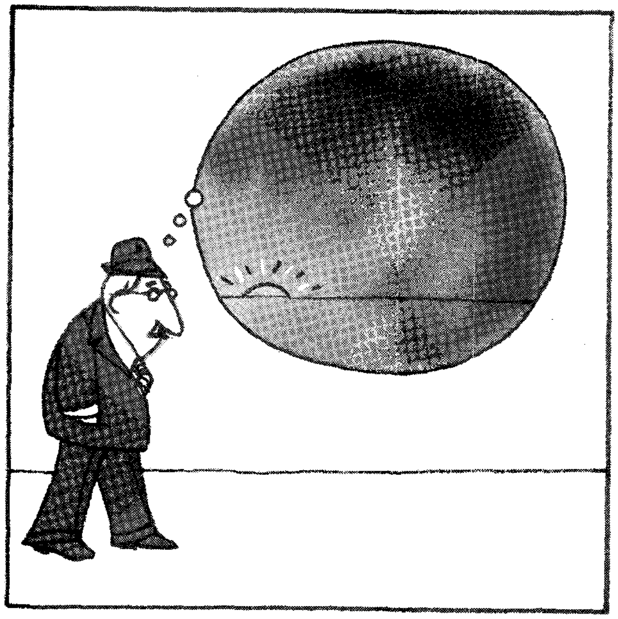
• •

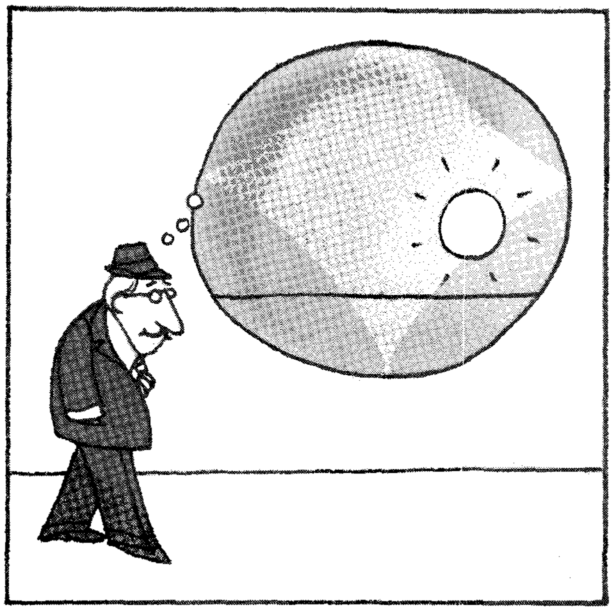
told them to "ask themselves whether this is fair, whether it is the way in which to deal with international affairs in 1983."

When Mr. Jacobs sat down, a string of countries that never have a kind word for the United States gave speeches. The Russians said something stern, and the Cuban delegate uncaged a zoo of animal imagery; tigers and jackals and hyenas gambolled through his remarks, and many of them continued to growl during the speech of the representative of Democratic Yemen, a country whose second name is considerably more accurate than its first. (When people call the United Nations a sideshow and a farce, it is these speeches that they mean.) America's concern for its citizens was at least in part a pretext, speaker after speaker said. This seems possible—quite apart from the fact that the Grenadian airport opened the day before the invasion and officials let several Americans depart unharassed, it might be remembered that our government, after four American churchwomen died at the hands of the Salvadoran national guard, continued to ship weapons to that regime. America's invocation of a heretofore obscure treaty was also a sham, they said, and this, too, seems entirely likely—Grenada would be an odd country if it signed a treaty allowing its neighbors to request that the United States invade it. America was an aggressor, they said. America wields a big stick, they said—and certainly America, in the person of Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, who complained at some length that the meeting should not have been scheduled until the following day, spoke softly, if sarcastically. America, they said, invades countries with governments it finds obnoxious whenever it can get away with it.

It wasn't just Cuba and Russia saying all this; ABC and CBS and NBC had done a better job all day simply







by passing along our government's news—the news about Marines landing here and paratroopers dropping there, about Americans and Cubans dying on one side of the island and "pockets of resistance" being dealt with on the other. America can truthfully level one charge at critics of its foreign policy, and that is hypocrisy. When they point to Vietnam, Chile, Nicaragua, and now Grenada, we can point to Afghanistan and Chad and Poland. How sad that we must call them hypocrites; how much better it would be for everyone if we could call them liars.

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IN the main reading room of the New York Public Library, it's easy to discover some of the long-term effects that American military actions have had in the southern part of our hemisphere. Secure under the reading lamps at a long wooden table, you can see in novels and poetry, as if through a magnifying glass, our comings and goings made surreal, mythical: what many unliterary Latin Americans see in their worst dreams, years and years later. Tall and oblivious, the Americans come in, their sights on their objective and nothing else. In one poem by the Dominican writer Pedro Mir, an aircraft carrier lies off the coast of Santo Domingo, ready in perpetuity. In "Strong Wind," by the Guatemalan novelist Miguel Ángel Asturias, it requires a magic hurricane with the force of a tidal wave to rid the country of its occupiers. The U.S. Marines in Gabriel García Márquez's "Autumn of the Patriarch" finally break down their bases into numbered pieces, roll up the living sod, and cart the whole thing away, after what has seemed like several lifetimes. Yet during the past few years, as our attention focussed more and more on Central and South America and on the Caribbean, the vision of United States invasions per se came to seem increasingly a thing of history, or even of fiction and poetry alone. We showed that we had other ways—different, if no less dire—of shaping events in those regions; we provided new sets of images for future Latin-American novels and nightmares. But last week the old reality took over again, and American Marines were once more landing to the south on a combat mission. As the papers filled up with the news of Grenada, a country with a population about a sixth of midtown's on a working day, we imagined the characters still to be conceived, the words still to be written—in English, this time—that would one day memorialize the darker side of our country's nature and return to haunt us.

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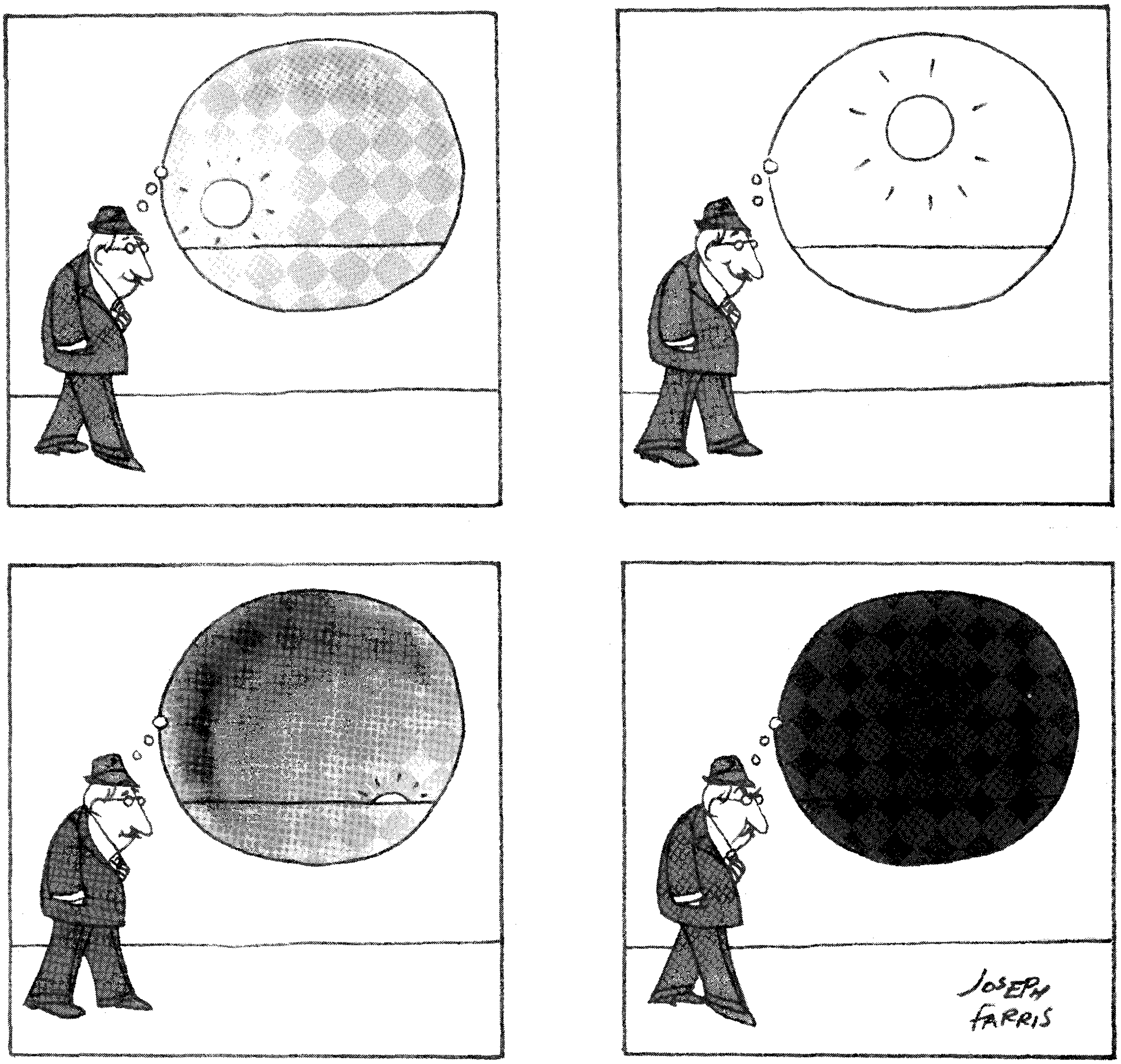
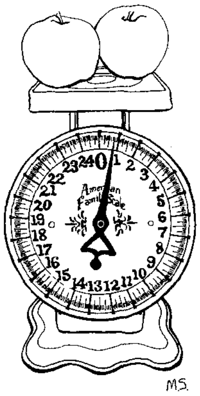
CHANNEL 13 happened recently to show a program called "Castle"—the story of life in an English castle in thirteenth-century Wales—just before it broadcast the second installment of the magisterial thirteen-part PBS series "Vietnam: A Television History." On the face of things, the two programs could hardly have been more different, and their being shown together was no doubt nothing more than an accident of scheduling. Based on David Macaulay's children's book of the same name, "Castle" was a charming, sometimes whimsical essay in architectural and engineering history, full of details of corbels and portcullises and gatehouses, and it suggested that castles in the Middle Ages eventually became a kind of stabilizing social institution and source of political order. The second part of the Vietnam series, on the other hand, was a searching, exhaustive, often painful examination of the complicated role of the French in Vietnam and of the in-



cipient American involvement there. It was made particularly poignant by the inclusion of period newsreel footage of those who took part in the early negotiations over Vietnam, all touchingly youthful-looking now—Ho Chi Minh, with enormous eyes and just the wispy beginnings of a beard; Zhou Enlai, stocky and black-haired; Eisenhower; Truman; Mendès-France; de Gaulle, imperiously slim and aquiline—and by a pervasive sense of opportunities lost and signals missed. (At any one of a number of points, it now seems—in Paris and Washington and Hanoi in 1946, in Geneva in 1954—the tragedy that was soon to befall Vietnam could perhaps have been averted.) And yet in certain surprising details these two television programs—one feudal history, one modern—seemed strangely to echo each other: in the formalities of a royal procession, for example, and the ceremonial forgatherings of present-day diplomats. There was also a common, if unspoken, subtext: the ever-present fact of war itself, and the equally constant tendency of powerful nations to interfere in the affairs of weaker ones. Without much trouble, in fact, one could have concluded from the two programs that except for certain technical developments—such as our ability now to rain napalm down upon our foes instead of mere boiling oil—very little in the world has changed over the last seven centuries, or even that medieval life was in some ways more rational and humane than our own.

In the light of "Castle," for example, it was possible to see the original French presence in Vietnam (documented earlier in the PBS history by a number of nineteenth-century still photographs of French men and women in Saigon wearing top hats and bustled gowns and looking slightly dazed in the tropical light) as simply an extreme extension of whatever impulse it was that drove the English lords to quarry enormous slabs of stone and tote them hundreds of miles to a hostile and foreign land so that they could be piled up into a fortress. (Though the narrator of "Castle" did not dwell on this, the English castles built in Wales in the thirteenth century were in fact colonial outposts, intended to intimidate and control the rebellious Welsh peasantry.) And in this same light the bitter eight-week siege of Dien Bien Phu, beginning in March, 1954, when the Vietminh, under General Giap, surrounded and gradually wore down a French garrison that thought itself to be impregnable, began to take on a strongly medieval character, with the Vietnamese employing many of the same tactics that the Welsh used against the English in the thirteenth century: hiding in trenches, launching "human-wave" assaults, cutting off supplies of food and water. The French at Dien Bien Phu, in turn, were reduced to hiding behind barricades of stacked corpses—a grisly strategy that was not mentioned in "Castle" but seemed appropriate to the Middle Ages.



In both eras, those who suffered most, it almost goes without saying, were the peasants and the ordinary townspeople—those who had the smallest stake in the political struggles taking place around them. "Castle" was somewhat discreet on this point, but there was a striking scene, as an army of Welsh rebels marched on the castle, of surrounding houses and harvest fields that had been burned to the ground, and shortly afterward the lord of the castle remarked sadly that he had been forced to close the tower gates before all the peasants outside could reach safety within. The security of the castle itself, we were meant to understand, came first. The Vietnam episode contained numerous scenes from the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties of dead and wounded bodies, of cannons firing and bombs dropping—prototypes, one might say, of the images that became almost journalistic clichés a generation or so later, when they appeared regularly on America's nightly news. But perhaps the program's most telling moment was another shot, almost as familiar—of some Vietnamese, frightened- and worn-looking, carrying their belongings on their heads. It was not entirely clear from the narration whom these people were fleeing—the Japanese or the French or the Vietminh—nor did it really matter. From their faces, it was obvious simply that they had no place to go.

It turns out, in fact, that one of the chief differences between the world of the castle and the world of Vietnam was that in the feudal system one was at least sure of who and what one was and where one belonged, while in Vietnam, as different nations marched in and out—first the Chinese, then the French, then the Japanese, and then the Americans—one could never be very certain of one's place or of anything else. Some of this difference was reflected in the endings of the two programs. "Castle" struck a hopeful, progressive note, with an image of the castle itself crumbling in the background and a thriving medieval town growing up outside its walls. The Middle Ages were over, the narrator suggested, and the architectural and social advances represented by the castle would make possible the development of urban life—of civilization as we know it today. Part II of "Vietnam" ended with the French abandoning Hanoi in 1954, after the country was divided, and leaving nothing behind—tearing down factories, levelling houses. They were even—in what seemed a gruesome emblem of the entire history of Vietnam—digging up their dead.

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OUR interest having been aroused by all the advance publicity, we went to the Plaza Hotel the other morning for a press screening of the ABC-TV movie about nuclear war, "The Day After," which will be broadcast in mid-November. The movie, an account of a small Kansas city struck by a Soviet missile, did not depict nuclear war in *all* its horror, perhaps, but it came close enough to leave us a little shaken. The lights went up after two hours and fifteen minutes. Brandon Stoddard, the president of ABC Motion Pictures, was the first person to speak. "Can we get the air-conditioning turned on in here?" he asked. Then he introduced the director, the producer, and the writer of the film and invited questions from the reporters crowded in the theatre. The first and second inquiries dealt with the number of advertisers who had bought time on the show. Then someone wanted to know why it had been cut from four hours to two and a quarter. A man asked, "Start to finish, how long is the bomb sequence?" Another was interested in the total cost of the project, and why it was to be shown opposite part of an NBC program on the Presidency of John F. Kennedy. After some argument about whether the film implied that the Russians or the Americans had dropped the first bomb (Kansas, it seemed to us, was smoking rubble in either case), the ABC executives shooed the press out of the theatre and urged everybody on upstairs to the Plaza's Baroque Room for the day's second big event, a luncheon with the stars of the network's daytime soap operas.

Up there, we sat next to Philip Carey, currently starring as Asa Buchanan in a show called "One Life to Live." Asa Buchanan is sort of like J. R. Ewing, who is a nighttime star, in that he is rich, unpleasant, and Texan, Mr. Carey said. Mr. Carey also said that he and some other celebrities had recently written a cookbook, which includes a recipe for "macho nachos." He introduced us to Arlene Dahl, who plays Lucinda Schenck in "One Life to Live." Miss Dahl said that she had recently written a book about astrology, and she showed the cover around the table. Someone remarked that a certain other star of daytime TV had "legs that went up to her shoulders." A waiter arrived bearing a veal dish. Jozie Emmerich, an ABC vice-president for daytime programs, introduced all the stars of daytime TV who were on hand. Sally Faison, who plays a psychiatrist in "The Edge of Night," was there. Shelly Burch, whose upcoming story line "is going to rival 'Flashdance' for excitement," according to Miss Emmerich, was there. Also, there were stars from "Loving," from "All My Children," and from "Ryan's Hope." While we ate dessert, Mr. Carey, many of whose movies recently appeared in a film festival on station WTBS, in Atlanta, told us that daytime shows like his were as good as shows like "Dallas" and "Dynasty," which appear at night.

If you would like to know why America has not done much about the nuclear problem, or a lot of other things, it may be because we think about it in the same sort of way that we think about the stars of daytime TV—or about working out at the health club, or what to wear, or if the time has come to open an I.R.A. account and shelter some income. Mundane matters have mixed so thoroughly with matters of transcendent importance that it does not seem odd to watch a film about the end of the world and then go upstairs and eat veal with the folks from "One Life to Live."

AFFECTION

HOW do you want to cook this fish? How do you want to cook this fish? Harris asked.

What?

Claire heard: How do you want to cook this fish?

Breaded, she said.

Fine, Harris said.

What?

Fine!

We have not slept together for three hundred nights, she thought. His rough, tender hands not wrapped around me. Lawnmower. His rough, tender hands wrapped around the handles of the lawnmower. Not me.

What?

Where did you hide the bread crumbs?

What?

The bread crumbs!

Behind the Cheerios!

Claire telephoned her mother. Her mother's counsel was broccoli, mostly, but who else was she going to talk to?

What?

You have to be optimistic. Be be be. Optimistic. They go through phases. As they get older. They have less tolerance for monotony.

I'm monotony?

They go through phases. As they grow older. They like to think that their futures are ahead of them. This is ludicrous, of course—

Oh oh oh oh.

Ludicrous, of course, but I have never yet met one who didn't think that way until he got played out. Then they sink into a comfortable lassitude, take to wearing those horrible old-geezer hats—

What?

Hats with the green plastic bills, golf hats or whatever they are—

Harris, Claire said to her husband, you've stopped watering the plants.

What?

You've stopped watering the plants my mother always said that when they stopped watering the plants that was a sure sign of an impending marital breakup.

Your mother reads too much.

SARAH decided that she and Harris should not sleep together any longer.

Harris said, What about hugging?

What?

Hugging.

Sarah said that she would have a ruling on hugging in a few days and that he should stand by for further information. She pulled the black lace mantilla down to veil her face as they left the empty church.

I have done the right thing the right thing. I am right.

CLAIRE came in wearing her brown coat and carrying a large brown paper bag. Look what I got! she said excitedly.

What? Harris said.

She reached into the bag and pulled out a smeary plastic tray with six frozen shell steaks on it. The steaks looked as if they had died long, long ago.

Six dollars! Claire said. This guy came into the laundromat and said he was making deliveries to restaurants and some of the restaurants already had all the steaks they needed and now he had these left over and they were only six dollars. Six dollars.

You spent six dollars on *these*?

Other people bought some too.

Diseased, stolen steaks?

He was wearing a white coat, Claire said. He had a truck.

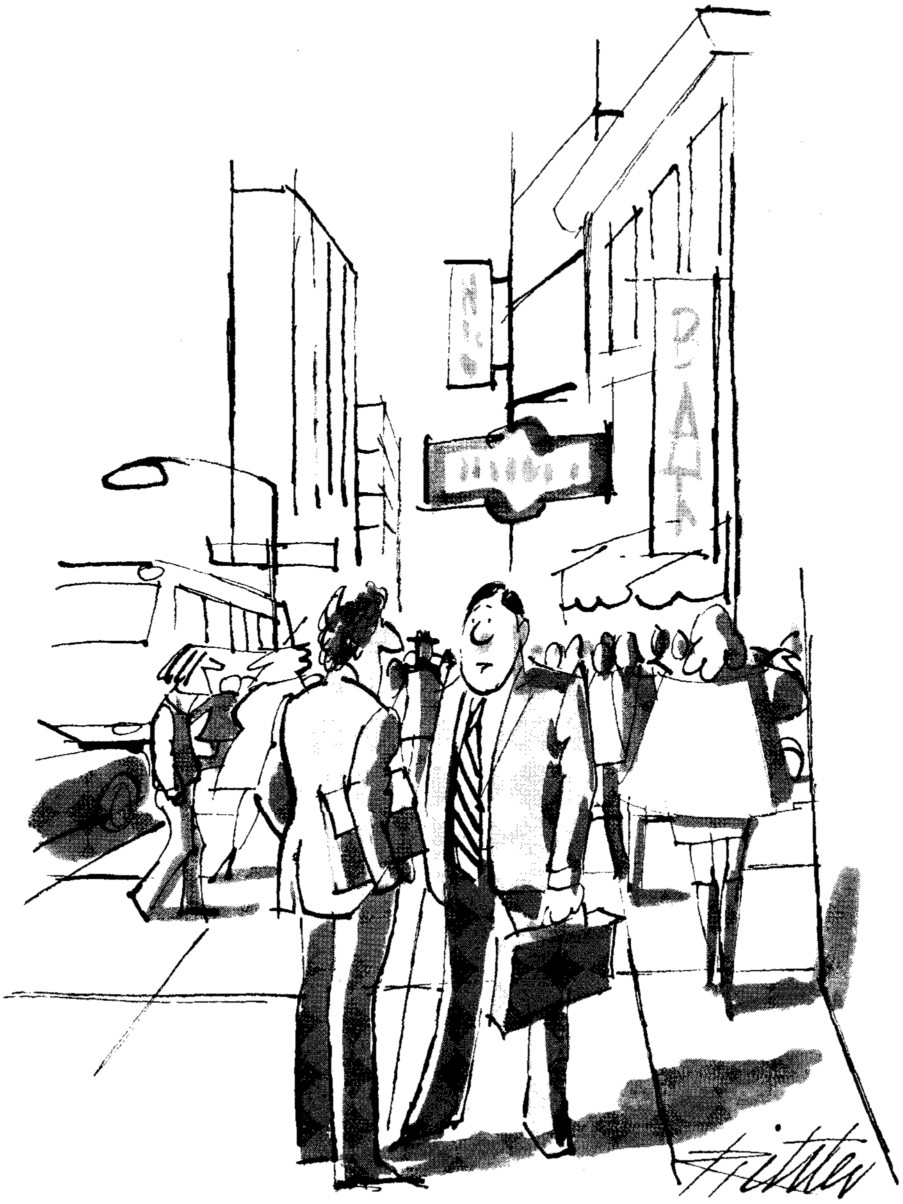
I'll bet he had a truck.

Harris went to see Madam Olympia, a reader and adviser. Her office was one room in a bad part of the city. Chicken wings burned in a frying pan on the stove. She got up and turned them off, then got up and turned them on again. She was wearing a T-shirt that had "BUFFALO, CITY OF NO ILLUSIONS" printed on it.

Tell me about yourself, she said.

My life is hell, Harris said. He sketched the circumstances.

I am bored to tears with this sort of



"What are you clinging to these days?"

thing, Madam Olympia said. To tears to tears.

Well, Harris said, me too.

Woman wakes up in the middle of the night, Madam Olympia said, she goes, what you thinkin' about? You go, the float. She goes, is the float makin' us money or not makin' us money? You go, it depends on what happens Wednesday. She goes, that's nice. You go, what do you mean, you don't know *zip* about the float, woman. She goes, well you don't have to be nasty. You go, I'm *not* being nasty, you just don't *understand*. She goes, so why don't you tell me? Behind this, other agendas on both sides.

The float is a *secret*, Harris said. Many *men* don't even know about the float.

To tears to tears to tears.

Right, Harris said. How much do I owe you?

Fifty dollars.

THE community whispered: Are they still living? How many times a week? What is that symbol on your breast? Did they refuse to sign it? Did they consent to sign it? In the rain? Before the fire? Has there been weight loss? How many pounds? What is their favorite color? Have they been audited? Was there a his side of the bed and a her side of the bed? Did she make it herself? Can we have a taste? Have they stolen money? Have they stolen stamps? Can he ride a horse? Can he ride a steer? What is his best time in the calf scramble? Is there money? Was there money? What happened to the money? What will happen to the money? Did success come early or late? Did success come? A red wig? At the Junior League? A red dress with a red wig? Was she ever a painter? Is that a theoretical position or a real position? Would they do it again? Again and again? How many times? A thousand times?

CLAIRE met Sweet Papa Cream Puff, a new person. He was the house pianist at Bells, a club frequented by disconsolate women in the early afternoons.

He was a huge man and said that he was a living legend.

What?

Living legend, he said.

I didn't name the "Sweet Papa Cream Puff Blues" by that name, he said. It was named by the people of Chicago.

Oh my oh my oh my, Claire said.

This musta been 'bout 1921, '22, he said.

Those was wonderful days.

There was one other man, at that time, who had part of my fame. Fellow named Red Top, he's dead now.

He was very good, scared me a little bit.

I studied him.

I had two or three situations on the problem.

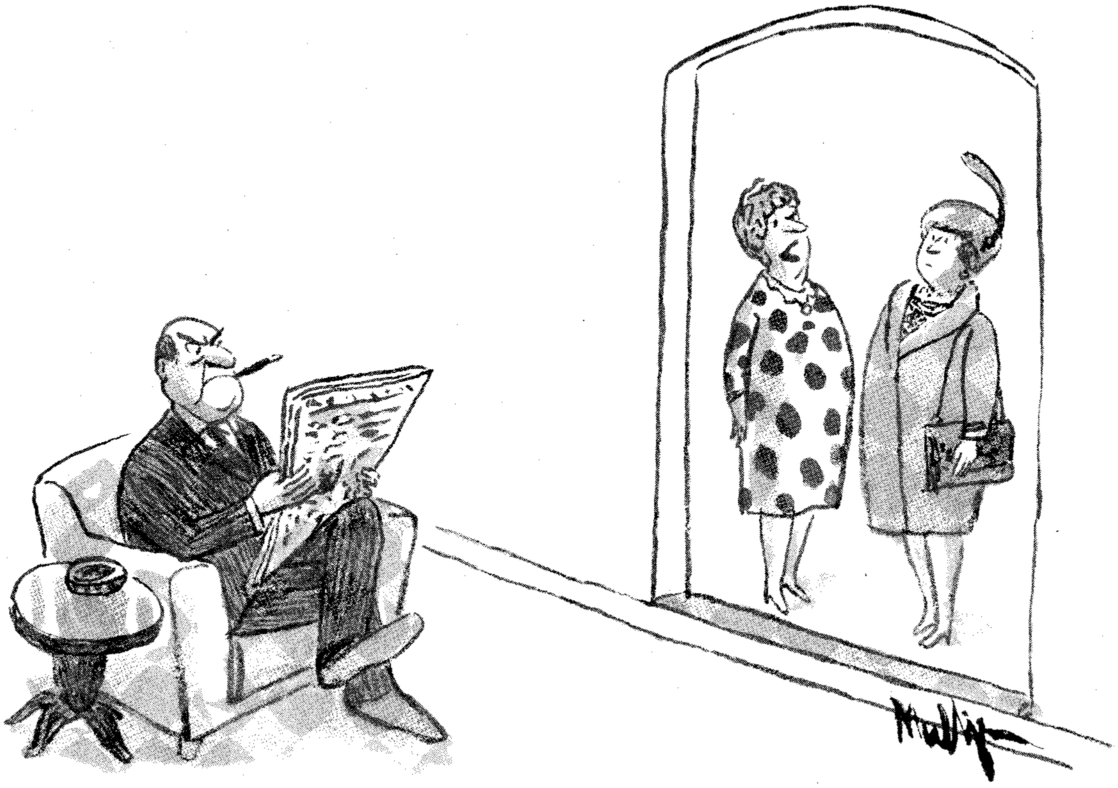
I worked very hard and bested him in 1923. June of that year.

Wow, Claire said.

Zum, Sweet Papa Cream Puff sang, zum zum zum zum *zum*.

Six perfect treble notes in the side pocket.

SARAH calls Harris from a clinic in Detroit and floors him with the news of her "miscarriage." Saddened by the loss of the baby, he's nevertheless elated to be free of his "obligation." But when Harris rushes to declare his love for Claire, he's crushed to learn that she is married to Phillip. Hoping against hope that Harris will stay with her, Sarah returns. Harris is hung over from drinking too much the night before when Sarah demands to know if he wants her. Unable to decide at first, he yields to Sarah's feigned helplessness and tells her to stay. Later, they share a pleasant dinner at the Riverboat, where Claire is a waiter. Harris is impressed to learn that Sarah refused to join in his mother's plan to dissuade him from buying the ranch. Claire is embracing Harris before his departure when Sarah enters the office. When Harris is caught shoplifting, Claire's kid sister, terrified at having to face a court appearance, signs for his release. Missing Sarah terribly, Harris calls her from New Orleans; when she tells him about becoming chairwoman of Claire's new bank, he hangs up angrily. Although they've separated, his feelings for Claire haven't died entirely, and her growing involvement with his new partner, Sarah, is a bitter pill for him to swallow, as he sits alone drinking too much brandy in Sarah's study. Sarah blazes with anger when she finds Claire in the hotel's banquet office making arrangements



"*When the news is good, he smiles.*"

for Harris's testimonial dinner, as Sarah, her right leg in a cast, walks up the steps of the brownstone and punches Claire's bell, rage clearly burning in her eyes.

SARAH visited Dr. Whorf, a good psychiatrist.

Cold as *death*, she said.

What?

Cold as *death*.

Good behavior is frequently painful, Dr. Whorf said. Christ you know that.

Sarah was surprised to find that what she had told Dr. Whorf was absolutely true. She was fully miserable.

Harris drunk again and yelling at Claire said that he was not drunk.

I feel worse than you feel, she said.

What?

Worse, she said, woooooooorrssse.

You know what I saw this morning? he asked. Eight o'clock in the morning. I was out walking.

Guy comes out of this house, wearing a suit, carrying an attaché case.

He's going to work, right?

He gets about ten steps down the sidewalk and this woman comes out. Out of the same house.

She says, "James?"

He turns around and walks back toward her.

She's wearing a robe. Pink and orange.

She says, "James, *I . . . hate . . . you.*"

Maybe it's everywhere, Claire said. A pandemic.

I don't think that, Harris said.

THIS is the filthiest phone booth I've ever been in, Harris said to Sarah.

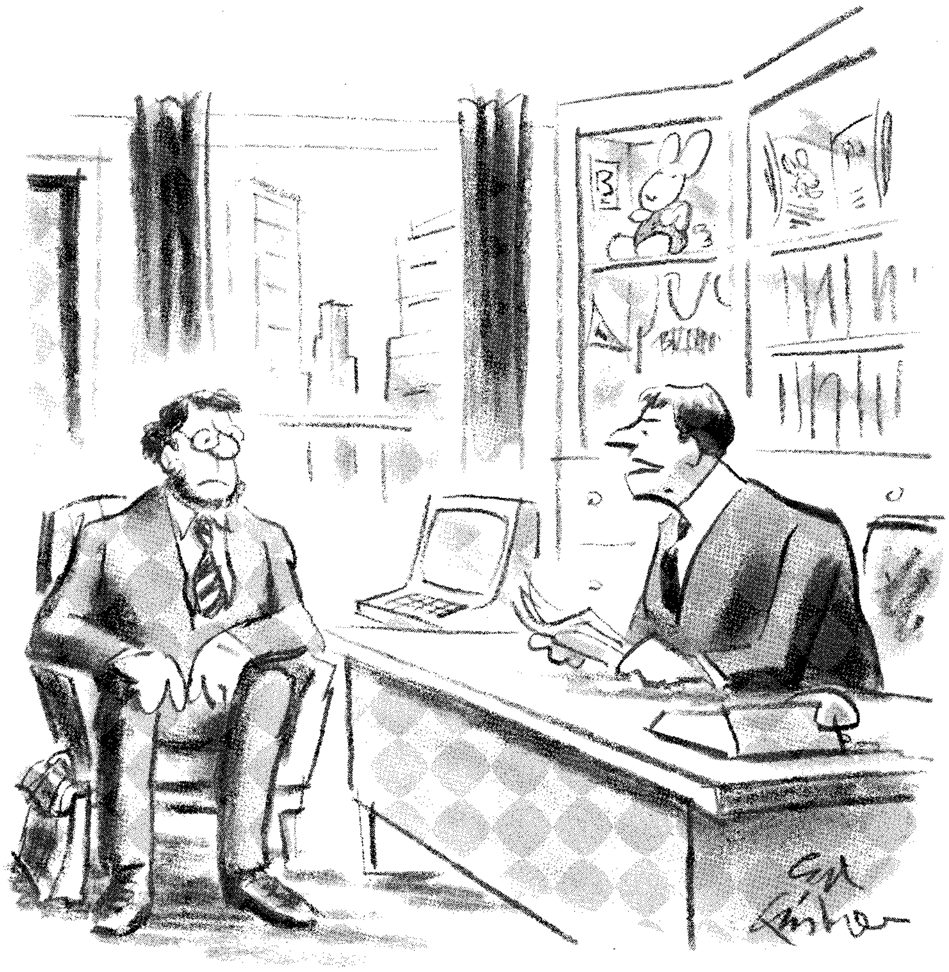
What?

The *filthiest phone booth* I have ever been in.

Hang up darling hang up and find another phone booth thank you for the jewels the pearls and the emeralds and the onyx but I haven't changed my mind they're quite quite beautiful just amazing but I haven't changed my mind you're so kind but I have done the right thing painful as it was and I haven't changed my mind—

He remembered her standing over the toothpaste with her face two inches from the toothpaste because she couldn't see it without her contacts in.

Freud said, Claire said, that in the adult, novelty always constitutes the condition for orgasm.



"Bunny Rabbit stories, like everything else, Mr. Hinekker, have to move with the times!"

• •

Sweet Papa looked away.

Oh me oh my.

Well you know the gents they don't know what they after they own selves, very often.

When do they find out?

At the eleventh hour let me play you a little thing I wrote in the early part of the century I call it "Verklärte Nacht" that means "stormy weather" in German, I played there in Berlin oh about—

Claire placed her arms around Sweet Papa Cream Puff and hugged the stuffing out of him.

WHAT?

What?

What?

What?

By a lucky stroke Harris made an amount of money in the market. He bought Claire a beautiful black opal. She was pleased.

He looked to the future.

Claire will continue to be wonderful.

As will I, to the best of my ability.

The New York *Times* will be published every day and I will have to wash it off my hands when I have finished reading it, every day.

What? Claire said.

Smile.

What?

Smile.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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THE OMNIPOTENT WHOM

[*From The Texas Humanist*]

A deep feeling for the land is a characteristic shared by the writers discussed under the rubric of "The Old Order." Addressing the Southern tradition in Texas literature, the session embraced Katherine Ann Porter, born and raised in Kyle; and William Goyen, William Humphrey, George Sessions Perry, J. Mason Brewer, C. C. White, and William Owens, in all of whom's work East Texas figures prominently.

TRACKING THE BOARS

I

You say they are dangerous.

The stout razor of their spines
can come to your waist—
they'll take your leg off
in a stain of red
before you can feel
the shoot of pain, your mouth
open, with no cry.
They go for the goats
when the wind turns rancid.

For this, you will gather the men,
leave the sheep to the women,
the village to the priest.
Not return
till what no one speaks of
is proven.

II

It is a morning wreathed
in the husk of fog.
Plane trees lurch into vagueness.
We meet in the Square, unsheathe
weapons, tighten the girths
of wirehaired mules.

Fotis cradles his World War II rifle,
taps the casing,
the barrel between his legs,
tells a gap-toothed story
of how his grandfather
was called the Turk-Eater.
Thano's hair is not yet gray.
Rogue boars stalked in his sleep
till he woke with the ache
of three toes missing
from a hunt seventeen winters ago.
While dawn burns off the haze,
he loads his pack with wooden darts,
prefers poison to slow the animal.

Though I wear a foreigner's clothes,
I am one of the men,
am herded along.
We split into two parties:
men with Fotis, men with Thano—
the winners take the tusks.
They make me bring my camera
to record the kill.

III

The climb is rough.
The leather of my lungs
dusts in, dusts out.
Gorse bushes rake my legs.
Mule bells are stuffed with rags,
their hooves muffled with gunnysack.
Strange birds gurgle their calls,
filter the air.

At dusk, we pick up boar tracks,
hear wind whistle through the
  foothills.
The village is a wrinkle
  of white
above the darkening sea.

Our group sets camp, lays stones
to char in a circle.
The copse is a cowl
  of cottonwood.
The men fog the air with rolled
  cigarettes,
swill *retsina*, the burn
of resin on their tongues.
They cackle their stories,
spit into the fire.
I lie back
and listen to the night hiss.

IV

The bleach of dawn.
Three shots—
Fotis can tell how far off
by the length of the echo.
He sniffs the wind, curses
our slow luck.
We saddle.

V

We have the boar's bridle path,
leave the mules,
climb to its territory.
I stop, suck air
through my teeth.
The wind bruises my lips.

Fotis finds a carved dart
in a knotted tree.
The poison is fresh, one day.

VI

Each man is a trigger,
  a hair stiffened.
Words are left at the campsite.
I had wanted to say something
of ourselves that survives
all this
but knew better, kept quiet.

Wild boars know only
the language of blood.
A boar utters a guttural tongue
not unlike German;
when we hear it we will know
a sudden dryness in our throats,
the dryness the women
  of Ublesk knew,
who carried their babies
through a smoky night on fire,
stuffing their mouths with rags
to stop the wailing.

Today, our role plays itself.
I hear a rummage of underbrush.
What will we do when we face it,
the boar's demonic eyes
  on our barrels,
its nostrils flared
with the scent of our fear?

VII

It is monstrous, half the size
  of Fotis,
bristling its black,
its hocks taut.

Thano breaks through the brush
and the boar whirls in a grunted,
  cloven frenzy.
We are all cornered.
Something stirs in me
and I am caught up.
Fotis pushes me back—his eyes
gone wild, gone hungry—
fills the air
with blue smoke and thunder.

Three miles below us,
hooved kids bleat for
  their mamas.

VIII

The sky clears.
It is the color
of a mother's vein
that runs down into
the neck of her dress.

My face is rough
with two days' growth,
a small calendar.
The mules drag
  the huge carcass,
its boar snout drying;
the glazed eyes stare at nothing.

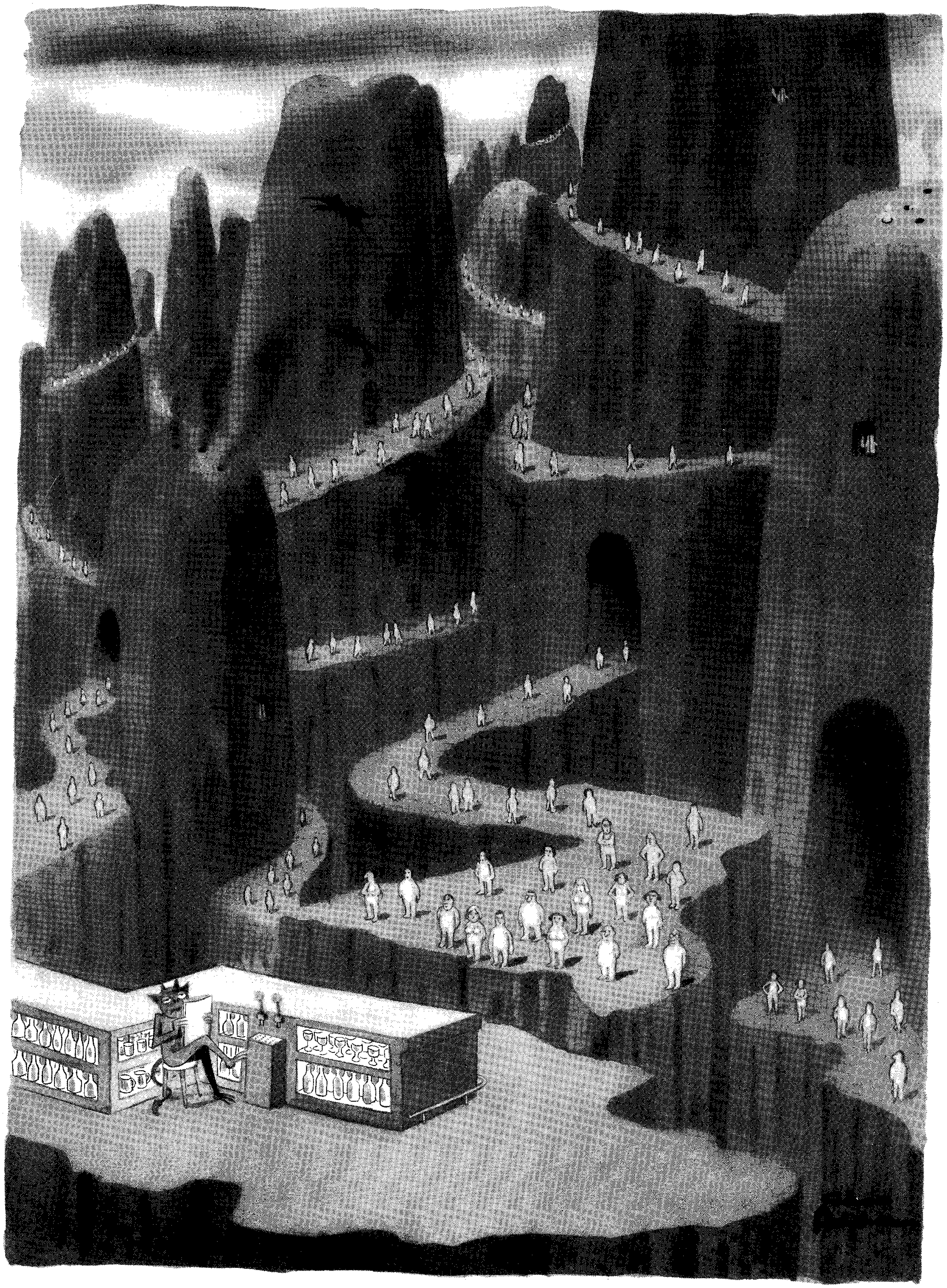
Fotis sings an old Resistance song.

IX

Air fills with the smell of bread,
the women flutter in windows.
Thano curries the mules
and I do my part—
  focus on Fotis,
who strains to lift
the massive boar's black head,
smiles to his men,
the wives,
the butcher in his stained uniform.

It is a hard trophy, the threat of a
  beast.
We lay the table with linen,
carve the corpse and eat.

—Nicholas Samaras



ACCIDENT

Caitlin and Delilah are blabbing away in the kitchen. Sherman, who's in the TV room next to a screen window, can hear them, down at the end of the porch, where they've got the back door open. The girls never stop talking, worrying about their boyfriends, worrying about Dad, always having fits—especially since their mother died. Sherman behaves like his father and ignores them. Mr. Vincent is in there with him, sitting on the other couch in the dim light, with his book and his drink. They both watch when the sports comes on. Sherman has the cat in his lap, not thinking much, sixteen years old.

The smell from the kitchen fills the whole downstairs. "We're having roast beef," says Sherman, looking at the cat's paw and pressing it so the claws come out. Mr. Vincent turns his face and registers this information with a nod. Then he goes back to his book.

The girls take turns running the house. Of the seven kids in the family, only five are at home now. Gus, who's eighteen, is in Kennebunkport for the summer, mapping and injecting trees for a forestry service. Sylvie, who comes between Caitlin and Delilah, took off for Colorado with some friends when Delilah moved home. Sylvie had been there since the winter, when their mother was killed. At twenty-three, Caitlin is the oldest. She lives in Cambridge and works for a woman who collects art. She comes out to Marshport on the weekends to go to the beach and also, she says, to be with Dad.

The girls yell for Sherman to come set the table. If his younger brother were there, Sherman would make him do it, but Chickie is out at his friend Richard's house. Sherman drops the cat on the rug and traipses down the hall, past all the coat hooks and into the bright-yellow kitchen.

"Set it for seven," says Delilah. She's the dark one, the smallest, with a chunky waist but the rest of her like bird bones. "Hal's coming out after work." She used to live in Somerville with Hal, who's a carpenter. They met in college. When Hal comes out for the weekends, he slips off to Sherman and Chickie's room and smokes pot with them. Delilah usually gets high, too—only later, after Mr. Vincent has gone to bed and they bring the bong into the TV room.

Sherman takes down some plates.

"Not those," says Caitlin. She's flipping the roast potatoes in the oven but looks over her shoulder to see what he's doing. "Use the Harvard plates."

He puts the blue-and-white plates around the table that they've been eating at all their lives—white with a yellow trim. Underneath are metal things that jab into your knees. When they were young, they came down for breakfast and their mother would have set it the night before—six bowls, one at each place. Only six, because Minnie wasn't born yet—she came later.

"Yah," says Delilah, supervising. "Those are good." Mr. Vincent doesn't like to eat in the big dining room, so they squeeze in here. With everyone sitting, you can barely get between the counter and the table.

Then the girls start in. First Delilah says, "Have you thought about what you're going to do this summer?"

Sherman opens a drawer. "Get a job," he says.

"Do you have any idea what?" Caitlin leans against the icebox, arms folded, waiting.

"Nope." He puts the forks on the left, the knives on the right.

Delilah lights a cigarette from a burner. "Have you even started looking?" she asks.

"Not yet."

"Chickie has a job with Mr. Lewis," says Caitlin.

"Yup," Sherman says. Mr. Lewis's son, Richard, happens to be Chickie's best friend.

"Dad's not going to let you stay at home if you don't have a job."

"I know." His sisters watch while he folds the napkins into triangles.

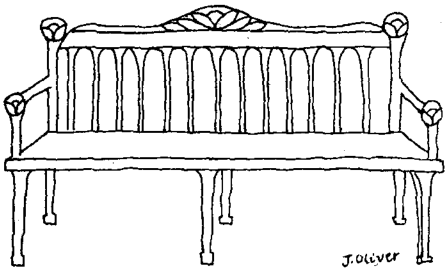
"So what are you going to do?" Caitlin asks.

"Get a job," he says, to shut her up.

"Sherman," she says, and her forehead wrinkles. "What do you expect? That a job's going to come find you?"

He turns a plate so the building on it is right side up.

"Leave him alone, Caity," says Delilah, and puts her cigarette out under the faucet. "He'll get a job. Won't you, Sherman?"



"Hope so." He steps back from the table, finished.

"Thanks," says Delilah. "Is Chickie back yet?"

"Dunno." He turns to walk out.

"Wait," she says. "Are you going to that party tonight?"

"What party?" asks Caitlin, lightening up.

Delilah makes it sound like a big deal. "Chickie's friends are having a party at Richard's by Jingle Beach."

"Fun," says Caitlin encouragingly. The girls have parties at the house—huge ones. Some kids from town crashed the last one and refused to leave. Mr. Vincent was next door at the Drapers', spending the night, away from the blaring music. Gus picked a fight and made a dent in the plaster. Caitlin called the cops.

"You should go," Delilah tells Sherman. "Why not?"

Sherman retreats to his room to get a quick buzz before dinner. He and Chickie share the maid's room downstairs, at the back of the house. It's where they spend most of their time, away from everybody, playing Bob Marley non-stop. On the walls are some of Sherman's drawings—abstract ones that look like shattered panes of glass. One charcoal sketch, on Chickie's side of the room, is of Mrs. Vincent. The smile looks flat, because Sherman did it from a photograph. She has her sunglasses on and is wearing pigtails.

Sherman sips his joint in front of the window. The kitchen bell rings, calling Minnie home. Then Sherman hears, down at the marsh, the familiar rattle of the train going by, the train that hit Mrs. Vincent's car and killed her. Sherman has certain theories about the accident, and about the family, and gives them to Chickie late at night, each in his bed—brothers. Sherman can tell his brother things he knows won't get repeated, especially to the girls.

The other night, with the reggae going, Sherman said, "As soon as I get enough money, I'm going to the West Indies. To live."

"You are?" said Chickie. Sherman always had these schemes.

"Yup," said Sherman, wide awake.

There was silence on the other side of the room, and Sherman could practically hear his brother thinking. Finally, Chickie said, "O.K. I'll meet you there."

Out the window Sherman sees Minnie at the end of the driveway, pushing her bike up the hill. She gets back on and rides fast, her nine-year-old legs pedalling furiously, her pigtails out like stiff brushes. She abandons her bike on the slope of the lawn, then runs around to the porch. Sherman smirks, feeling the pot. From listening all his life, he can tell that a car down on the avenue is turning up their driveway, and, sure enough, Hal's heap turns toward the house, rumbling and ticking, about to stall.

Delilah calls, "Hello, honey," from the porch. Hal gets out, grabbing cigarettes off the dashboard. Minnie's voice goes, "Hi, Hal," and then Sherman sees her hanging over the porch railing. Delilah says, "You have time for a quick shower," and Sherman snickers, hearing that.

When the bell rings again, it means it's suppertime. Going into the kitchen, Sherman answers the phone.

"That better be Chickie," says Delilah, making gravy at the stove. "Where is he? Tell him we're eating this second."

Keeping the receiver close, Sherman turns away. Chickie's still at Richard's, staying for dinner. "Wanna come to this party later?" he asks Sherman. "Then you can give me a ride home." Chickie is at the age when his voice sounds like water gurgling—first loud, then soft and far away.

"All right," Sherman says. They'll probably have pot. Chickie's friend Bruce usually has good pot.

Delilah is still blabbing away. "Typical Chickie. Where is he? Why didn't he call before?"

Sherman hangs up.

"Well?" Caitlin asks.

"He's staying there for supper."

"Thanks a lot for telling us," says Delilah. Minnie is already at her place, the table up to her neck.

Mr. Vincent strides in, patting his chest pockets. "Another culinary delight? What have we here?" He pushes in some chairs and peers into the bowls on the counter.

"Chickie just called," Delilah tells him. "He's eating at Richard's." She waits for his reaction.

"Splendid, splendid," says Mr. Vincent. He parks himself by the sink and waits to go last, his wrists tucked under his armpits. Caitlin starts Minnie's plate, and Sherman goes next. "Don't take so many onions," she says, and he drops a couple back with his fingers. Chickie always gets out of it—being at home.

Hal comes in with his hair slicked back after his shower. He's wearing a purple shirt that Delilah gave him. "Hello, Mr. Vincent," he says, before doing anything. Delilah waves his plate for him to take.

"Good evening to you, Hal." Mr. Vincent keeps his heels tightly together.

"Come on, Dad," says Caitlin. "Come get some food."

He nods at her back; he'll go when he's ready. Delilah puts Chickie's milk at Hal's place and removes the extra setting.

The last one to sit down is Mr. Vincent, at the head. Delilah says, "I got a letter from Gus." She looks down at her father's plate. "Is that all you're having? Aren't you taking any broccoli?"

He says, "We'll have broccoli from my garden in late July. Please pass the gravy, Minnie my love."

Minnie doesn't move, so Sherman pokes her.

"What did Gus say?" Caitlin always puts huge chunks of butter on her potatoes.

"He and Bub are living in a tent."

Mr. Vincent rolls his eyes. "Good ol' Gus," he says wearily.

"He is?" asks Minnie. She holds on to her fork with a tiny fist. "Where?"

"In the woods," says Delilah, talking with her mouth full. "They have Dinty Moore every night."

"Yuck," says Caitlin.

"What's dinty more?" asks Minnie.

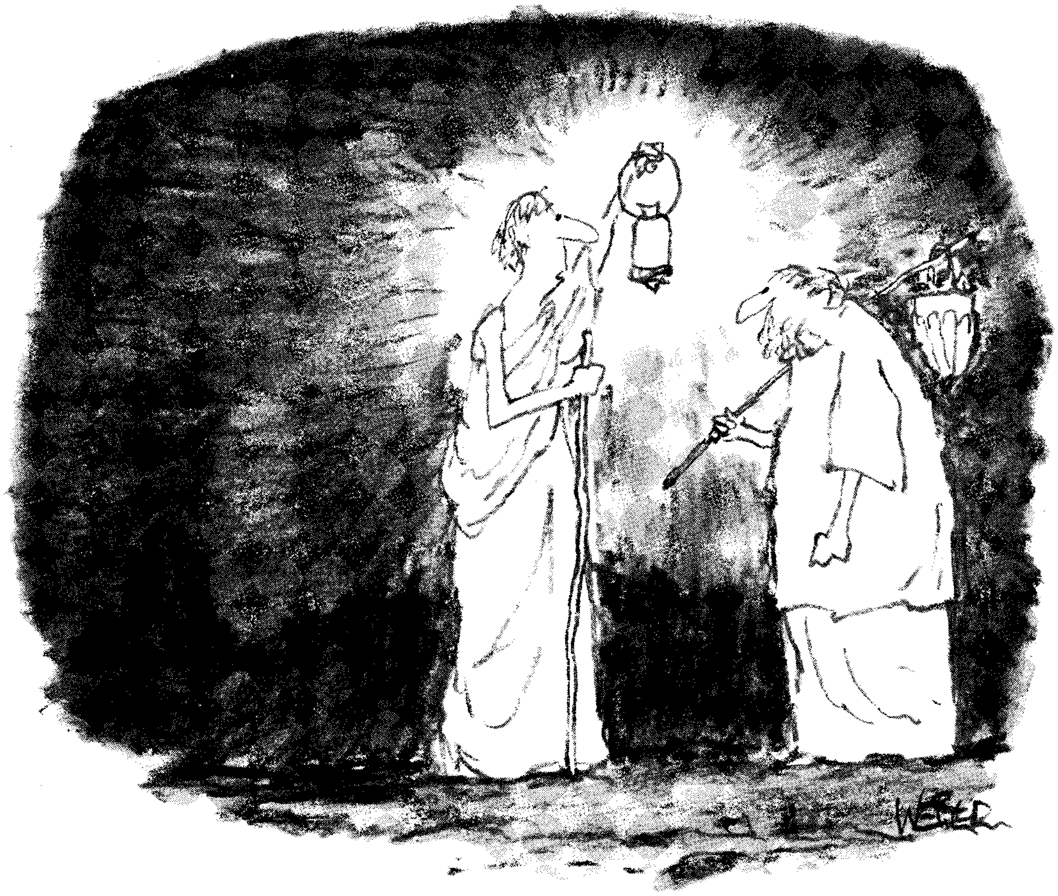
Delilah points her knife in the air, like a teacher. "From a can."

Sherman feels a paw bat his calf, and slips a piece of meat to the cat under the table. His father notices this and frowns, but doesn't say anything.

"And they hear bears roaming around at night," Delilah says.

"Really?" Minnie believes everything.

"You'll be pleased to know the let-



"I'm looking for an apartment—preferably in the Village."

• •

tuce is coming along superbly," says Mr. Vincent. "We should have some next week."

"Good," says Caitlin. Everyone eats.

The back door is open behind Mr. Vincent, and with no one talking they can hear clearly the train rattling by down through the woods, along the marsh. Then it clatters off faintly. Sherman glances at Hal and can tell by his slow chewing that the noise makes him nervous. Everyone else keeps on with the meal, ignoring it, acting as if they're used to it by now.

WHEN they left the party, Sherman walked smack into a privet hedge on his way to the car. Chickie stopped on the gravel, his long arms hanging down. "I don't think you better drive," he said.

"Well, I am," said Sherman. He cast a glance back at his brother, his face almost cross-eyed from drinking. "Come if you want."

Chickie watched him get in the little Volkswagen. Inside at Richard's, music was playing, and a softened bass thumped in the night. Chickie thought a moment, but he didn't know how else to get home.

Sherman drove fast down the side streets, under the leafy shadows of the street lights. When they came into town, which was lit up and empty, he accelerated to fifty. Chickie kept quiet in his seat. At the fork, the car headed straight for the Wayward Dog Tavern.

"Sherman!" Chickie grabbed the wheel to make the corner.

Sherman jerked his elbow up and knocked his hand away. "Cut it out," he said. He was flooring it.

Chickie braced himself on the dashboard and thought, *This is it, we're going to die,* whipping past the houses at one o'clock in the morning. They saw no other cars, luckily, since Sherman was straddling the line the whole time. On the straightaway, Chickie sat back slightly. Then, at the Lighthouse Inn, the car made the turn at a tilt, just missing the center island. They bounded over the roller-coaster hills on Sea Street, and turned onto Chatham Avenue, nearly sideswiping a stone pillar.

Then Chickie said, "Let me out." They had come to the top of the hill before the road curved around the beach. Sherman jammed on the brakes. "You're too drunk," Chickie pleaded, on the verge of tears. He felt better now, though, with the car stopped.

Sherman didn't move. His round shoulders were hunched. "So get out," he said finally. For a moment, Chickie thought about trying to push him out of the car, but he knew how strong Sherman was, and when drunk he was even stronger. Chickie opened the door and got out.

The second it clipped shut, Sherman took off, tires screeching, and careened around the bend of the beach wall. Chickie stood there, shaky, the street light above him like a stooped bird, neck curved, stupid. He started down the hill, his sneakers slapping on the soft tar. The car's hum grew fainter as it rounded the cove, its noise carrying across the still, black water. Then, when the sound reached a certain pitch, he heard the crash, and a quick engine rev, then a faraway tinkling of glass.

Chickie bolted. He ran over the dark road, past the street lights on one side, the beach wall on the other. In his ears was a whirring as he flew along. The car was a dark hump, jacked up on the fire hydrant. Panting, he went to the window. Sherman's head was motionless on the steering wheel.

"Sherman." He reached through the window to touch his brother's shoulder. Slowly, like a ghost, Sherman lifted his head, dazed. There was dark blood striped down his face, and a mess at his mouth. He started groping, like a sleepwalker, for the inside door handle. "Wait," Chickie said. "Are you O.K.? Are you all right? Wait. Let me go get help."

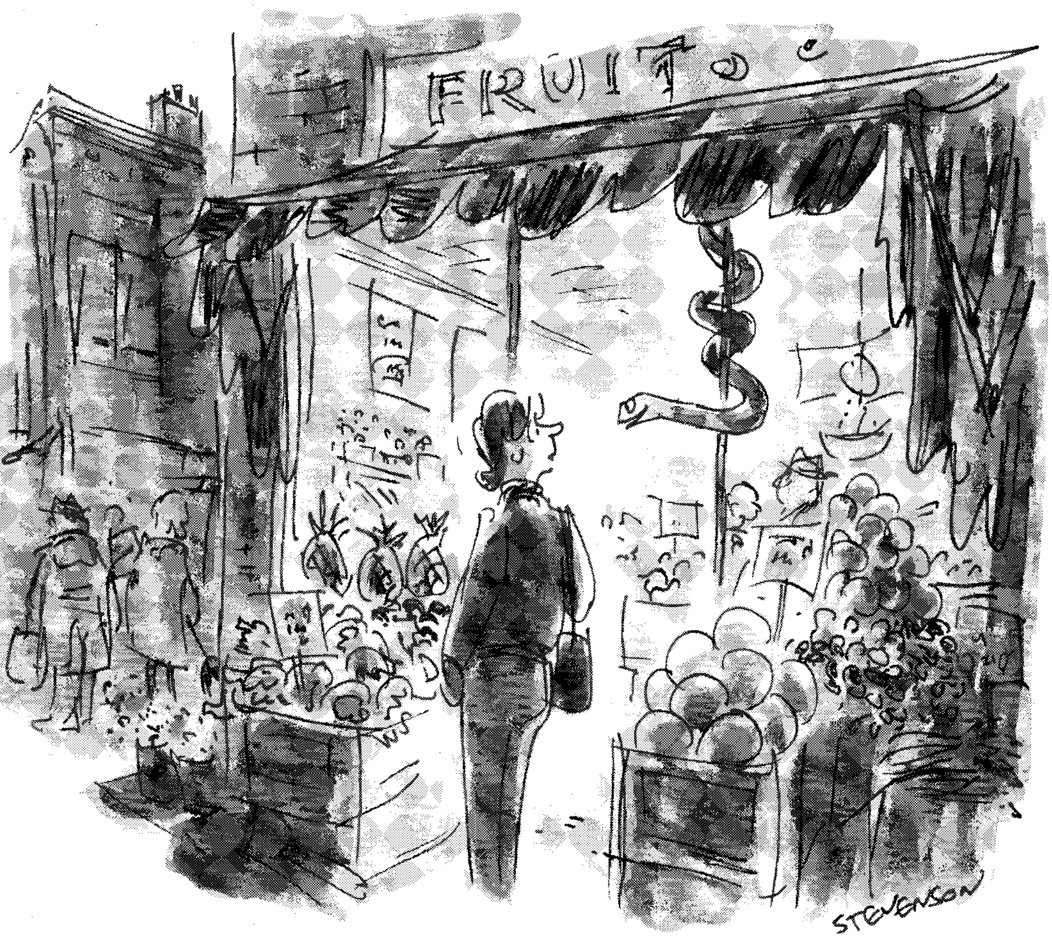
He started up the hill. "Stay there," he called back. He heard the door open.

"I'm coming," said Sherman.

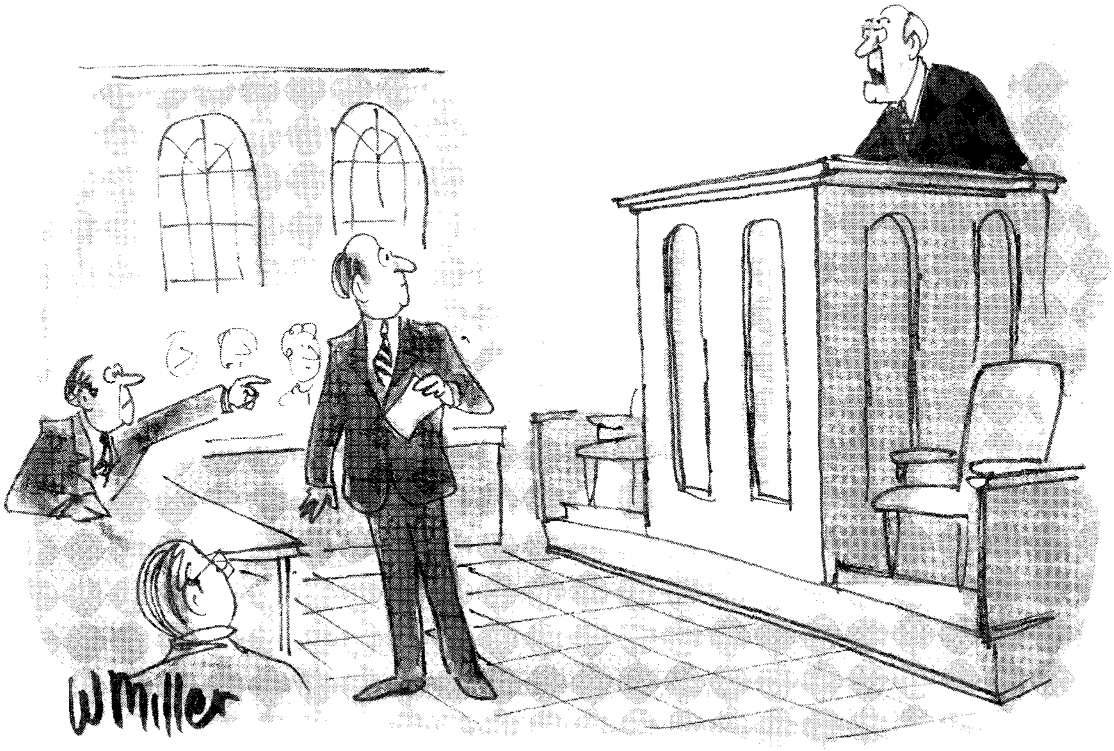
"No." It was as if Sherman were rising from the dead. "Just wait there."

"Don't tell Dad," Sherman warned. Chickie made out his dark figure stumbling out of the car, then propping himself against it with one arm.

Chickie tore up the hill, up the driveway, around its curves. The porch light was on, and



"Try the apples."



"Bam! Bam! Bam! Sorry, but I can't find my gavel."

the lights in the TV room. When he burst through the front door, everything seemed small. The TV was going quietly.

Delilah and Hal were still up. "There you are," said Delilah. She had her sewing basket out. When she really looked at him, her expression changed. "What is it?" Hal was bent over the low table, gluing something together, holding Delilah's feet in his lap.

"Sherman crashed the car."

"Oh my God." She jumped up. "Are you O.K.? Where is he?"

"I wasn't in it. I got out before Booth Cove. He hit the hydrant near the Singers'. I told him to stay there, but he—"

They all rushed out, but stopped on the porch. Down on the driveway, coming out of the darkness, was Sherman, like a phantom. Delilah took quick steps down the stairs. "My God, Sherman, are you all right?" She put her hand up near his face but wouldn't touch it. "We better get you to a hospital."

Sherman looked distractedly into the darkness. "I gotta go get the car," he said, squinting toward the house. Then he started peering around in the bushes.

"Are you crazy?" said Delilah. "Leave it. Just come inside." She seized his arm, but he shoved her off.

Above them, the window in Caitlin's room opened. "What's going on down there?" she said, her voice creaky with sleep.

No one answered her. Delilah said, "Come on, Sherman, please!"

Caitlin called, more sharply, "What happened?"

Delilah looked up and whispered, "Sherman cracked up the car. I'm trying to get him to come inside."

Caitlin yelled, "Sherman!"

"Sh-h-h!" Delilah went. "You'll wake Dad."

Caitlin whispered back, "Well, Dad should be woken."

Delilah turned, frowning, into the shadows. "Sherman, what are you doing?"

He had gotten on Minnie's bike and started to pedal away, weaving across the driveway, his knees jammed against the handlebars. "Gotta go get the car," he said.

"I'm waking Dad," said Caitlin from above. Then the window went rattling down.

"Hal," Delilah pleaded. Hal and Chickie were still on the porch. "Will you come help?"

Hal went down onto the driveway. From the edge of the light came the clatter of the bike falling over. In one motion, Sherman righted it and got back on. Hal strode over and grabbed the handlebars. "Come on, Buddy," he said. "We'll get the car later."

Sherman took a look at him and shoved the bike out from under himself. It wheeled away and toppled over. He headed off blindly in the opposite direction. Hal took him by the shoulder and led him up to the porch.

Caitlin came out in her bathrobe. "Dad's coming," she said, moving to let Sherman and Hal pass.

In the hall, Sherman broke away. "Lemme go," he said. He bowled off toward his room. Hal and Delilah rushed after him; he went faster. Right by the steps leading down to the playroom, they caught up with him and tried to drag him back to the kitchen. He tripped and fell.

Caitlin and Chickie, still back in the hall, couldn't see what happened, but they heard Sherman thudding down the steps.

"Oh my God," Delilah said. "He's going to kill himself."

Caitlin touched Chickie gently. "Are you all right?"

He nodded.

Mr. Vincent appeared at the upstairs bannister, a blue towel wrapped around his waist.

"Quick, Dad," cried Caitlin. "He needs help."

Mr. Vincent descended the stairs, not saying anything, frowning. They followed him down the hallway. Delilah said, "He won't listen. He's all cut up." Everyone crowded onto the landing. Down on the playroom floor, Sherman was floundering to his knees.

"Can you get up here?" asked Mr. Vincent, staying at the top.

Sherman peered upward with measuring eyes and gripped the bannister. "I want to talk to you," he said, enunciating each word carefully.

"Come up here, then," said Mr. Vincent. Sherman hauled himself along the bannister, which was an old oar. His father said, "Are you drunk?"

"Yup," said Sherman.

Mr. Vincent turned to Chickie. "Where's the car?"

"Down by the Singers'. He hit a hydrant."

"You O.K.," Mr. Vincent said, not as a question. His chest was the color of a pale crab shell, yellowish and soft.

Chickie's eyes welled up. "Uh-huh."

Sherman said, "I want ta talk ta *you*." When Sherman got drunk, he'd get this thug voice.

"Let's take a look at that cut," said Mr. Vincent, heading for the kitchen. "You might need stitches."

Mr. Vincent snapped on the light and went around the table. Delilah tried leading Sherman to the sink, but he brushed her aside, looking only at his father. He leaned heavily against the counter.

Delilah stamped her foot. "Will you *let* me?"

Sherman kept glaring at Mr. Vincent. "You're my faddah," he said, oblivious of everyone else. Caitlin and Chickie hung back by the calendar.

Delilah said, "Dad, will you tell him to let me wash it off?"

Caitlin hugged herself. The bathrobe she had on was an old one of Mrs. Vincent's. "I think we should take him to the hospital," she said.

Sherman's voice was eerie and low. "Are you my faddah or not?"

Mr. Vincent sat down at the head of the table. "Of course I am," he said in his nervous deep voice. He rested his elbows on the table, locked his hands, and rubbed his thumbs together earnestly.

They all waited, staying very still. "Then you should act like a faddah," Sherman said.

Everybody looked at him and then at Mr. Vincent. He pushed back his chair and sat up as straight as a rod, the way he did when he was demonstrating posture, and firmly planted his hands on his bare knees. He looked at Sherman and waited.

The thug voice was thick. "Then why don't you never act like it?"

Mr. Vincent stayed stiff. "Like what?"

Sherman stared at him, his head set. Delilah touched his arm and whispered, "Sherman," but he wasn't hearing a thing.

Mr. Vincent stood up. "You're drunk," he said. "I'm not going to talk to someone who's drunk." He tried to go between the table and the counter to leave, but Sherman grabbed his arm, pinching it, making white marks.

"I want ta talk ta you," he said through clenched teeth.

Mr. Vincent yanked his arm away. "Now, cut this out—I'll talk to you when you're sober," he said, disgusted. He hurried out of the room, bumping into stray chairs on the way. All the children turned in the direction of his diminishing footsteps.

Then from Sherman came a kind of wail, a hollow cry like something heard on a marsh, and he looped around at the waist. Delilah tried to calm him, her hands fluttering around as if she were chasing after a bird that had gotten in the house. Caitlin let out a sob and clapped her palm over her mouth, staring at Sherman.

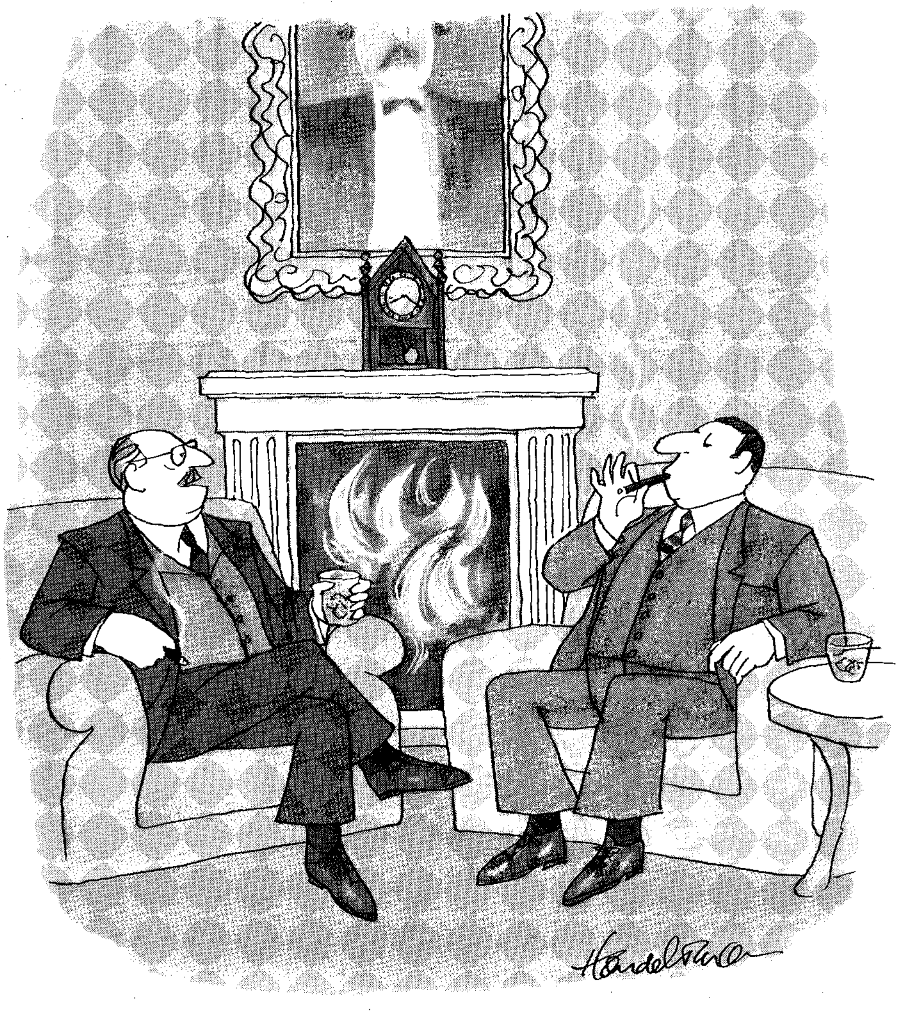
Chickie looked at her. It was like when their mother died. When you first heard the news, when it first hit you, it was like that—you couldn't breathe. It was as if the Devil had appeared for an instant, and you couldn't breathe.

Sherman kept up his wail, his shoulders swaying. As she watched him, Delilah's eyes got wider and wider, and then she began to cry softly. She touched him, saying, "Oh, Shermy. Oh, honey." Then she got taken over by her own crying and turned to Hal and put her face into his chest and her shoulders shook up and down.

Chickie stepped past them and went to the back door and opened it and stood there. The crickets outside, a million of them, were ticking *reek reek reek* in the dark. He turned back around.

Then it wasn't the same anymore as when their mother had died. It wasn't as if you had seen the Devil only in a flash. It wasn't as if he had appeared for an instant and then was gone again. Now the feeling was this: that the Devil had swooped down and had landed and was lingering with them all, hulking in the middle of the kitchen table, settling down to stay.

—Susan Minot



"Oh, I've made money in my time, but, frankly, I'd have settled for a lot more."

•

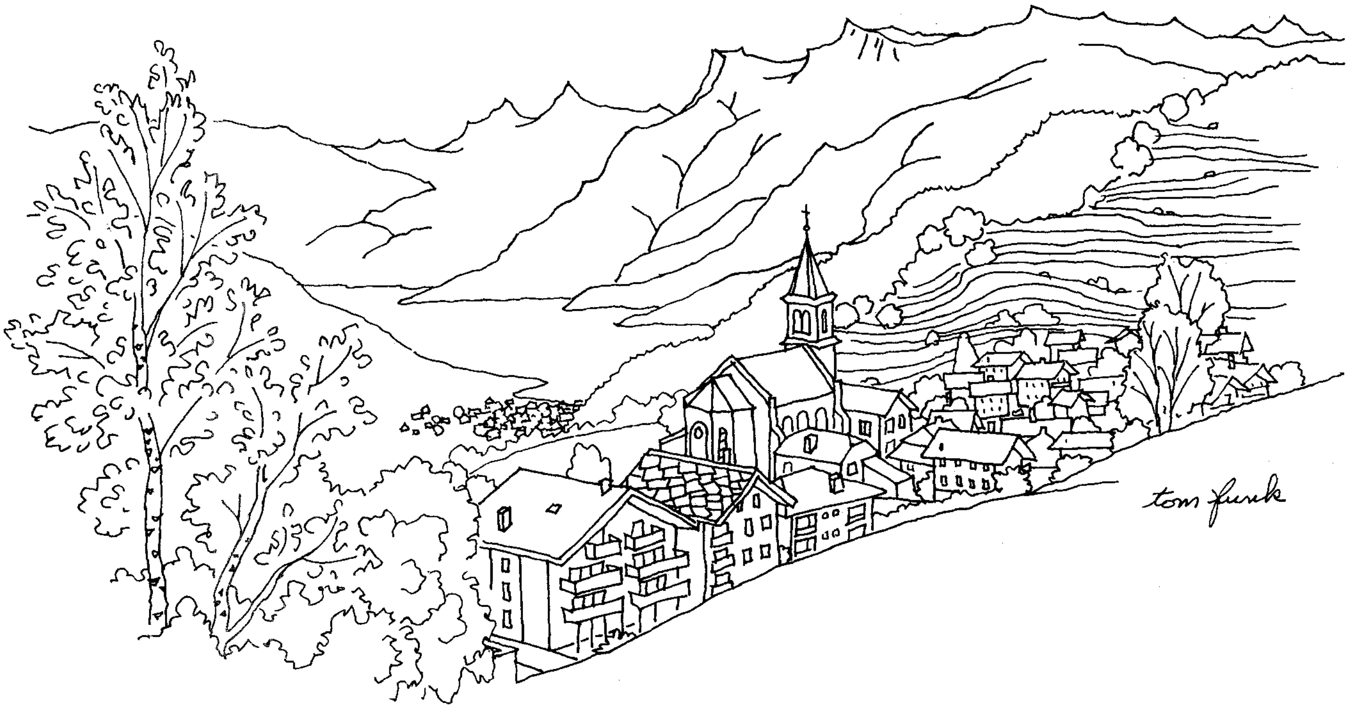
CORRECTION

Several ingredients in the pumpkin recipes in Thursday's food section were wrong. The Perfect Pumpkin Pie called for 123 cups of evaporated milk. This should be 12/3 cups. Pumpkin Health Nut Fruitcake called for 13 cup orange juice, which should read 1/3 cup. The Pumpkin Cake recipe called for 1 teaspoon baking powder, which should be 1 teaspoon baking soda.—*Bryan-College Station (Texas) Eagle.*

They *were* a little soggy.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE SUISSE—II



IN admirable disregard for the orthodoxy of public relations, the Swiss Army has chosen Luc Massy to be my soldier-companion during various exercises of a "refresher" course among the high Alps of the Canton de Valais. The easygoing, irreverent Massy can take the army or leave it alone, and his irrepressible clowning has even been known to invoke discipline, including ten days and nights in a guardhouse known as le trou. The Swiss Army is a militia composed mainly of soldiers who spend a few weeks a year in uniform and otherwise pursue civilian occupations while their Sturmgewehrs—assault rifles—repose under beds and in closets at home. For Massy, home is a lovely seventeenth-century country house high above Lake Geneva, in the middle of a vineyard called Clos du Boux. Massy, who is thirty, is a master winemaker if not a master soldier, but he puts in his army time ungrudgingly, in this instance walking the Valais terrain in the vicinity of Brig, climbing from the river gorges to the high alpages—alpine meadows—on patrol with the Section de Renseignements of the Eighth Battalion of the Fifth Regiment of the Tenth Mountain Division. The assignment of the Section de Renseignements is to gather information about landscapes, infrastructure, native people, and lurking enemies, who, for the purpose of the exercises, are designated "red." The patrols check, among other things, the piers of bridges, looking for the small doors that may indicate the presence of prepared demolition. They report their findings to Lieutenant Olivier Wyssa, of Geneva, who last year was a law student at the University of Pennsylvania. Like Massy and the soldiers he patrols with (Pierre Pillard, Jean-Bruno Wettstein, Christian Tanniger, Pascal Layaz, Denis Schyrr, Pierre Pera), almost all of the division is from the Canton de Vaud, in La Suisse Romande, the French-speaking part of Switzerland—as, for that matter, was Switzerland's military hero General Henri Guisan.

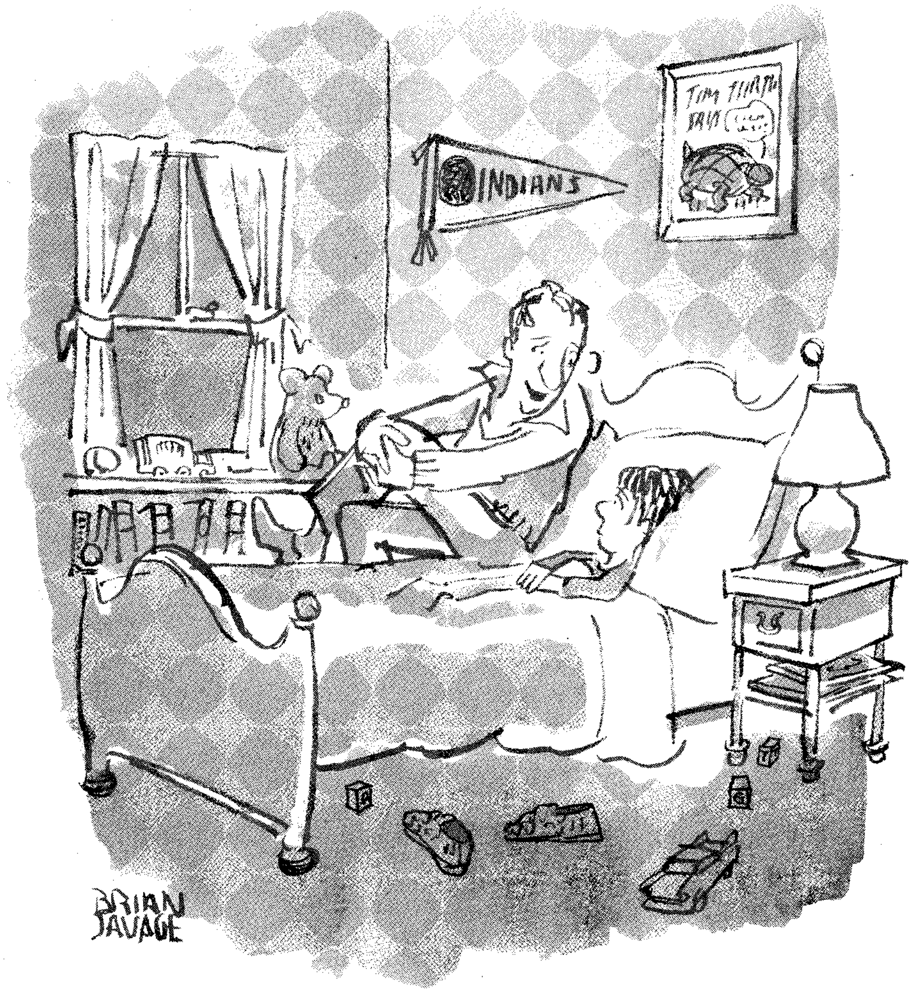
When not walking with Massy and the soldiers of the Section de Renseignements, I have for the most part been in the company of gentlemen with more formal military enthusiasms, such as Captain François Rumpf, of the Schweizerischer Bankverein, who is an adjutant to Divisionnaire Adrien Tschumy, and Major Jean-Philippe Jaussi, general manager of the Hotel zum Storchen, in Zurich, and commanding officer of the Seventh Regiment—now and again flying in a helicopter from alp to alp and unit to unit, on occasion passing over the converging avenues of glacier ice whose point of confluence is the heart of alpine Switzerland and is officially known as La Place de la Concorde Suisse.

Before the refresher course began, I joined Massy in the cool depth of his cave, in Epesses, near Lausanne—a man in a yellow rain slicker mucking out lees. Not long thereafter, I accompanied him, now a uniformed soldier, to the bus garage in Brig where he reported for duty, and walked through town with his battalion to the Presentation of the Flag, a ceremony that marks the beginning of three weeks in the army.

•

"Fermez les bouteilles!" barked Massy, in a voice of mock command. After the flag ceremony, he and his company were served stew in the meadow where they had left their packs, and now it was time to move—to climb about a thousand feet to their quarters, in Ried, a village said by Lieutenant Wyssa to be a ninety-minute walk from Brig. Massy was by no means the only soldier who had brought wine for the noonday meal, but he alone had brought a glass. The others drank from their bottles. A hundred and thirty speckled gray packs were lined up in neat rows, like granite tombstones, near the joking, reuniting soldiers, whose automatic rifles were resting on their bipods by the packs. A soldier with an apple in his hand was sleeping on the ground. For a time, he went on sleeping while the rest of the company stirred.

Before long, Lieutenant Wyssa gave an order a good deal more official than



“And so the evil king, defeated by the forces of good, fled the castle and went off to a distant land, where he died all alone, ignored by the media.”

• •

“Fermez les bouteilles.” The Section de Renseignements, moving out past the marble yard and the remorseless Toyota forklift, ambled in a southerly direction through the fringes of the town. As before, they did not march; they walked—single file or double or triple, at the soldiers’ choice. “Serrez! Serrez!” Wyssa called out, trying to keep them together, for they tended to be vague, like strollers on an evening paseo instead of a typical Swiss infantry unit demonstrating its precision and anticipatory responses to command. “Serrez! Serrez!”

Even within the limits of Brig, there were Brown Swiss cows and black-nosed Valais sheep. There were stone barns. I asked the agronomist Jean-Bruno Wettstein if—as in the high alpages—the little barns were called écuries.

“In the French part of Switzerland, we don’t speak French very well,” he said. “Actually, an écurie is for horses, and an étable is for cows. The Swiss mix the terms. They use them interchangeably. If a place has room for animals and people, it is called a chalet d’alpage.”

We moved under a road sign that said “SIMPLON ITALIA,” and soon left the road to walk beside a stream. It was called the Saltina, and it came from the mountains around Simplon Pass. Rushing white, it was having a last word before expiring into the Rhone. The soldier walking in front of me could not hear the noisy water. He had earphones in his ears, and the wires ran inside his mountain jacket. “In the Section de Renseignements, we try to decide what is the intention of the enemy,” Lieutenant Wyssa said to me, in a voice pitched high to ride over the sound of the stream. “We seek information, and sometimes it seeks us. Before we can use it, we must decide if it is true, probable, or false.” I asked him what he had studied at Penn, and he said, “Anti-trust and tax law.”

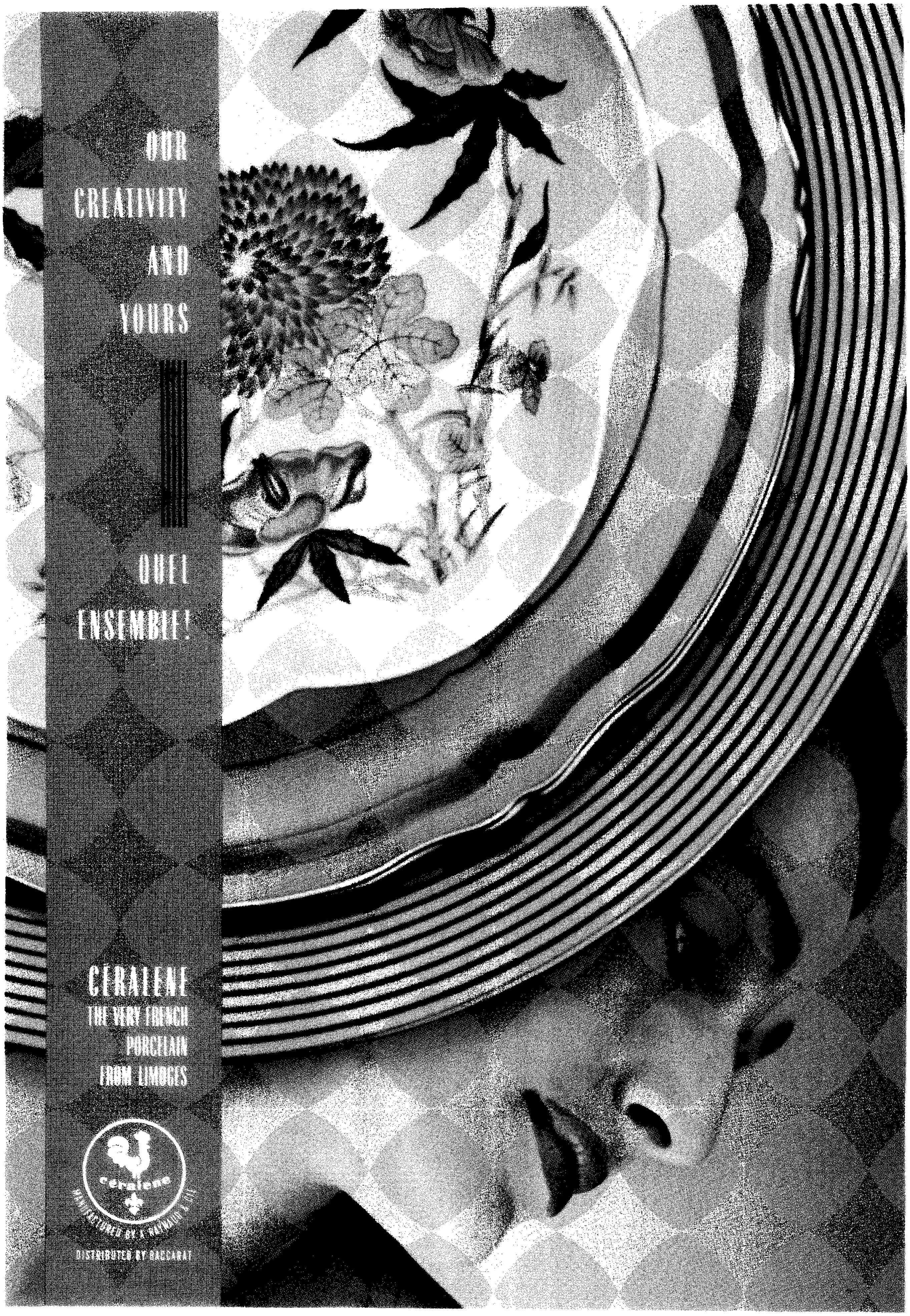
Leaving the Saltina, the soldiers climbed a short, steep trail through woods and reached a road that doubled back to a high stone bridge across the stream. It was called Napoleon’s Bridge, and Napoleon was said to have crossed it with an army at some point on the road to Elba. The soldiers were quoting Napoleon: “Les meilleures troupes, celles auxquelles vous pouvez avoir le plus de confiance, ce sont les Suisses!” A Valais mercenary battalion worked for Napoleon in Spain and Russia.

“The French people are not rid of him yet,” said Jean-Bruno Wettstein.

The bridge spanned a gorge that no terrestrial vehicle could cross on its own. Small steel doors in one pier hinted that Napoleonsbrücke was ready to blow. It had been superseded, however, by an even higher bridge, which leaped through the sky above—a part of the new road to Simplon. In an extreme emergency, the midspan of the new bridge would no doubt drop on the old one.

Set back on the flaring lip of the gorge was a spread of numbered squares: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—a three-hundred-metre target range. One sees such ranges near every village and town: against rock outcrops, across meadows as smooth and green as cricket pitches, halfway up hillsides backstopped with forest. Shooting rifles is a national sport. It is also compulsory. The national shooting contests—the Knabenschiessen, the Wyberschiessen, the Rütlischiessen—are major annual events, even more important than the Steinstossen, in which the object is to heave as far as possible a rock that weighs a hundred and eighty-four pounds. (The Swiss—and therefore world—record is three and a half metres.) Meanwhile, soldiers in all age groups practice at their local shooting ranges and must demonstrate adequate competence once a year. Massy goes to the range up the hill behind Epesses; Wettstein goes down the road from Nyon to targets set up close to the French frontier. In their annual test, they fire twenty-four shots, some rapidly, some at will, against plain and camouflaged targets. There is a point system, with a perfect score of a hundred and twelve. If they fail to score fifty-two, they have to put on their uniforms and report to Lausanne for two days of shooting under instructive supervision.

Wettstein said, “I score in the six-

OUR
CREATIVITY
AND
YOURS
QUEL
ENSEMBLE!
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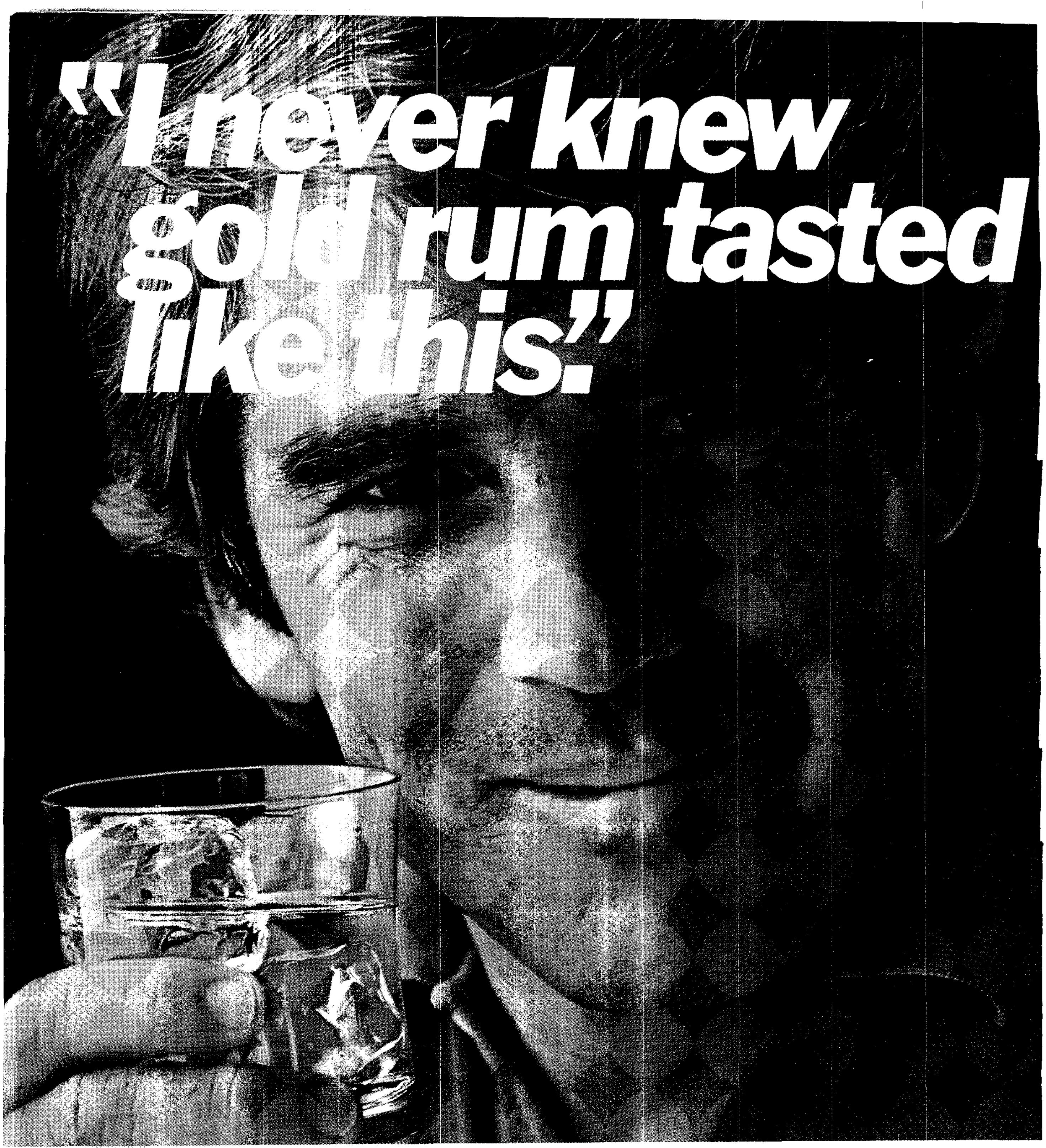
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"You closed your eyes and had a ucky day."

"No. My brother went for me."

"Serrez! Serrez!"

One of Wettstein's childhood heoes was the runner Jean-François Pahud. When Wettstein spent his year at Linn-Mar High School, in Marion, owa, he was a middle- and longlistance running star. So impressed are he Swiss with the accomplishments of Swiss in the United States that the ntire top floor of the Musée des uisses à l'Étranger, outside Geneva, is iven over to the subject. There is a ovingly framed photograph of the basketball team of Berne High School, in Indiana. There are snapshots, newspaper pages, and so forth from Switzerland County, Indiana; Tell City, Indiana; New Bern, North Carolina; East Bernstadt, Kentucky; New Glarus, Wisconsin. There are testimonials to the families from Ticino who emigrated to Asti, California, and made Italian Swiss Colony wine.

An oil portrait of General Johann August Sutter, of Basel, presents him with a broad-brimmed flat-topped hat above crafty blue eyes and a gray handlebar mustache—looking much like, and even less military than, Harland Sanders, of Kentucky, the chicken colonel. Sutter, of course, was a general nowhere, least of all in Switzerland—but he founded New Helvetia, California, whose name became Sacramento after gold was discovered there, in 1848.

Portraits and paraphernalia of the most major figures march down the walls of the museum's attic rooms.

Albert Gallatin, of Geneva, instructor in French at Harvard, United States representative, United States senator, Secretary of the Treasury at the time of the Louisiana Purchase.

Louis Agassiz, of Neuchâtel, one of the most celebrated professors Harvard has ever had, who convinced the world of the validity of his theory that ice two miles thick had once spread widely over Europe and North America.

William Wyler, of Oberehrendingen, in the Canton d'Argovie, director of "Wuthering Heights," director of "Friendly Persuasion," director of "The Big Country," director of "Ben Hur."

Louis Chevrolet, of La Chaux-de-Fonds, Canton de Neuchâtel, who emigrated to the United States at the age of twenty-one, undertook to make motor vehicles, and placed on the front end of each of them the enduring emblem that "n'est pas sans rappeler, de façon stylisée, le pays d'origine du constructeur"—that is, the map of Switzerland.

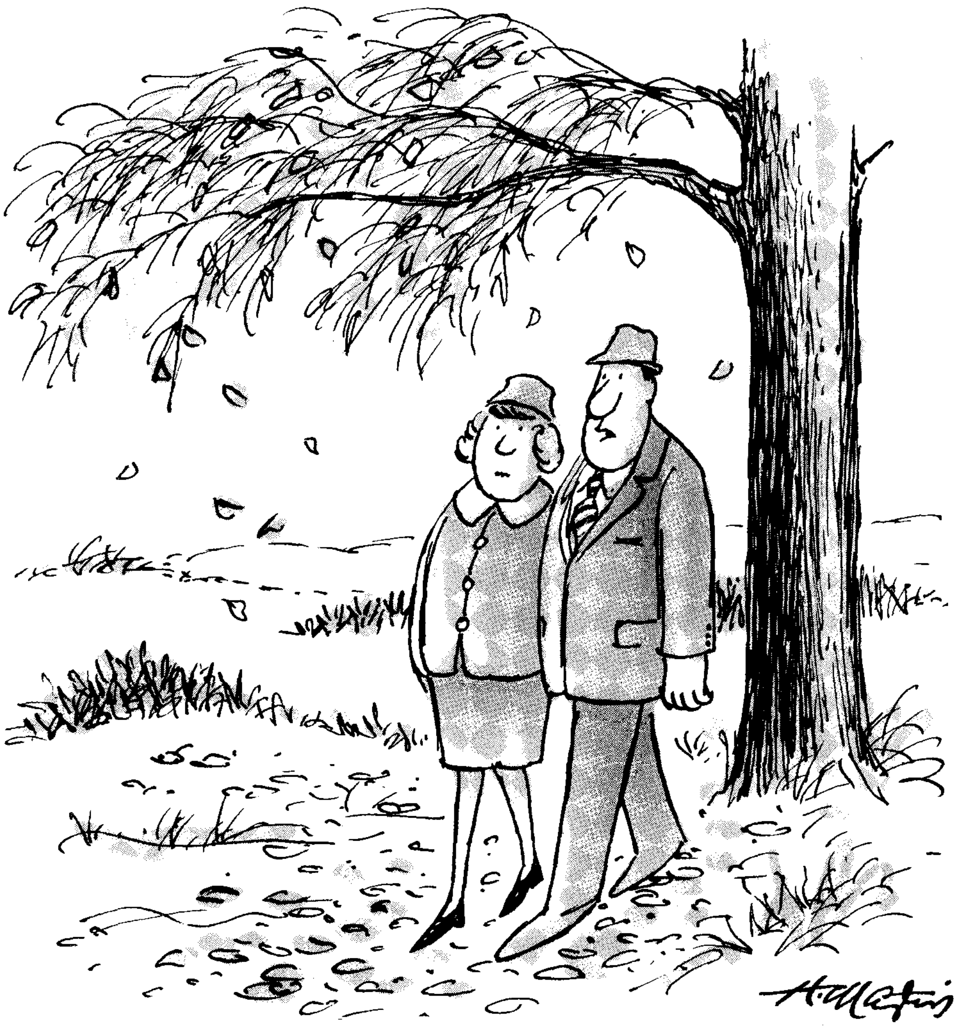
Othmar-Hermann Ammann, of Schaffhausen, civil engineer, variously designer or builder of the Golden Gate Bridge, the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, the Hell Gate Bridge, the Queensboro Bridge, the Triborough Bridge, the Throgs Neck Bridge, the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, the Goethals Bridge, the Bayonne Bridge, the George Washington Bridge, the Lincoln Tunnel.

So proud is Switzerland of its progeny in America that mention is made even of Solomon Guggenheim, who was born in Philadelphia to parents born in Switzerland.

"Serrez! Serrez!"

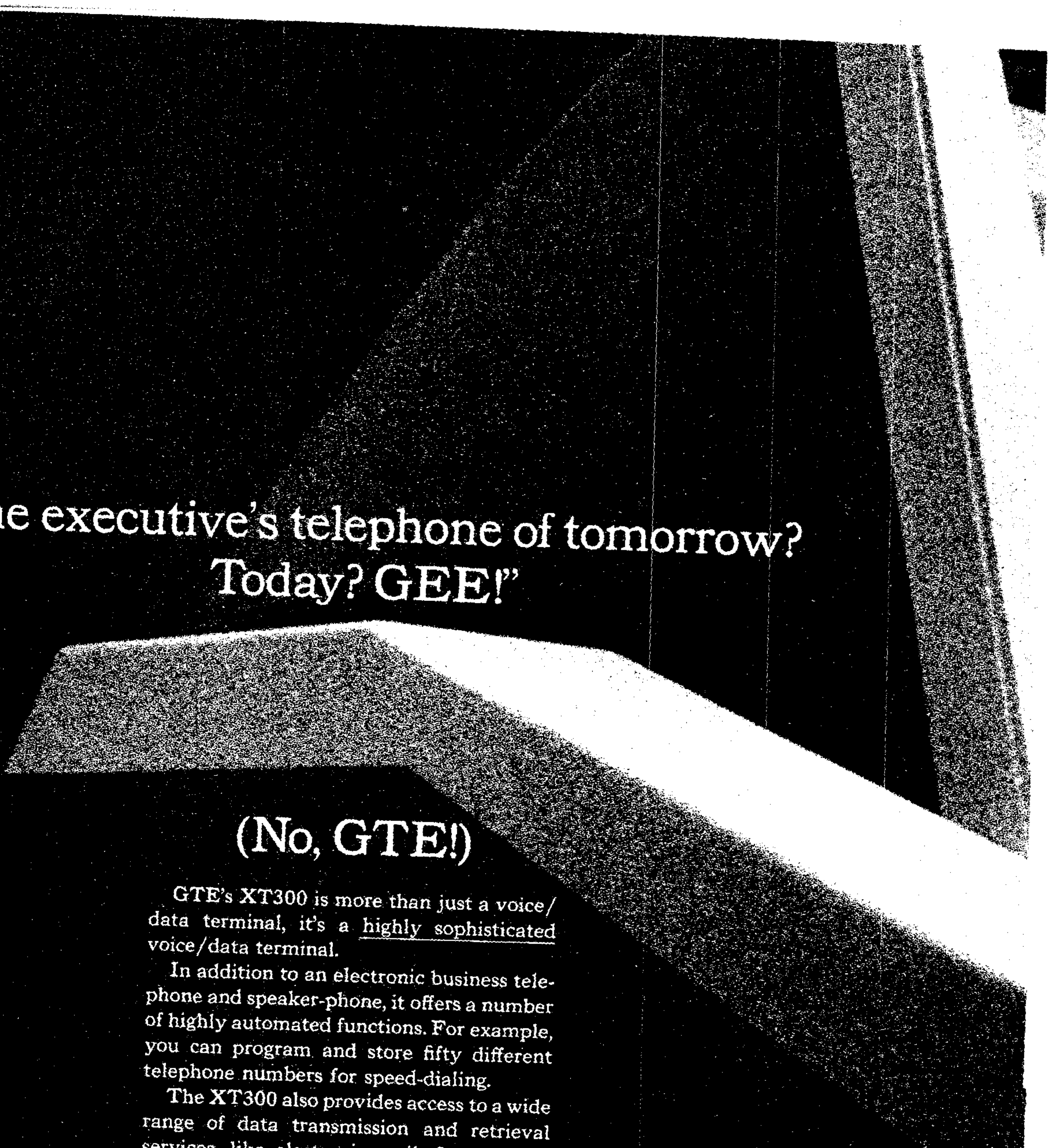
The stragglers coalesced beyond Napoleon's Bridge.

Soon we were looking far down on Brig from high rural ground, a breeze in our faces, the Saltina delta and the Rhone Valley deep in the lee of the Bernese Oberland. Turning the other way, we faced the Hübschhorn, all white and half in sunlight up the pass. Wettstein said that while the Simplon Tunnel was being built, before the First World War, the army attacked striking workers. In 1932, when there were political riots in Geneva, the army killed thirteen civilians and wounded eighty. "The army defends against the enemy and preserves internal peace." He also said that the public rampage of recent times by discontented youth had become "minor, small scale," and was "not representative of Switzerland; young Swiss today have become conservative and less ab-



"Do you realize, Alice, that summer '83 is gone and we never had watermelon?"

• •



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sorbed with politics, as they have in the States.”

We went by small farms with block-lettered messages on the farmhouse walls beseeching God to guard them. We passed cherry trees that were now as orange as maples. There were more black-nosed sheep, and, at every turn, the universal cattle, with the tintinnabulation of their bells, bells, bells—the clink and clank and clangor of the bells.

A chalet under construction irritated Wettstein. “These are hay meadows,” he said. “And there is a problem if they are used for construction. In the mountains, there is plenty of room for grazing but not enough for hay.” Since the Second World War, in a steady attrition, Switzerland has lost to development nearly forty per cent of its productive agricultural land. When Wettstein was ten years old, he decided he wanted to be a farmer; but in Switzerland—as an expression goes—it is more difficult to become a farmer than to become President of the Confederation. A farm of, say, sixty acres would cost more than a million dollars if it were available, and that is unlikely. Wettstein settled for agronomy. To the south of us, beyond the Hübschhorn, he had worked not long before at a chalet d’alpage that sends milk plunging by pipeline three kilometres to the village of Simplon, where it is made into cheese—assuming it is not butter when it arrives. Describing the operation, Wettstein quoted J. Robert Oppenheimer on the development of the fission bomb, saying it was one per cent genius and ninety-nine per cent hard work. Wettstein has also put in some months trying to improve the deteriorating chalets and bad grass of Bourg-Saint-Pierre, near the Grand-Saint-Bernard Pass. At Vernamiège, high up the side of the Val d’Hérens, he cleaned up the overgrowth on abandoned agricultural terraces—restoring the land, removing the fire danger, and kicking out the vipers.

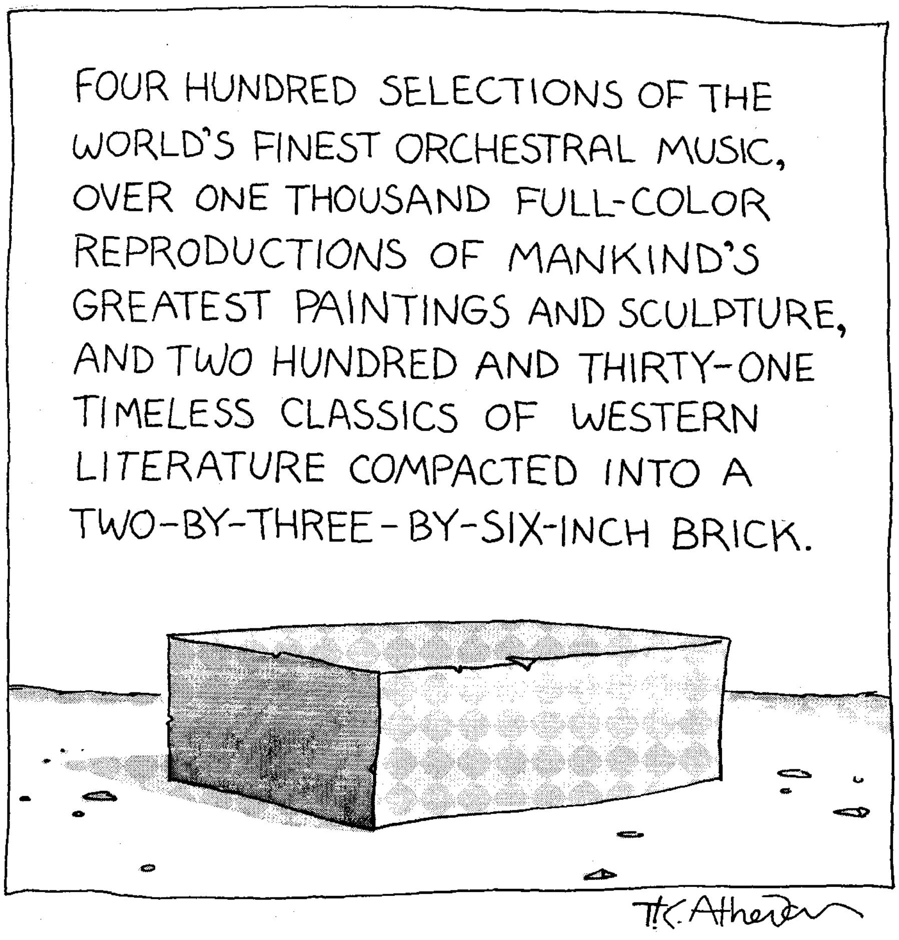
“The . . . ?”

“Snakes. They are poisonous adders. They are all over Switzerland. They are not good for tourists. There are many in Valais—everywhere up to two thousand metres.”

“What is our present altitude?”

“Eight hundred metres. They don’t bite much. You have to step on them. No one is killed by them. They are mostly dangerous to children.”

We walked by small perfect squares of standing corn, tan now and dry, stiff as hairbrushes among the grazed meadows. We walked by huge cabbages. Wettstein said, “Children in Switzerland are born in cabbages, so the cabbages must be large.”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T.K. Atherton

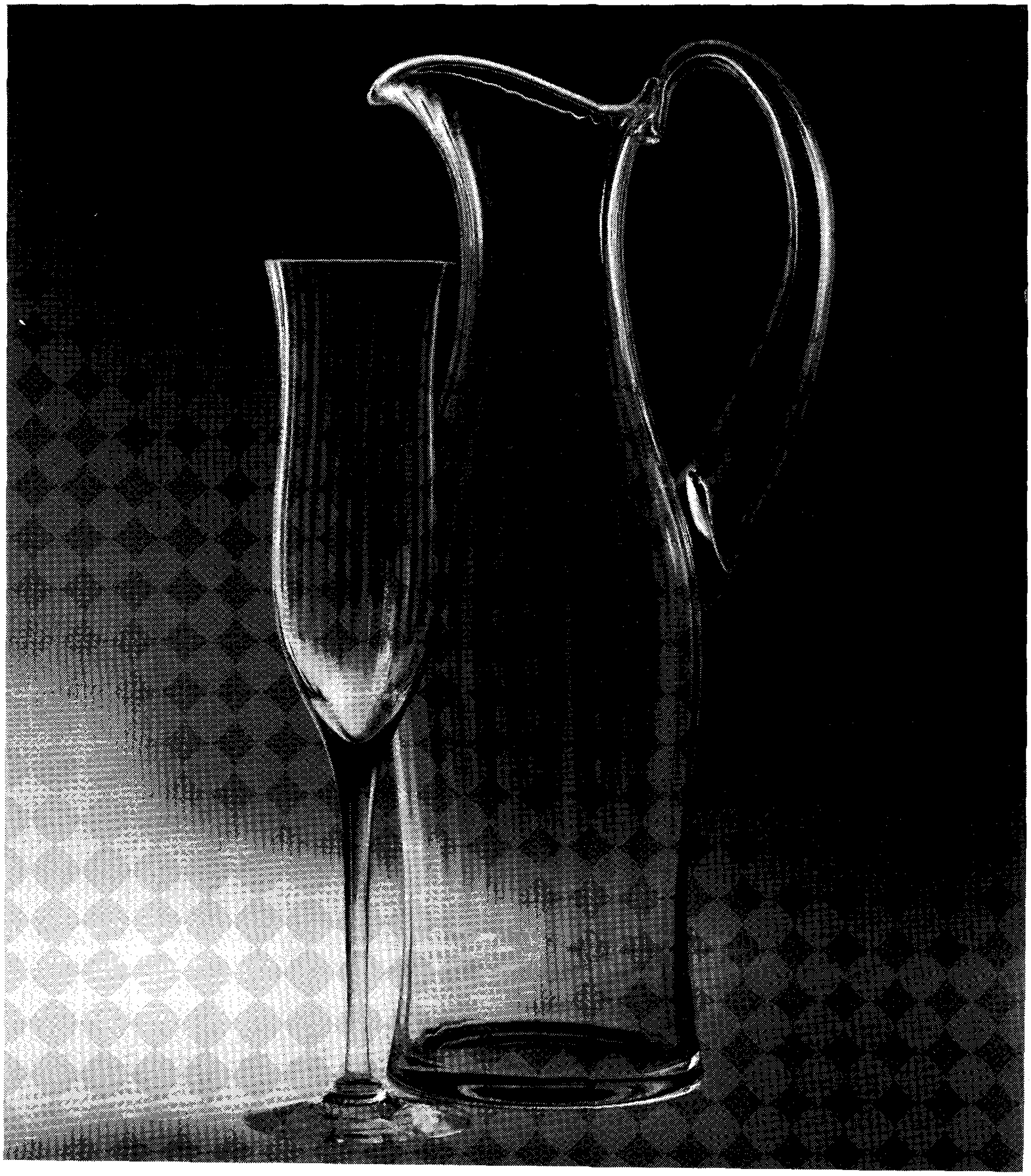
And eighty-nine minutes after the climb to Ried began the Section de Renseignements arrived in the center of the village. “Eighty-nine minutes,” said Massy. “Lieutenant Wyssa told us ninety. He doesn’t lie too much.”

It was a village of small homes and a few granaries standing on posts interrupted by broad discs of rock, keeping rodents away from the grain—a simple mountain town no larger than Epesses, and not nearly as compact and ornate. Incongruous in its center was a dark-wood-and-concrete modern school. It sat on a foundation so generously poured that the building seemed to be about two-thirds basement. A large L-shaped entryway led into the basement. A sentry with rifle stood at the bend in the L. Most of the soldiers waited outside—waited to be issued more clothing, extra gear. A swarm of farmers in uniform—who are known as soldats du train because they deal with horses—were singing and swilling in groups. One after another, the Vaudois soldiers went up to the village bulletin board and squinted at a language they could not read. “They discover the geography of Switzerland,” said Corporal Philip Müheim, who works in an import-export office in Vevey. “This army is more human than military. We are militarily ten or fifteen years behind, but the army is a tradition.” The Swiss school system tends to separate people from the age of twelve according to background, intelligence, and future profession. In the vital way that the American public high school draws together the skeins of American society, the Swiss Army knits Switzerland.

Wettstein said, “If an enemy comes, the whole thing will be over blitzkrieg fast.”

Dark was coming on, and the air was cold. When at last it was time to go inside, Massy and the others carried their gear past the sentry in the doorway and went in under the school. The basement door, standing open, was nearly two feet thick and was made of concrete framed with steel. Its hinges were like cannon barrels. Inside were rooms enough—room after room after room—to contain the population of the town. Latrine, showers, kitchen—all of it was under a concrete ceiling three feet thick. It was not the fate of the Section de Renseignements to sleep in a room near the door—to

MAY ALL AT YOUR TABLE BE
IN PERFECT HARMONY.



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have whatever advantage such propinquity might provide. They had been assigned to a room beyond a room—blank-walled, with sixteen double bunks filling up most of the space, foam mattresses on the bunks. Massy climbed to an upper bunk and sat there looking depressed, with his legs dangling. In bunks around and below him were Pillard, Wettstein, Tanniger, Layaz, Schyrr, Pera. After unrolling a towel, Massy slowly elevated the cork in a bottle of Clos du Boux Epesses. He looked dismally around the gray walls of the village bomb shelter. His glance was arrested by a long galvanized tube suspended like stovepipe from the ceiling and designed to bring in fresh air. Lugubriously, he said, "La fenêtre."

THERE was a two-centilitre pause between "la" and "fenêtre." Massy poured a taste of wine. To come into the army, he had left his cave, and now he was back in a cave. Soldiers unpacked, stretched out, dealt cards. Massy passed the glass to the right, and jumped down from his bunk. He had noticed in the rear wall a small steel door secured with large levers, like a hatch in a submarine. He lifted the levers and, with considerable effort, swung the door open. It was about three feet by two, and nine inches thick, and weighed at least six hundred pounds. On the other side was empty darkness. Without so much as putting on a yellow slicker, Massy entered this cuve of cuves. Not for nothing was he in Renseignements. He vanished into the darkness. There were sounds of upward scuffle. Soon he came back down. His head appeared in the hatchway. "Trees! I saw living trees!" he said. "It is the emergency escape. There is a way out of here. We can leave after lights!"

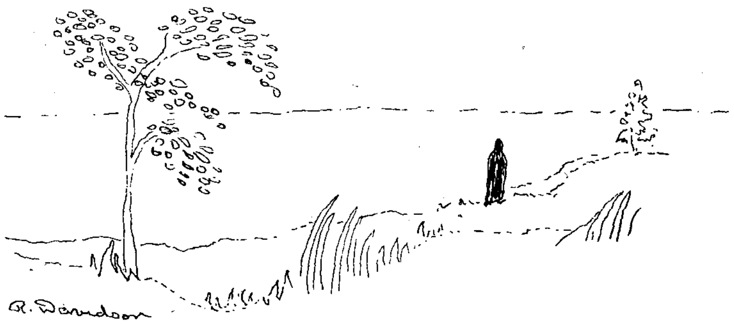
During the Second World War, as the Swiss observed the destruction of cities around them, they had no difficulty imagining such scenes transposed to Switzerland. They were particularly alarmed by the firestorms that killed large percentages of the civilian populations of places like Hamburg and Dresden, and they set out to learn what they could about how to prevent a similar devastation of Zurich. After the war, they sought out as a consultant a former Nazi major general who had commanded fourteen thousand soldiers fighting fires in Berlin. They learned, among other things, that the civilians of the German cities had roasted to death in basements that were swept over by fires moving from one to another of the lightly constructed buildings above—deaths that might not have occurred within walls and ceilings made of thick concrete.

In the late nineteen-forties, Swiss people building private homes and apartment houses voluntarily used such construction. In the fifties came subsidies and regulation—the forty-centimetre concrete ceiling—but still the official purpose was to protect the population from destruction such as had occurred in Europe during the Second World War. Not until twenty years after Hiroshima did Switzerland shift its attention to the Third World War and begin to design shelters against the effects of nuclear weapons. The Swiss in the nineteen-sixties had no idea what such a program would cost, nor did they attempt to work out a cost-benefit ratio, because they saw the benefit as both imperative and infinite, and therefore inexpressible in arithmetical terms. The author Jonathan Schell, writing in a different and wider context, recently expressed the Swiss point of view exactly when he said, "A society that systematically shuts its eyes to an urgent peril to its physical survival and fails to take any steps to save itself cannot be called psychologically well."

After studying Samuel Glasstone on "The Effects of Nuclear Weapons," and all related unclassified material, the Swiss eventually settled on the concept of the one-bar shelter. A bar is a unit of pressure—of the sort that explosions make—and is equivalent to ten metric tons per square metre. Walls and ceilings can be built to withstand such pressure. Close to a nuclear explosion, pressures are of course much higher, and in that zone people in one-bar shelters would be lost, but as the pressure wave spreads, it declines rapidly. At Hiroshima, a one-bar shelter might have saved lives half a mile from the bomb. At Nagasaki, too. Th pressure wave from a hundred-kiloto bomb (five times the size of Nagasaki's) would decline to one bar in somewhat under a mile. One megaton—tw and six-tenths kilometres. Two megatons—four kilometres. Five megatons—five and a half kilometres. Twenty megatons—eight kilometres. Very few warheads are as large as that.

Conceding general destruction on the closer ground—and assuming bombs exploding anywhere—the Swiss started building one-bar shelters to protect the extremely high percentage o the population that might survive explosions but without shelter would b destroyed like the citizens of Hamburg and Dresden. Swiss calculations showed that something as thick as, say, a ten-bar shelter would be of negligible extra value, for the increased area of protection would be slight rather than proportional; for underground hospitals and command posts, three-bar construction was chosen. Light and heat from a nuclear explosion that would blind and severely burn a person who happened to be outdoors would at the same distance have no effect on a person in a one-bar shelter. Arriving with and soon after the light would be gamma rays and neutrons—radiation against which the shelters must include adequate shielding. Water is adequate, and there is a good deal of it in concrete. Early fallout, downwind, occurs through twenty-four hours—and arrives in pieces as large as coins, ranging on down to dust. If the pieces are sucked in by shelter ventilators, they are stopped by filters.

Particles emitting radiation also cling to dust that hovers at high altitudes or travels around the planet and when it falls cannot penetrate a one-bar shelter. Civil-defense experts of various countries agree that two weeks in the shelter will cover the worst possibilities of delayed fallout. But—as a civil-defense engineer once explained to me in Bern—"even when radiation is down, it is still high by peacetime standards; you do not go out and walk with the children." His name was Friedrich Sager, and he was vice-director of Swiss civil defense, in charge of all household shelters, including the large ones, such as Massy's military bedroom. "One hour after the explosion, you go out and measure the intensity of the radiation,"



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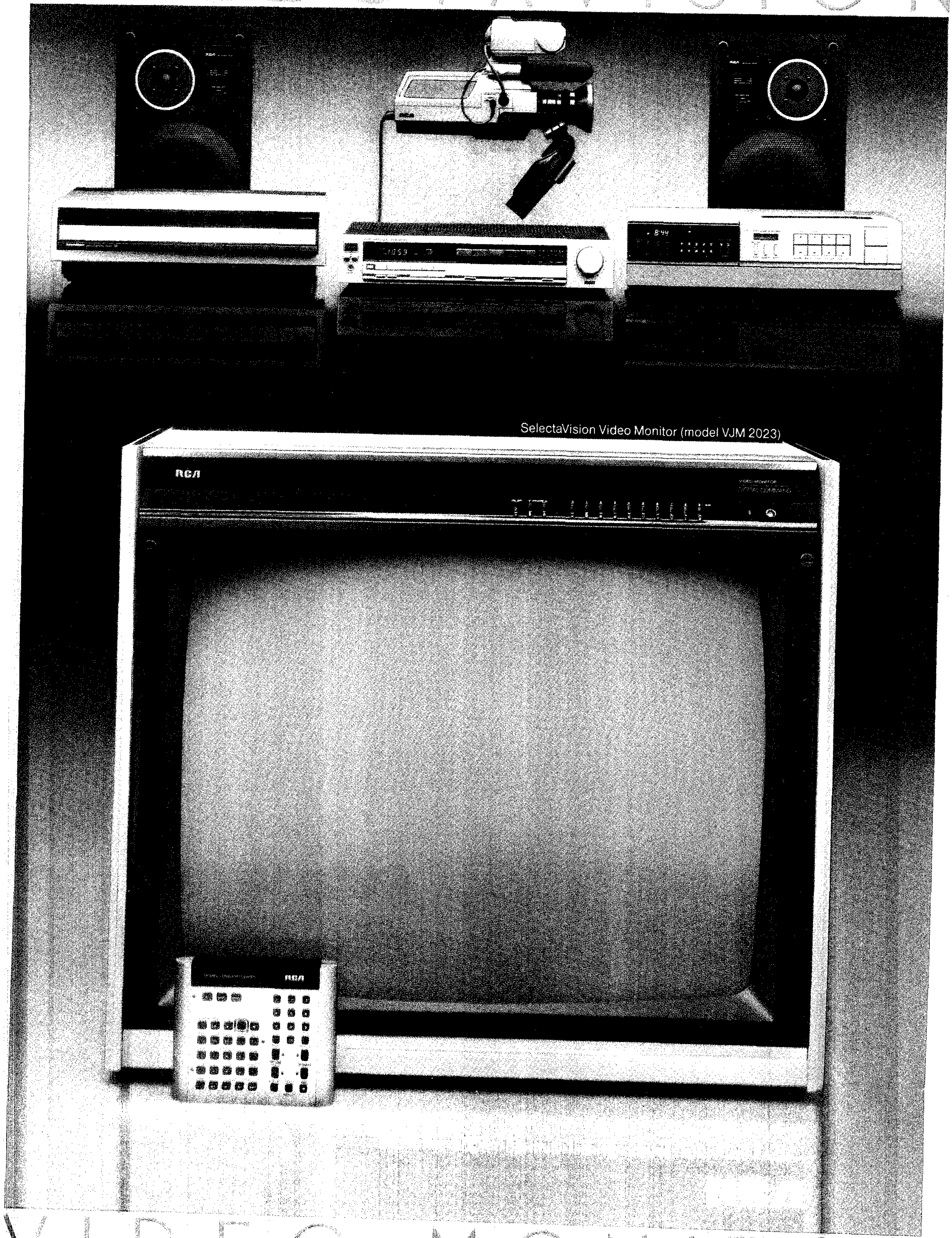
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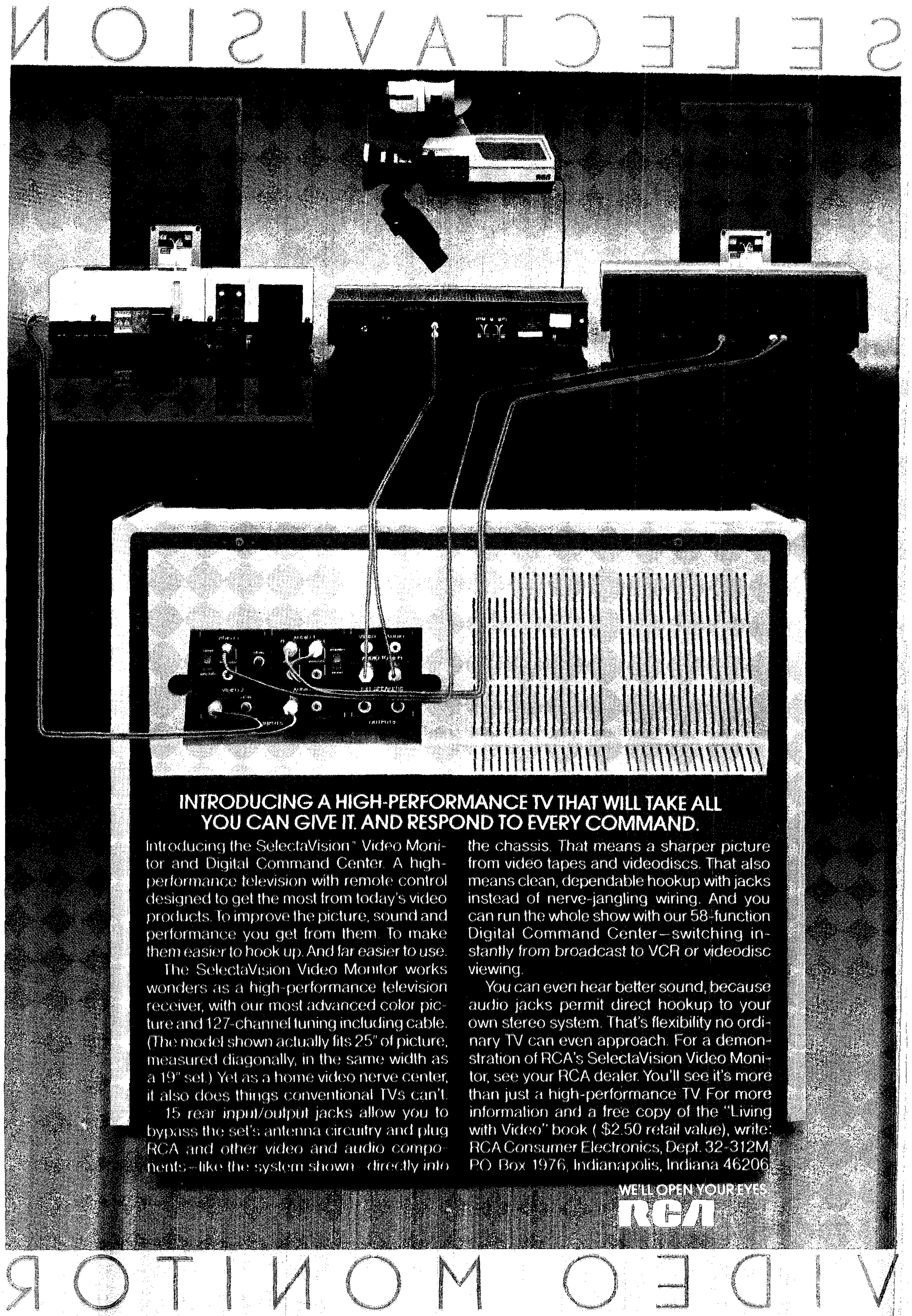

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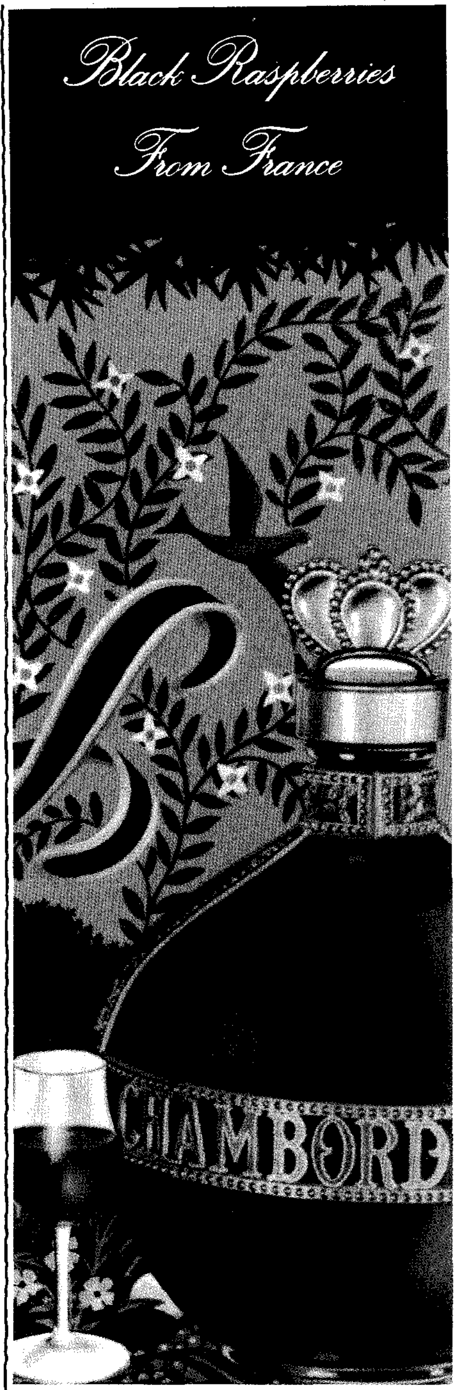
Sager went on. “If it is very high, you go back in. After two days, it will have decreased a hundred times. An explosion in a nearby country could be a serious fallout problem. Neutrality helps not at all. After one or two days, you can go upstairs—assuming there is an upstairs—take a bath, feed the pet. If you have previously closed all doors and windows, you will have minimum particles in the house and none in the shelter. So this gives you an opportunity to make a warm meal, take care of the little doggy—it’s only a matter of time, O.K.?—and then get back into the shelter. You stay in the shelter as long as you can. Three weeks, if you can. In a good shelter, you can say, ‘My home is my castle.’ ”

Water is more important than food, he pointed out. And, like air, water that is exposed to radiation does not become radioactive and can be filtered. On this matter, out of curiosity as much as anything else, Swiss civil-defense officials asked their English counterparts how much water Lord Nelson carried on his warships. The answer was less than four litres per day per man. In all shelters, from private ones in houses to big ones sleeping whole towns, people are supposed to supply their own food. “First, they bring their fat,” Sager said. “They can live on that for at least a week. The average household keeps food enough on hand. There are no requirements for stocking shelters.” Anyone who has built a house in recent decades has, by force of law, a shelter at home, usually full of ski boots and wine. All over Switzerland, one sees schools and public buildings resting like the tips of icebergs on their enormous one-bar basements. All over Switzerland, in relatively spacious and quiet towns, are sophisticated underground parking garages with automatic machines that offer tickets like tongues and imply a level of commerce that is somewhere else. In a nuclear emergency, huge doors would slide closed with the town’s population inside. In the charming old sections of cities, with their astigmatic windows, and timbers that creak like wooden ships, no effort has been made to add shelters under the buildings. Big public shelters have been developed instead. There is a garage in Zurich that is ready for seven thousand people. The biggest bomb shelter in the world is the Sonnenberg Tunnel, in which an Autobahn traverses Lucerne. In a nuclear emergency, doors high enough and wide enough for the hangar of a rigid airship would slide on rails and close the tunnel. Made of tessellated slabs of concrete, the doors are five feet thick. There is a command post inside, and a hospital, and sleeping accommodations for twenty thousand people. Environmentalists are at present attempting to prevent the construction of an Autobahn tunnel through the Bernese Oberland. A friend in Basel once said to me, “If environmentalists had been around a hundred years ago, there would now be no place to hide.”

“The principal remaining problem is to shelter small clustered rural communities, but farmers will never build shelters,” Sager told me. “They are thinking in litres of milk. The only solution is higher subsidies. Epesses? You never touch such a village with shelters. It is too beautiful. Instead, put a big hole in the ground. Persuade the people to keep their wine there. Epesses today has almost no shelters. In peacetime, they could use one not only for storage but for drinking and eating, too. They could enjoy themselves. How is it they call such a cellar? Ah—a carnotzet.”

To be informed about radiation levels, direction of fallout, and the progress of war, any shelter large or small wants to be in close communication with a command post. Civil-defense command posts are meant to cover about twenty thousand people. Sager took me into one below a firehouse near Bern—a three-bar shelter fourteen feet deep, with outer walls twenty inches thick. We went down a narrow flight of stairs into an airlock, then into a room with two showers, and then into a dozen more rooms, glistening clean, with many rows of telephones, electronic equipment, telecommunications equipment, triple-deck bunks, a stocked kitchen, a diesel generator, and twenty-four hundred litres of diesel fuel—all in place, ready. In the conference-and-recreation room, a large mural had been painted by visiting schoolchildren—a primitive in primary colors—of cable cars and boats, castles and balloons, Swiss cities and country, Swiss mountains and the



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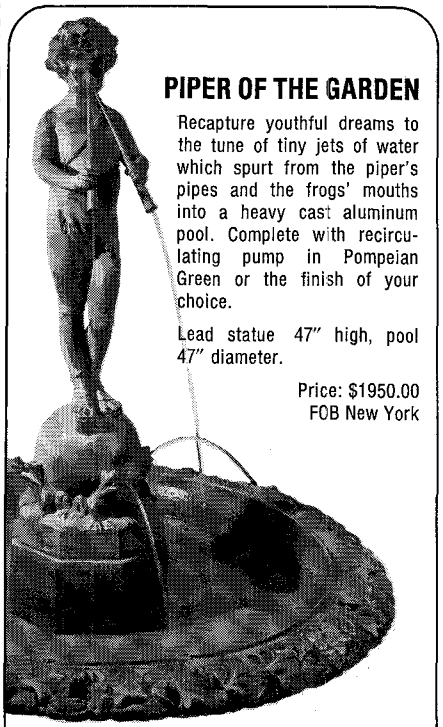
moon. There was a blackboard on which someone had written these words exactly: "McKILL-ROY IS WATCHING YOU."

SUCH a deep token of preparedness implies a deeper history of threat. From the joining of the first three cantons to the army maneuvers of the present day, Switzerland has existed to repel offensive neighbors, and with regard to this subject has never felt complacent or relaxed. It would be very un-Swiss to wake up tomorrow to yesterday's threat and then attempt to do something about it. If Pearl Harbor had somehow been in Switzerland, a great deal of Japanese aluminum would be scattered all over the Alps. Never in modern times, of course, has threat to Switzerland been more continuous than from 1939 to 1945, and while underground command posts with walls as thick as Dunsinane's may have been designed in the nineteen-seventies according to the science of nuclear-weapons effects, they are also hidden monuments to the anxieties of the Second World War.

While actual battles were being fought to the west, the north, the south, the east, simulated battles were taking place inside Switzerland. To keep itself prepared, and abreast of new technologies, the Swiss Army imitated the war that was going on around it. During the siege of Stalingrad, during the desert campaign, during the invasion of Sicily and the Battle of the Bulge, Swiss soldiers in Switzerland were firing weapons identical or equivalent to the weapons then in use in the war. They were fording rivers in full battle dress, stringing barbed wire, bivouacking in deep winter snows, scrubbing their laundry in summer streams, climbing rock faces with machine-gun parts, hauling cannons into high alpages. They were always on patrol—on skis, on foot, on motorcycles, on bicycles, in boats.

Now and then, they shot down a trespassing aircraft. Other planes, damaged, requested and received permission to land. Some, abandoned by pilots and crews, just drifted into Switzerland and crashed. An empty American B-17 hit a medieval castle and filled its tall tower with flaming gasoline. A Red Cross library on international peace had been put in the tower so that it would not be damaged in the war. Imagining themselves to be over Germany, twenty American bombers dropped four hundred bombs on Schaffhausen, Switzerland's northern-



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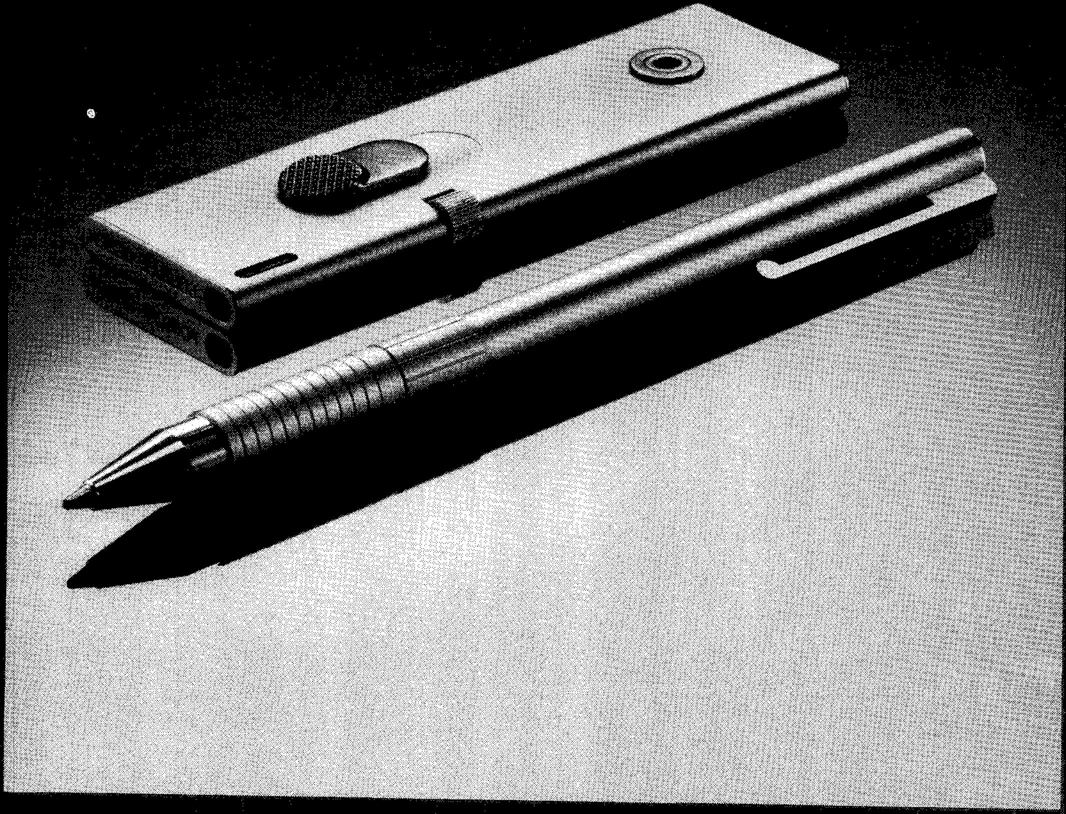

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most city. A German plane carrying an experimental package of supersecret radar made an unintentional landing near Zurich, possibly guided by the supersecret radar. The Swiss seized the radar and hid it in an alp. The Nazis threatened invasion. The Swiss offered a deal. They brought the radar out of the alp and destroyed it in the presence of German witnesses in return for a dozen fighter planes, on which the iron crosses were repainted white.

Early in the war, as the rest of Europe blacked out, Switzerland still sparkled with light and served as a beacon to aircraft of any description. The Germans were particularly uncomfortable with this flashlight at their side. They told Switzerland to shut off the light or Germans would come and do it for them. Switzerland went dark. Switzerland had mobilized when Germany invaded Poland. The Swiss imagined that their turn was coming, too. In months that followed, as fear of invasion temporarily declined, many men were sent home "on leave"—each with his gun and forty-eight bullets—only to be called back when Germany invaded France, Luxembourg, Belgium, and Holland. Motion pictures were stopped in mid-performance. Announcements were read. Swiss soldiers were ordered straight out of the cinemas and into the field. Mobilization, always rapid, expanded with each successive threat and declined soon afterward. Whenever things looked bad, more than four hundred thousand Swiss soldiers were at their battle stations. Things looked bad when Germany piled up beside the Bodensee enough munitions, matériel, and implied manpower to relocate Switzerland in Sardinia. At times like these, there was some panic. A significant piece of the population of Basel departed. At least two thousand never came back. Cars streamed across the country with mattresses on their roofs to absorb possible bullets from the air. The pile of matériel by the Bodensee turned out to be a ruse to divert attention from an attack in preparation elsewhere. In 1940, the Germans and the Italians actually did form a plan to attack Switzerland. The Germans meant to take Geneva from France and then cross the Mittelland to Bern. They would also come down past Basel to Lucerne. Meanwhile, the Italian Army was assigned to capture the Alps. The German code name for all this was Tannenbaum. The plan in-

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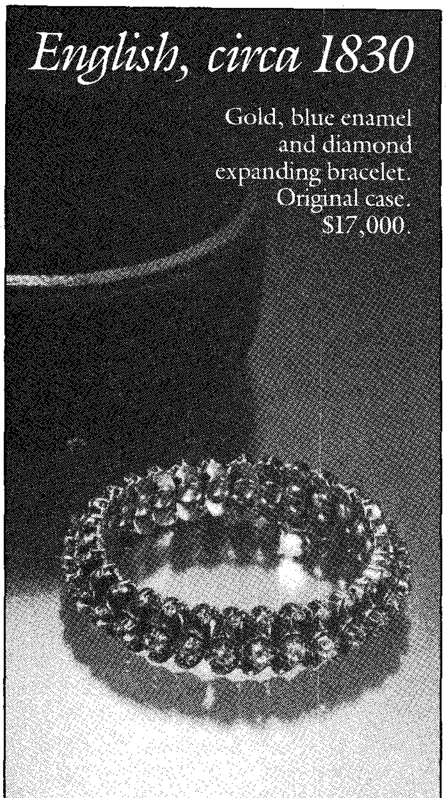

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Harry Bright had promised, as you recall, to have it run on this page, but it's still in his office in Wellington, only half finished.

Harry's our New Zealand Advertising Manager, you know, and the spring blooms up in Featherston were just too much to miss this week. So he up and took the whole family camping.

Our own dear Miss Barber is on the job steadfastly, however. So while all of us are awaiting Harry's advertisement, perhaps she might mail off to you a colourful packet fairly bulging with gorgeous pictures of New Zealand scenery plus a fold-out map showing all our towns, points of interest and national parks with dandy camping sites.

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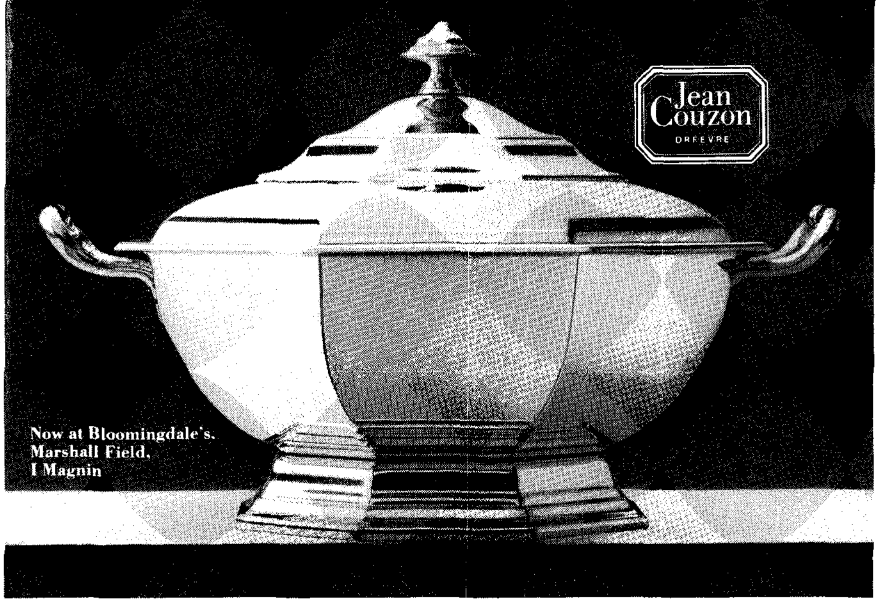

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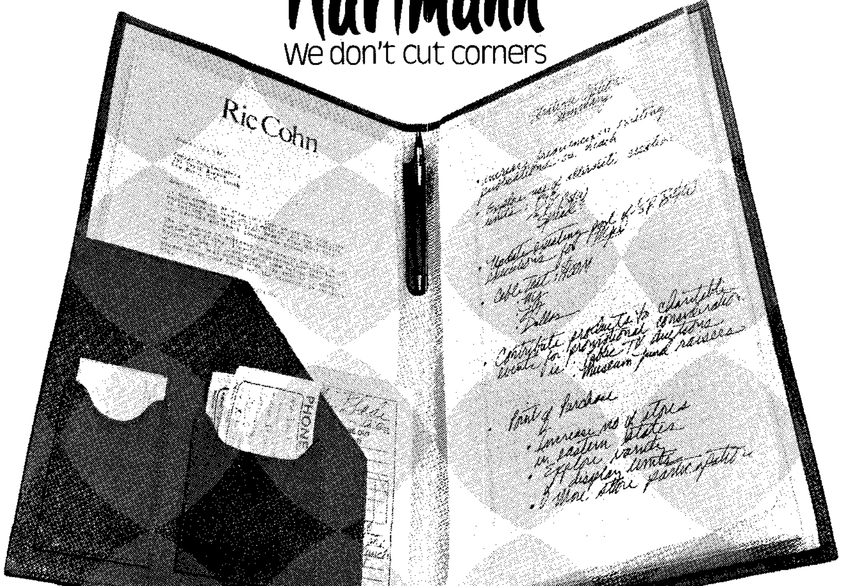

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cluded a map of the Axis apportionment of Swiss territory. The Germans were to get the Mittelland, the Italians the rocks.

The Swiss knew nothing of Tannenbaum. But they imagined something like it. Paintings and stained-glass windows went into storage underground. From time to time, attack was not just feared but anticipated. When German armies entered Denmark and Norway, the Swiss expected them to come south as well. After France was gone, rationing became general, and eventually included such things as pet food and flour and (perhaps worst of all) chocolate, but by neighboring standards the rationing was not severe: the people were denied meat two days a week. Also after France surrendered, the German military attaché sought out Jakob Huber, the Swiss chief of the general staff, and made it clear that he felt the time had come for Switzerland to open its doors and welcome a German Europe. There was a six-decilitre pause. Huber studied the attaché and said, "No one comes through here."

Some things did go through here, however—in sealed trains. People wondered what was inside. When coal trains went through, no one could see what was under the coal. By the terms of a 1909 treaty, the coal itself was permissible, as were wheat, oil, timber, steel—all of which went through Switzerland on the way from Germany to Italy. The trains came back with vegetables. For Switzerland to permit war matériel to pass through Switzerland would have been an abdication of neutrality: no less a deception than if Henri Guisan were to dress as a civilian and ride a train out of Switzerland to strengthen his connections with the French—as he did, not long before the outbreak of war. Switzerland played both sides for the middle. For the Allies, the Swiss manufactured ball bearings, jewel bearings, theodolites, chronographs, machine tools. In 1941, under German pressure, the Swiss government decreed that packages could not be sent abroad, thus cutting off shipments of small precision parts to Britain. For the Axis, the Swiss made fuses, timed as fine as clocks. They made ball bearings for the Nazis, too. In June of 1943, the British dropped a few bombs into an industrial section of Zurich—a message in exploding code. When the Swiss Army learned of German plans to assassinate General Dwight Eisenhower and General Jean de

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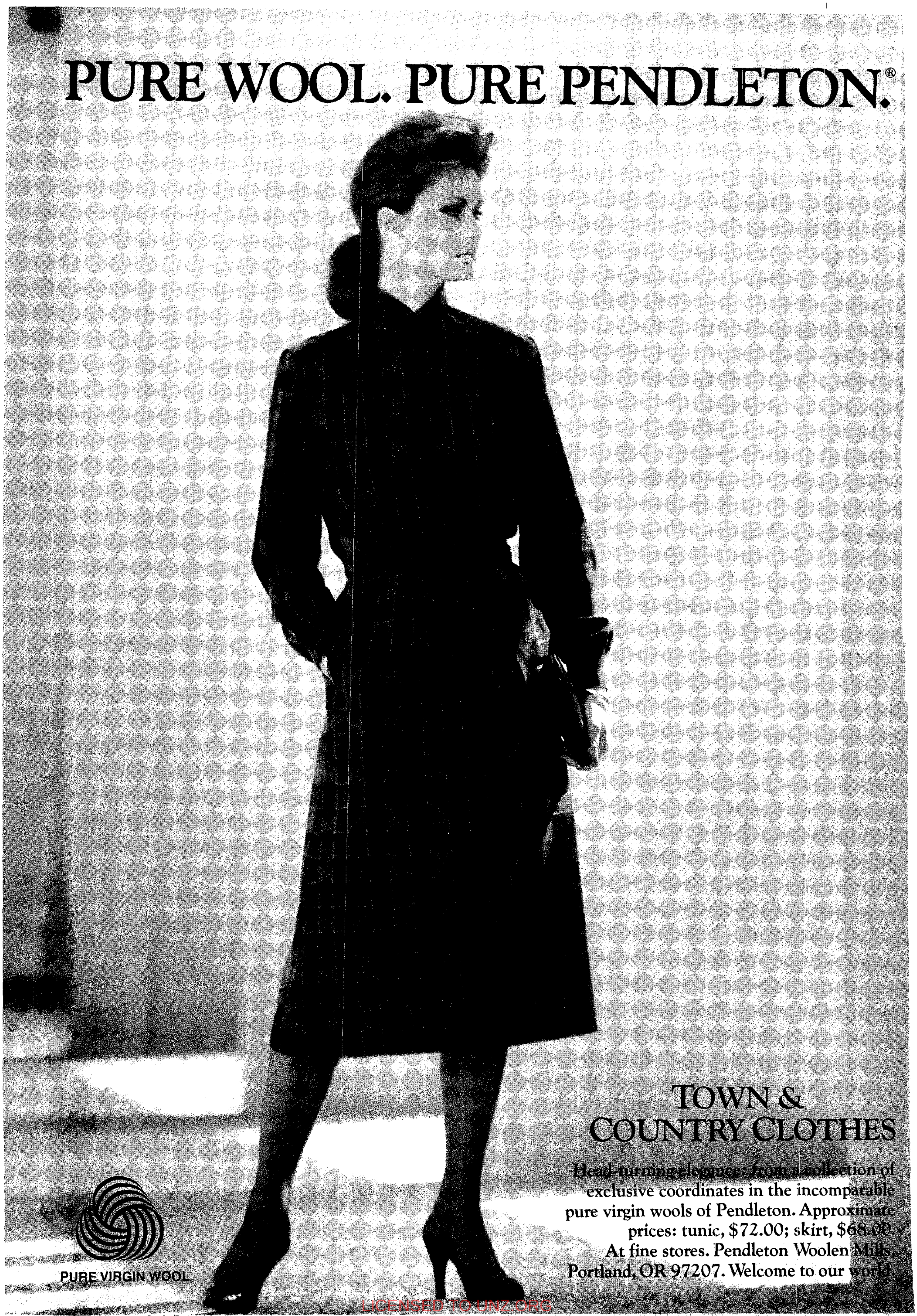

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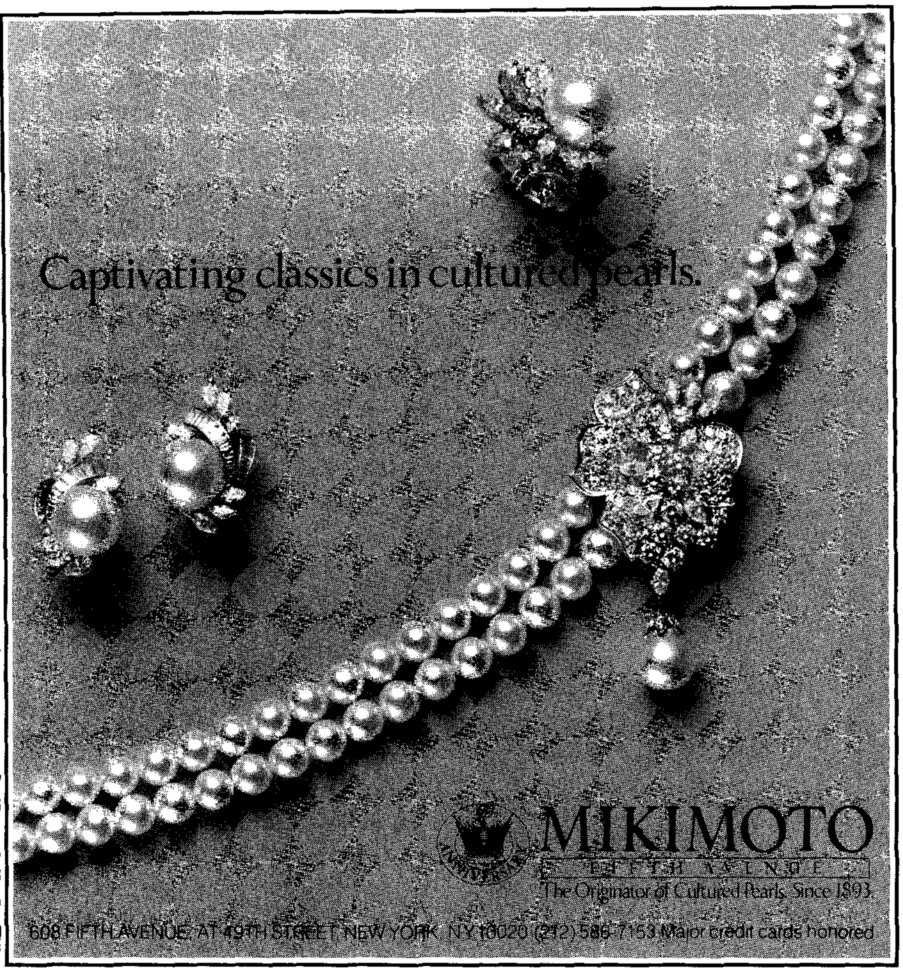
Lattre de Tassigny, they described the plans to the Americans and the French.

As Switzerland was subjected to various threats and pressures, particularly from the north, it was the art of General Guisan to bend just enough to avoid fracture, to grant an hour to gain a day, to sell a little something but not to sell out. He was a Vaudois farmer—a Suisse romand who openly detested the Nazis of Germany, and he was in charge of a nation in which a dismaying minority did not share that view. While his military task was to train his army and hold it ready to fight, his political objective was to dissuade all the people who were prepared to accept a German Europe, and his social goal was to rally the Swiss, to quell their fear, to replace their sense of helplessness with a sense of defensive strength—to keep the mattresses off the roofs of the cars. Canton to canton, he travelled the country, making his presence felt, urging soldiers and civilians to "Act Swiss! Think Swiss!" He said, "Switzerland can only avoid the threat of a direct German attack if the German high command, while preparing such an attack, becomes convinced that a war against us would be long and costly, that it would create a new battleground in the heart of Europe, in a most useless and dangerous way, and thus jeopardize the realization of its other plans." Accordingly, he advertised the preparedness of the army. He tried to toughen Switzerland internally while causing Switzerland to look tough from the outside. Given the will, the wherewithal, and the mountains, he said, the Swiss can keep anyone out. He made it absolutely clear to the Germans that if they invaded Switzerland the first thing they would hear would be a concerto of explosions as Switzerland's strategic railroads effectively ceased to exist. Highway bridges would be gone in the same moment. The knowledge of Switzerland's prepared demolition brought German saboteurs, who came to cut the wires, preceded by German spies. They had to be good to get to the wires or they found themselves in le trou. American, Russian, British spies—so many spies were in Switzerland during the war that they moved like slips of paper in a stock exchange. They were from every country but San Marino. Variously, they were spying on Switzerland, spying on one another, and using Switzerland as a telephone booth in which to report what they had been doing



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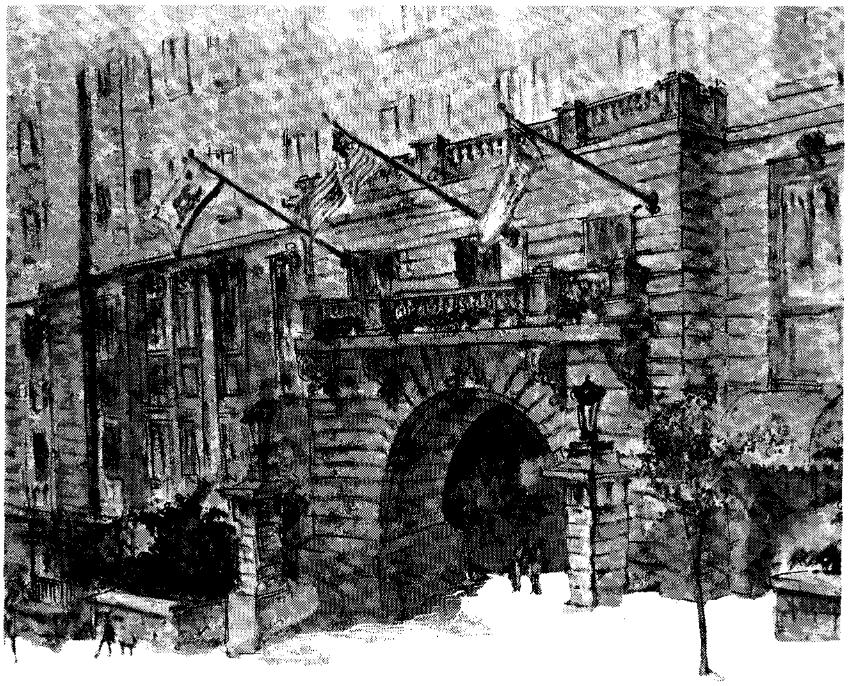

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elsewhere. They met by matchlight under the dark arcades of Bern. Among them were Swiss. Fifteen Swiss traitors were executed during the war, most of whom were in the army. After they were sentenced, they were almost immediately killed by firing squads from their own army units.

Swiss schoolchildren are taught that Germany decided not to invade Switzerland because Germany knew that its losses would be too great—in what has become the classic phrase, "the price was too high."

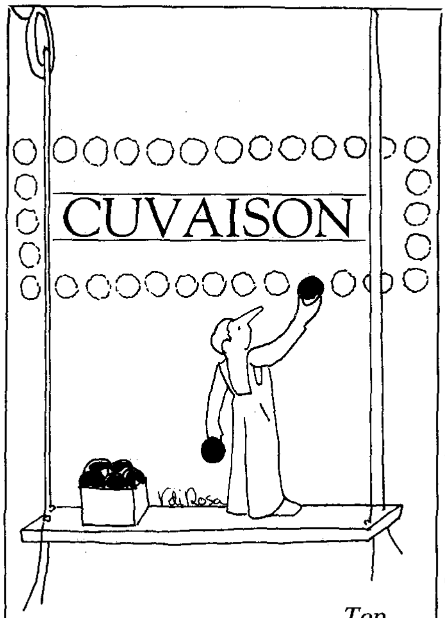
"The Germans invaded the Dutch. The Dutch had declared themselves neutral. The Germans didn't come here, because of the Swiss Army."

"That's what I was taught in school. But then I have heard that it's not so simple."

"Did Switzerland avoid war as a result of the strategy of the great powers or the policy of neutrality or the strength of the army? We'll never know."

Near the end of the war, the Swiss went into mobilization one last time, because they foresaw a desperate Germany coming in to make defensive use of Swiss communications, and they also worried that the Allies might come through on their way to Germany. If these events had happened, the Swiss insist, they would have engaged in the war, fighting against both sides. In fact, Joseph Stalin did propose an Allied rampage through Switzerland, ostensibly en route to the evident enemy. Stalin hated the Swiss. He called them "swine." A month or two after his proposal, and perhaps by way of reply, Winston Churchill wrote to Anthony Eden: "I put this down for record. Of all the neutrals Switzerland has the greatest right to distinction. She has been the sole international force linking the hideously sundered nations and ourselves. What does it matter whether she has been able to give us the commercial advantages we desire or has given too many to the Germans, to keep herself alive? She has been a democratic state, standing for freedom in self-defence among her mountains, and in thought, in spite of race, largely on our side."

In August of 1945, in the square in front of the Ionic columns of the Curia Confoederationis Helveticae, in Bern, General Guisan stood before thousands of soldiers and civilians and received in formal ceremony their profound gratitude. The Swiss were cele-



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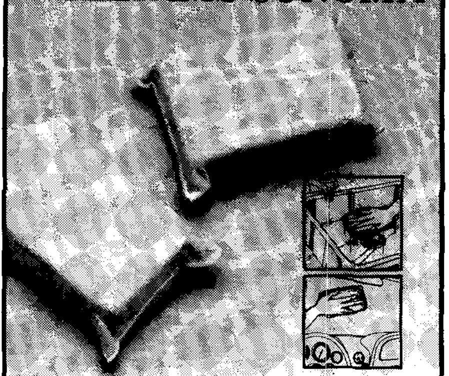
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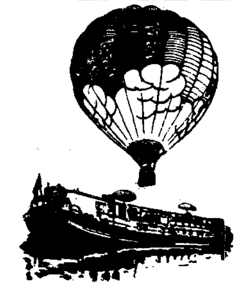
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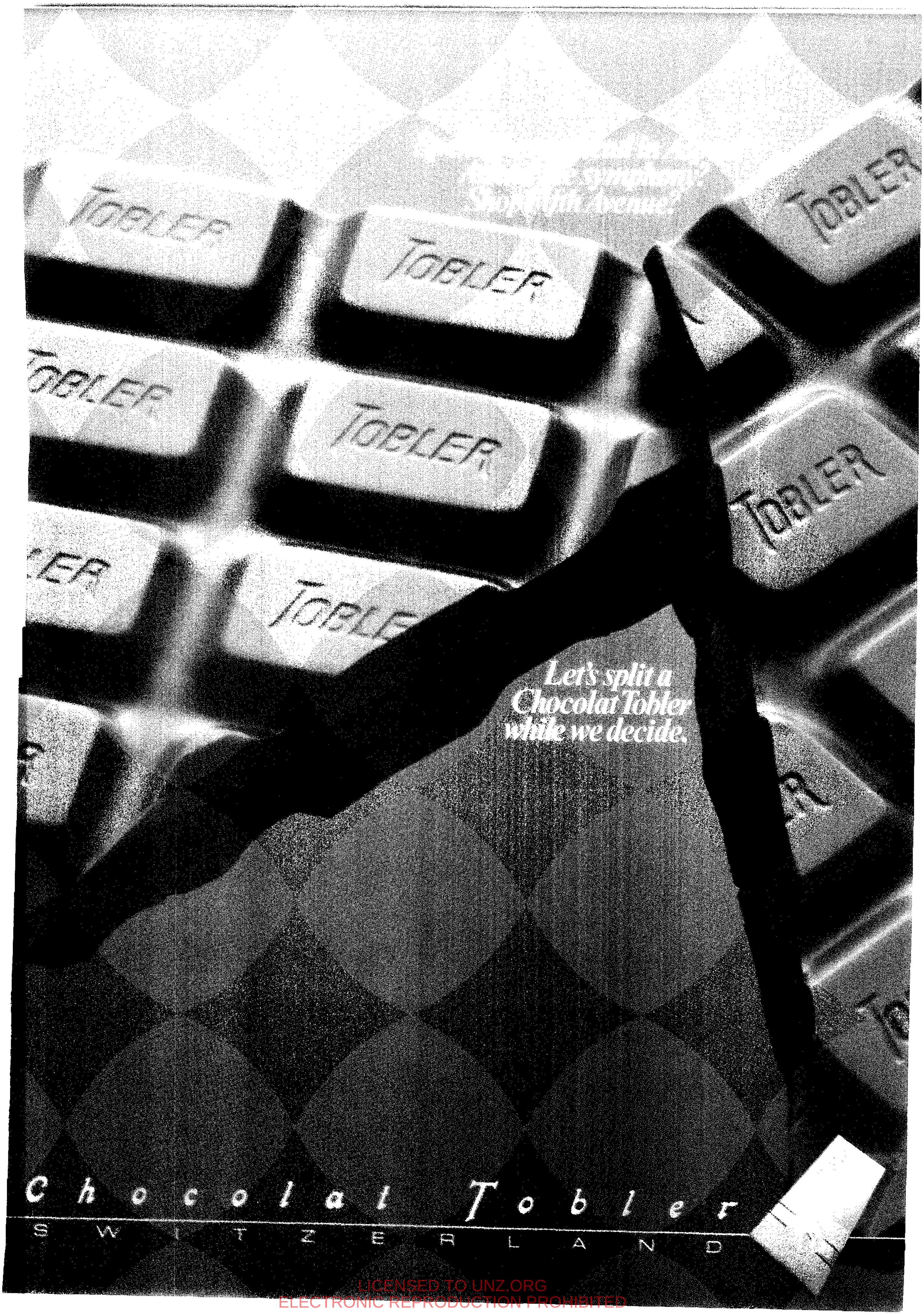
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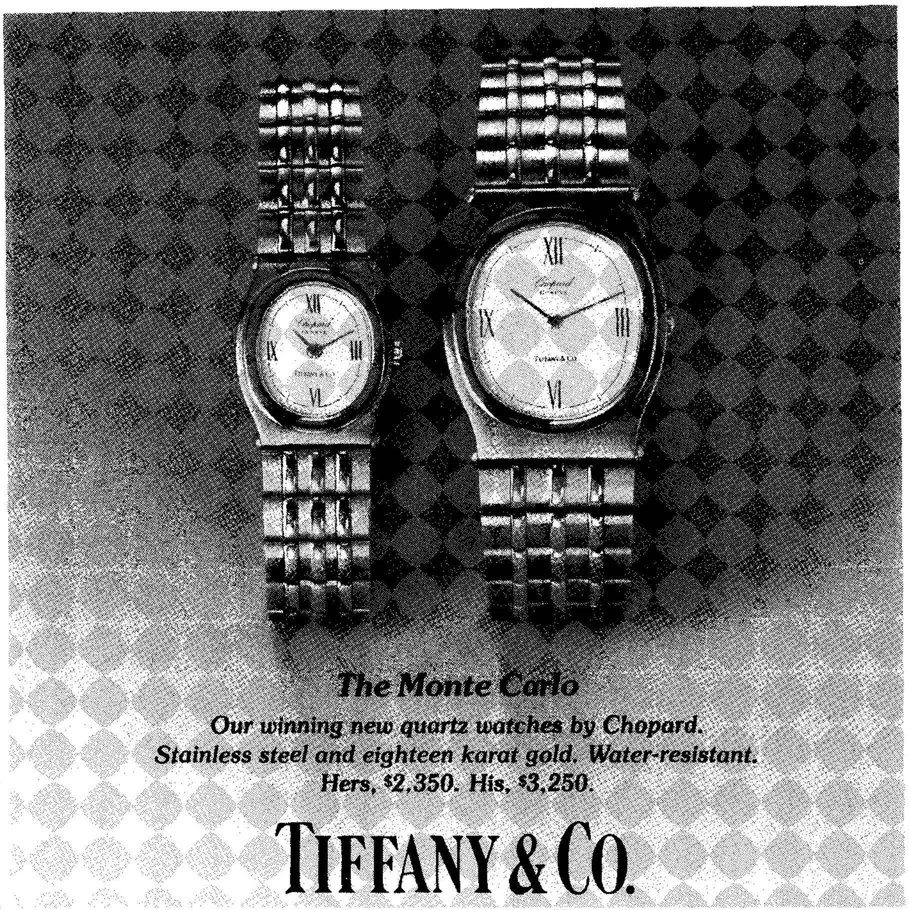
brating the end of the war as if they had won it, and they had.

IN late-evening darkness outside the bomb shelter in Ried, Captain Eric Dessemontet's Headquarters Company assembled in the town plaza and, in response to the captain's sharp commands, stood at something less than attention. There were those among them who swayed, leaned against one another, and occasionally broke into song. The plaza was essentially a wide spot in a small street. Automobiles kept arriving, and the soldiers had to break their ranks to let the cars go through. Called back into formation, they tended to huddle instead, noisily addressing one another while Dessemontet addressed them. "Taisez-vous!" he shouted, but they did not shut up. Between shouts, he said, sotto voce, to me, "I want you to know this is not unique. I always have this problem."

One might readily imagine that the problem was in the Section de Renseignements, but it was not. Within the assembled company, the Section de Renseignements stood quiet, at attention, and steady, like half a dozen rows of counted sheep. They may see themselves as headstrong, willful, insubordinate, but by comparison with the horse soldiers they are wimps to a man. Not only were the horse soldiers spackled out of their minds, they were also continuing to drink while they were meant to be standing at attention. They were farmers, for the most part—Vaudois farmers, from Rougemont and Château-d'Oex, towns en route from Montreux to Gstaad. For a farmer, going to the army can be less of a duty than a release, an only vacation, a celebration up the sides of the hills. An American colonel once told me, in careful words, that his impression of the Swiss Army was of "a different kind of discipline," of an order of magnitude "more relaxed than ours," but he added that in time of emergency such behavior would disappear. Even as the horse soldiers were flapping in formation like sheets in the wind, Massy remarked, "They are good, good people, the best we have."

The headlights of another automobile were slowly approaching through the standing ranks of soldiers. Some moved one way, some another to make a breach and let the car pass. The horse soldiers stayed put. They had been shouted at, cajoled, and told to stand still, and now they were not in a hurry to move for this car. From



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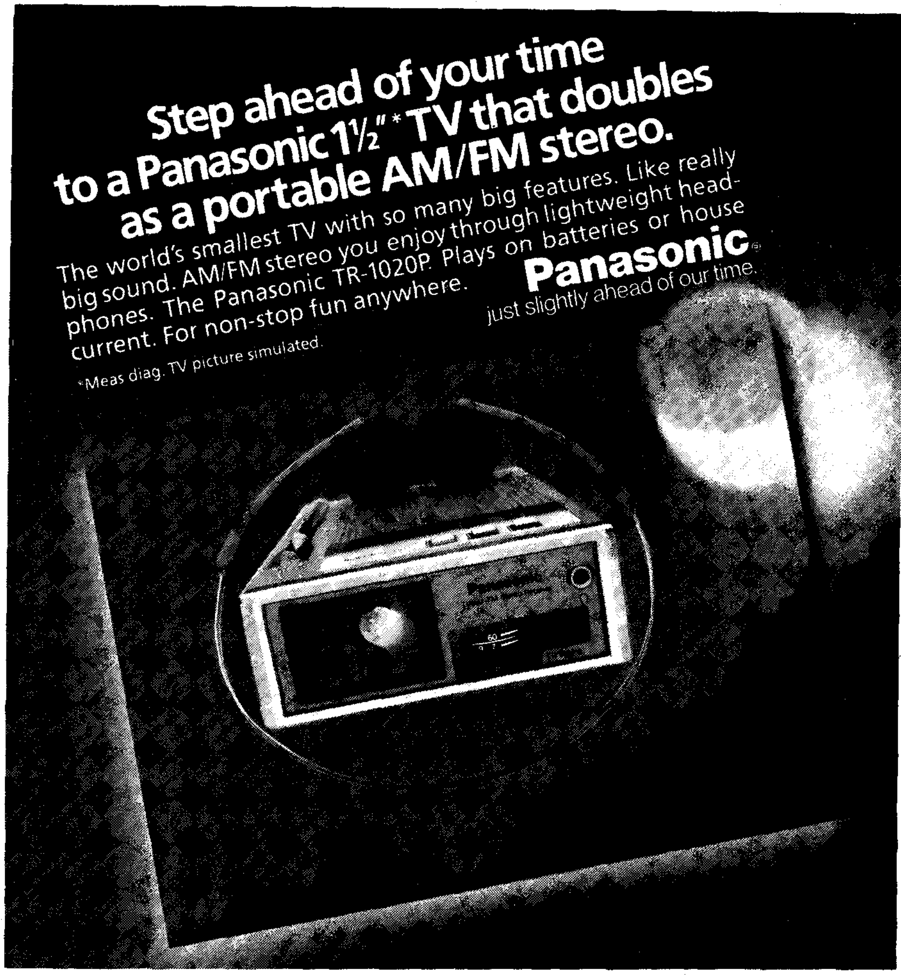

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Pablo Picasso, Buste de femme se coiffant, black chalk on buff paper, 6⅝ x 4⅛ in.

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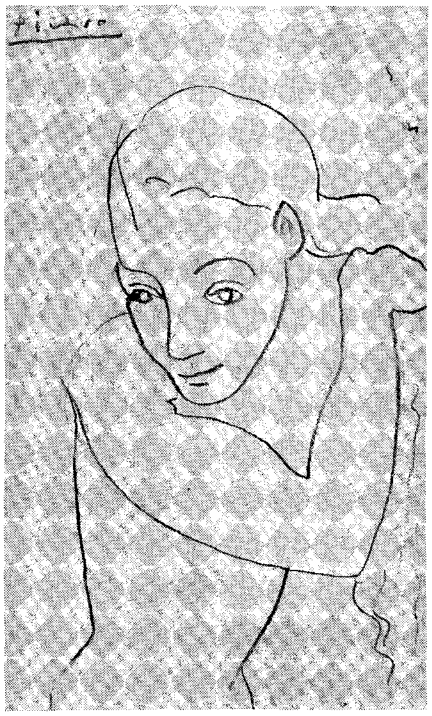
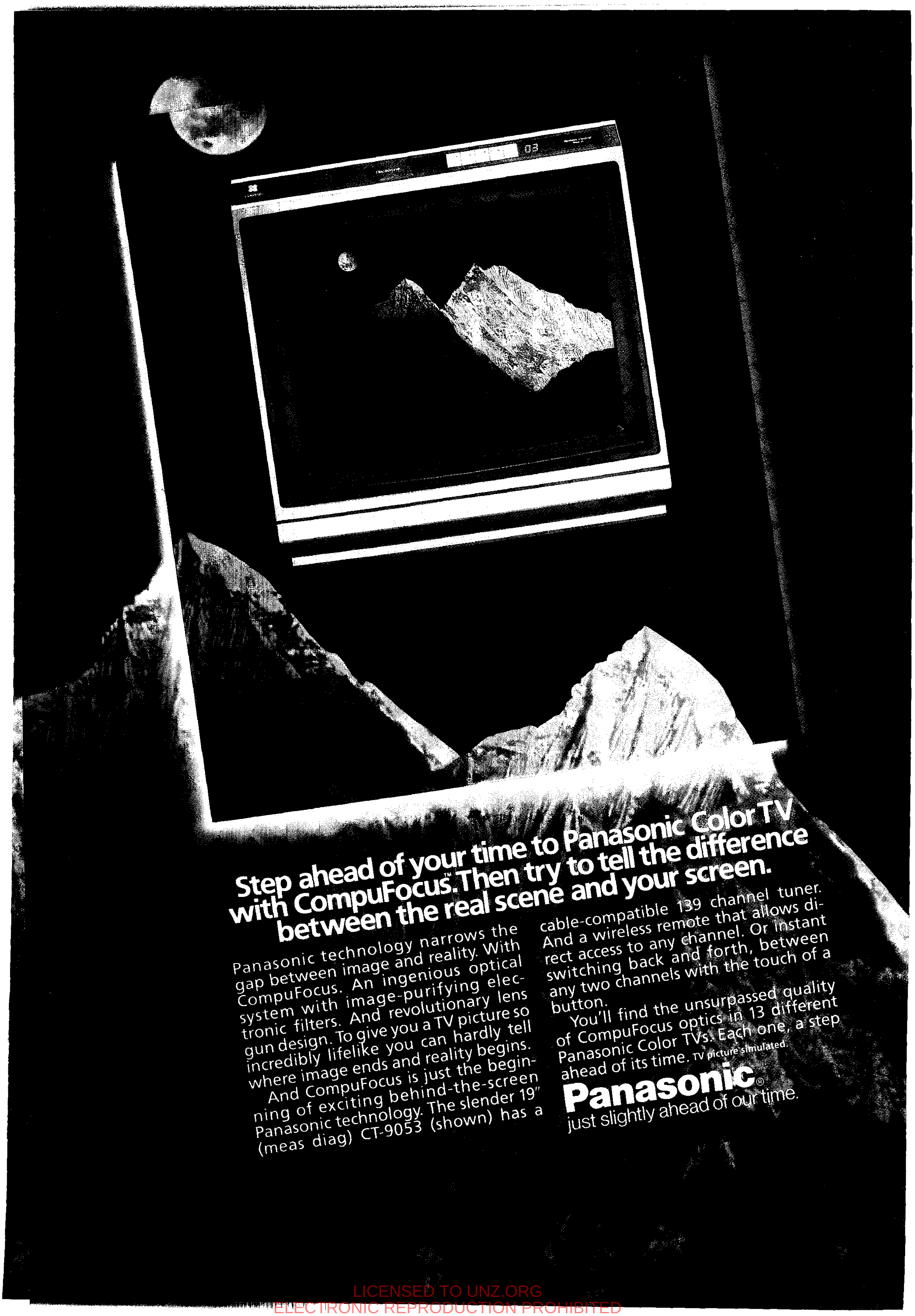


where I stood, the lights made silhouettes of them all—a black-on-gold unsteady tableau. Eventually, by ones and twos, they slowly moved aside, until only one soldier blocked the car—arms at his sides, chin tucked in, a body framed in headlights. One soldier, one automobile, one stalemate. Behind him, a booted foot lifted into the air, in silhouette moved slowly forward, and came to rest on the soldier's backside, centering on a spot eleven centimetres under the belt. The soldier was catapulted out of the scene, opening the way for the car.

Captain Rumpf and I went down one morning to see horses come off a train in Sierre. The army rents them from farmers. It is using three hundred in the present exercises, and this particular shipment was arriving from Winterthur. An owner had been up all night with the horses, in the cold and lurching freight cars, and now—dressed en bleu de travail—he looked not only tired but also intimidated as he presented his animals to Peter Keller. A doctor of veterinary medicine, Major Keller would decide if a horse was acceptable and—in case of accident—how much it was worth. Given his appearance, no one was likely to argue. Major Keller is a giant, an old-fashioned Swiss giant, in height, in frame, in voice, in beard, in motion—a giant. If he was not careful, he was going to knock over a freight car, and meanwhile he was looking down, with not unkindly eyes, upon this little wide-eyed farmer, who was scarcely five feet tall. The farmer led a horse down a ramp and, holding its halter, ran it up and down the cobblestone platform, his panting breath mixing with the steam from the nostrils of the horse.

"Thirty-two hundred," said Keller.

The owner looked relieved. Every horse, like every soldier, has its book of service, and this one's showed that it had first served the army three years ago. Its name was Barette. Others were Felix, Fauvette, Fleury, Flicka. They were big heavy draft horses reminiscent of the one beside the wall of Troy. As each horse gained Major Keller's approval, a soldier in knee-length boots and a ruddy camouflage jacket stepped up and led it away. The horse and the soldier would spend the entire refresher course together, going far up into the mountains beyond roads, up declivities beyond the grasp of four-wheel drive—the soldier walking, the horse in the traces of a two-wheeled pneumatic-tired cart full of



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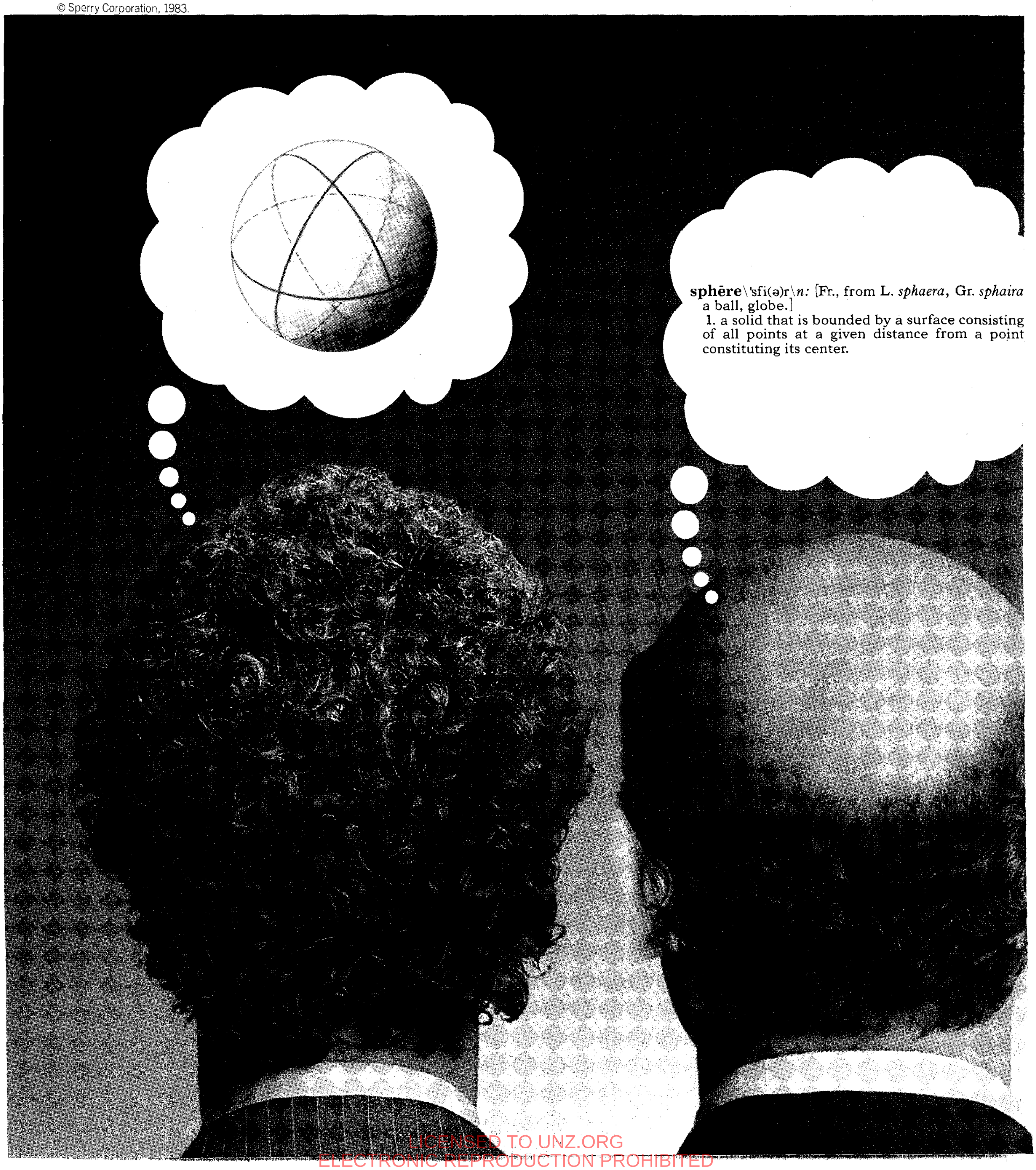

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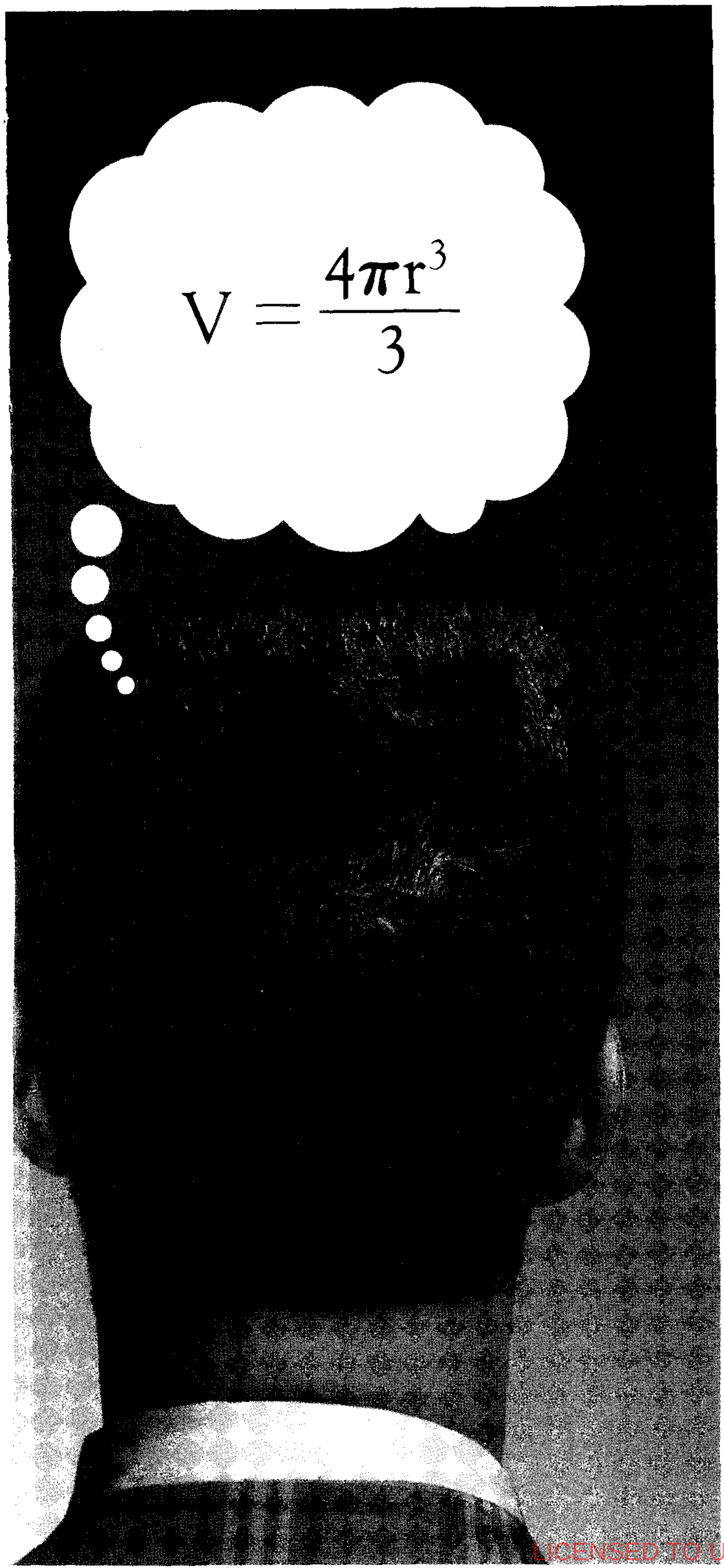

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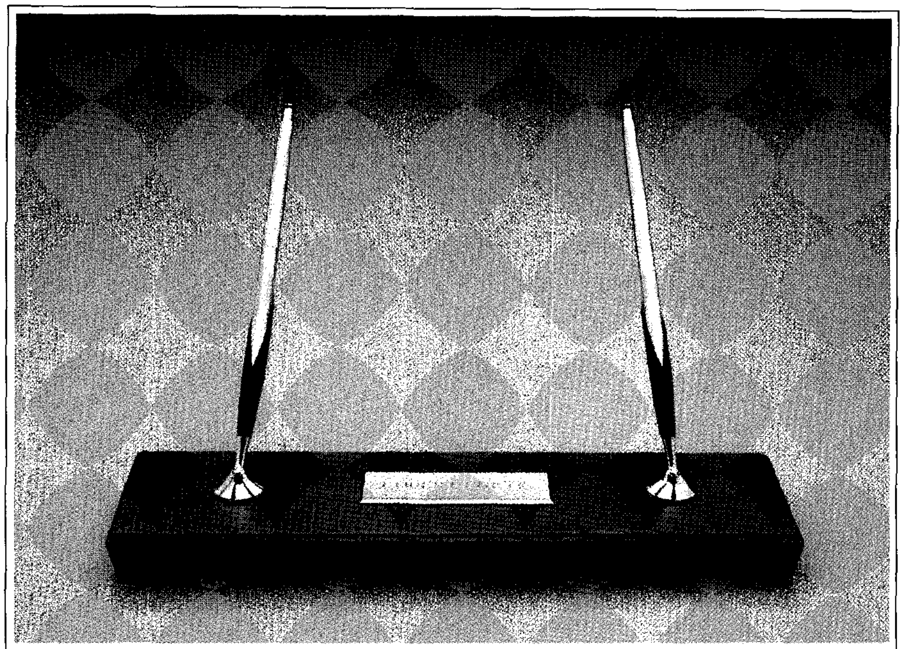

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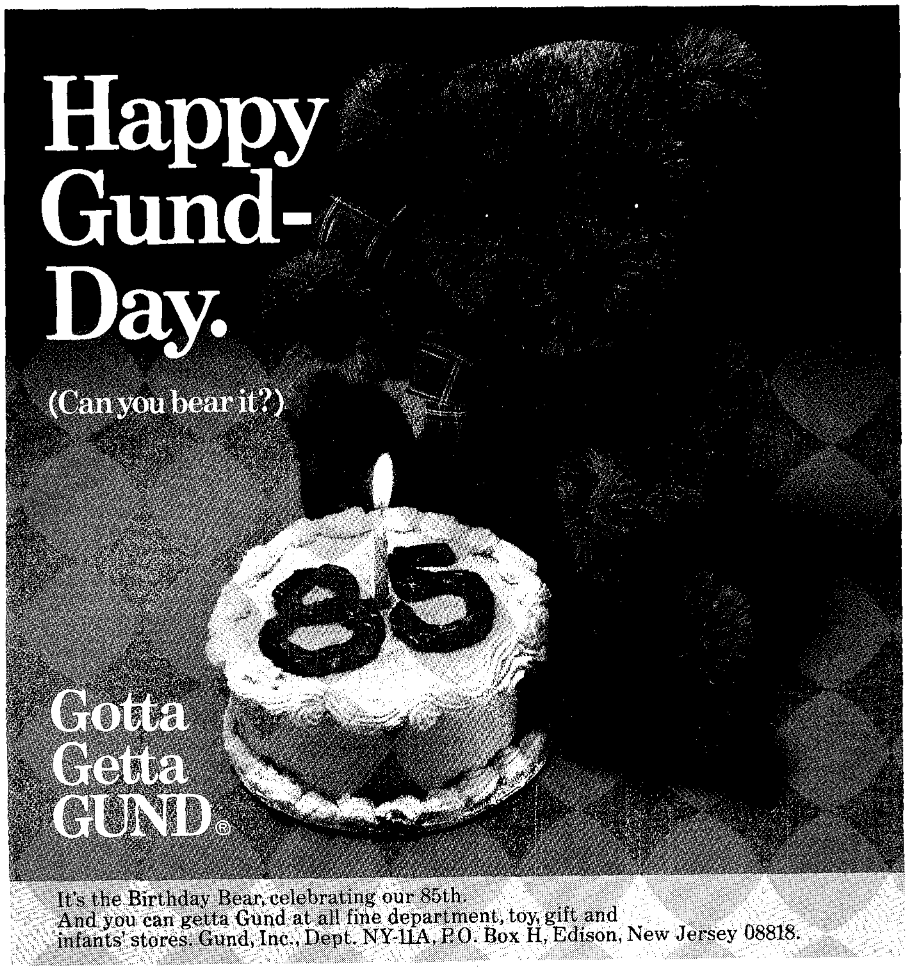

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rifles and personal gear and explosives, or food, or building materials, or bazookas, or ammunition, or hay. Officers ride. Soldiers walk. Among the soldiers was the usual preponderance of farmers, but there are not enough farmers anymore to match the number of horses, and also stepping forward to claim horses were a butcher, a mason, a painter of cars, a structural geologist, and an economist. The economist said he wished he could be in the cavalry, but this was all that was left. (He might have chosen bicycles. There are three bicycle regiments in the Swiss Army.) Horse and soldier would work and sleep in snowstorms. As a soldier led an animal away, sometimes both were hanging their heads.

"They walk and walk and walk," said Captain Rumpf. "The advantage is they don't need any petrol."

"Today, people laugh," said Major Keller. "Ultimately, we will have to go back to horses. Even now, when the weather is bad and the helicopters cannot fly, one is a hero to come into the mountains bringing supplies and hot food with horses."

There is no shortage of veterinarians in La Suisse Romande, but there is a shortage of veterinarians willing to give up the time to be officers, and since all army veterinarians must without exception be officers Major Keller has been borrowed from La Suisse Allemande. He works in toxicology for Hoffmann-La Roche, and may become a university professor. Only his habilitation stands in his way—a Germanic academic custom requiring as a condition of employment that a new professor have a completed and unpublished manuscript, by way of flooding instant credit upon the new employer. Albert Einstein, slow with his habilitation, worked in the patent office while waiting to teach at the University of Bern.

Peter Keller is a paradox of transportation. He deploys horses in the high Alps and in Montana rides Greyhound buses (stopping off to visit ranchers). In Switzerland, despite the national dimensions, he prefers most of all to fly. He is a pilot. On Sunday spins in rented Piper Archers, his routine is almost always the same—from Basel to the Bernese Oberland and across the Jungfraujoch divide, then over the Aletschgletscher and La Place de la Concorde Suisse, and then across the Rhone and up the Mattertal to circle the Matterhorn clockwise. Sometimes he lands in the Alps, in places so high, he says, "you need a good machine to get away with four people, otherwise they stick to the ground."

At the regimental headquarters one evening, Major Keller asked me if I had heard about the helicopter crash.

I said, "Yes. Last week in Grisons. What a shame. The pilot and the soldiers died."

He said, "Oh, no, not that one. I mean yesterday. Here in Wallis. It was another shame. There have been four accidents in the past week. Two jets. Two helicopters."

I said, "Peter, I am going to be spending a fair amount of time in helicopters, and right now I am eating my dinner."

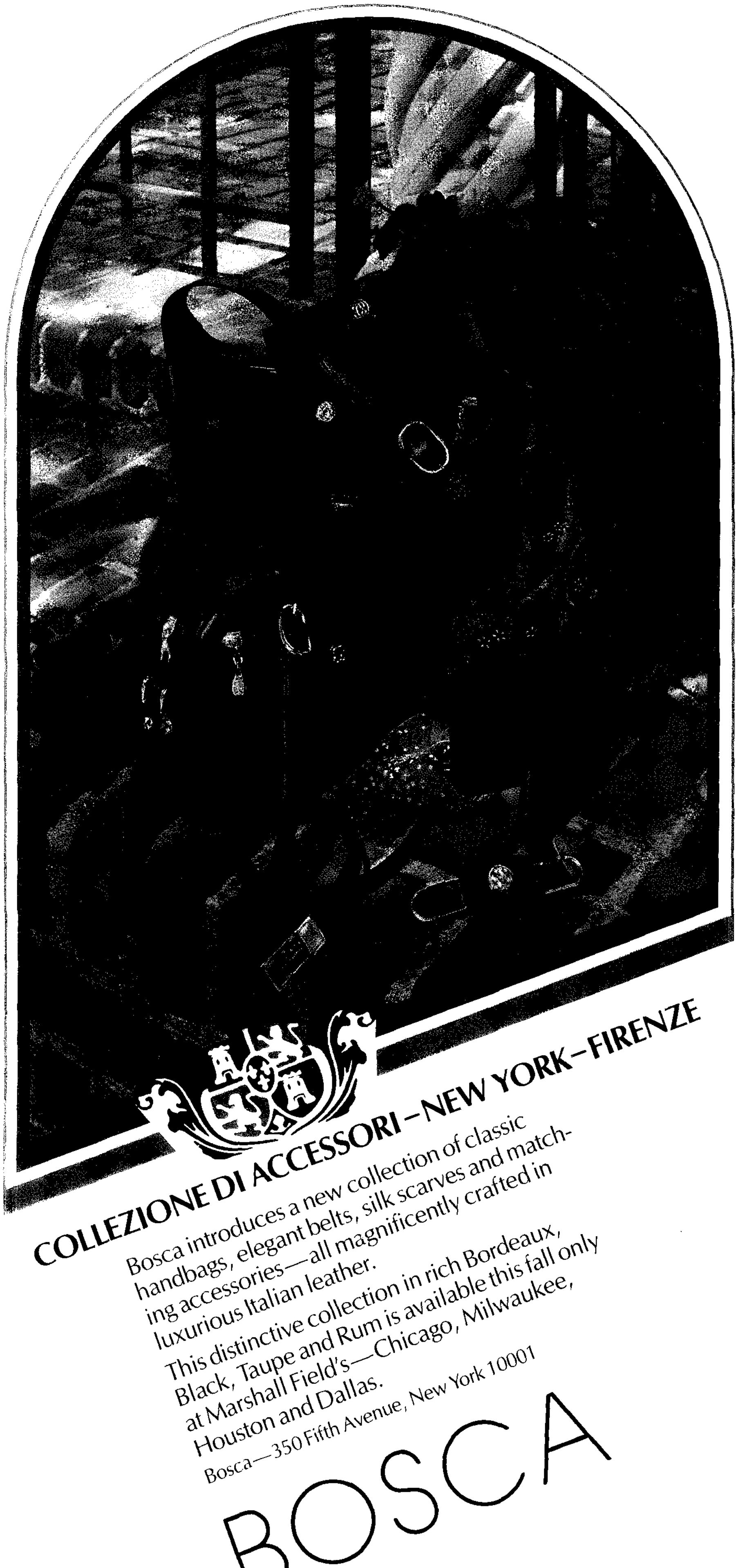
He said, "They hit the wires. They always hit the wires. Sometimes farmers put up temporary wires and you cannot see them. Yesterday, again, the pilot and all the soldiers died. They had young children. They had children ten, twelve, fourteen years old."

At the Military Department in Bern, people were saying that there had actually been four and a half accidents. The half was a military policeman who fell off his motorcycle while escorting a foreign general.

Of one sort or another, there are a hundred thousand cables strung up the mountains of Switzerland. The country is a cat's cradle. One of the helicopter pilots was a forestry professor from Zurich flying five soldiers who were to play the role of enemy. Apparently blinded by the sun, the pilot hit a wire, and the helicopter fell into a gorge. The pilot had discussed that specific wire in the course of his preflight briefing. Meanwhile, a Swiss fighter pilot shot down another Swiss fighter pilot. The two were practicing. Making use of the Alps for military purposes in machines travelling near or beyond the speed of sound requires a great amount of practice—just to fly among the mountains, let alone to shoot.

"They can't miss one second. Otherwise, they run into a rock. They practice a lot. They also have a lot of accidents."

Airspace is so limited that some training is now done in Sweden, but there is only one place to practice flying in the Alps. The jet pilots fly low in the valleys and close to the rock. Nearly all Swissair pilots are in the Swiss Army's air force—and some doctors and dentists as well. They choose their own training time, and they need a good deal more than three weeks a year to learn to do what they



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can do. The air force is an example of contemporary technology demanding more time than a militia is set up to provide. Like specialists in electronic warfare, the pilots give extra time. When conditions are what they want for practicing, they take their Mirages, their Tigers, their Hunters and go. They develop incredible skill. They don't seem to use maps—having so little glancing time, having every contour in their heads. During the Second World War, after a Swiss pilot shot down a German bomber over the Canton de Neuchâtel the Germans sent fighters along on a mission that deliberately traversed Swiss air. Swiss pilots engaged the Luftwaffe in a dogfight and shot four Germans down. Victors and vanquished were using German airplanes. Swiss pilots now have infrared equipment and fly the mountain valleys at night. They can hide in the Alps. They know where they are and where to go. An enemy foolish enough to follow them will end up farming rock. At Gornergrat one day, at the top of a cog railway five thousand feet above Zermatt, I was sitting in an almost windless stillness, slowly moving my gaze in full circumference from the Breithorn to the Matterhorn to the Dent Blanche to the Zinalrothorn to the Weisshorn to the Dom—all well above four thousand metres—and on to the Dufourspitze, the highest mountain in Switzerland. Up out of the Mattertal came a Swiss Mirage. It skimmed over Gornergrat and dived toward the glaciers below. Its inclination appeared almost vertical, and it continued its dive until there seemed no chance that the plane could miss the ice and the pilot survive, but then it was climbing the glaciers close to the crevasses until it was deep in the cirques on the shoulders of the Dufourspitze, over which it rolled to plunge out of sight toward the Mattmarksee. The pilot was probably taking pictures. Mirages work for Renseignements. The jets sometimes fire on targets and then, like high jumpers, flip over ridges upside down. It is a way to stay close to the rock. Their armament depends on their mission. Variously, they carry cannons, missiles, bombs. Even when cloud cover is extremely low during exercise engagements with the enemy, if someone calls for air support he will almost surely get it if there is any kind of airspace between the cloud and the ground. The Mirage drops out of the cloud, fires on the target, disappears upward in the cloud. It happens again a minute later. The target is destroyed twice. The cloud is packed like a snowfield among the Pennine Alps.

At Axalp, over the Brienzer See, the military attachés of at least twenty-five nations—including the United States, China, and the Soviet Union—sat down one day for a show. As the program began, a Mirage appeared from nowhere, rattled the reviewing stand, did a back flip over the Schwarzhorn, and was gone. Before the program ended, each attaché was handed a photograph of himself looking up with startled expression.

WE have inched our way down the valleyside and taken the Nussbaum bridge—that is, taken notes on its width, its tonnage, its lack of prepared demolition. Beneath it is the bouldery Rhone, with long clear pools, short riffles and chutes. Among the renseignements the battalion needs to know is the answer to the question "Can the river be crossed here on foot?"

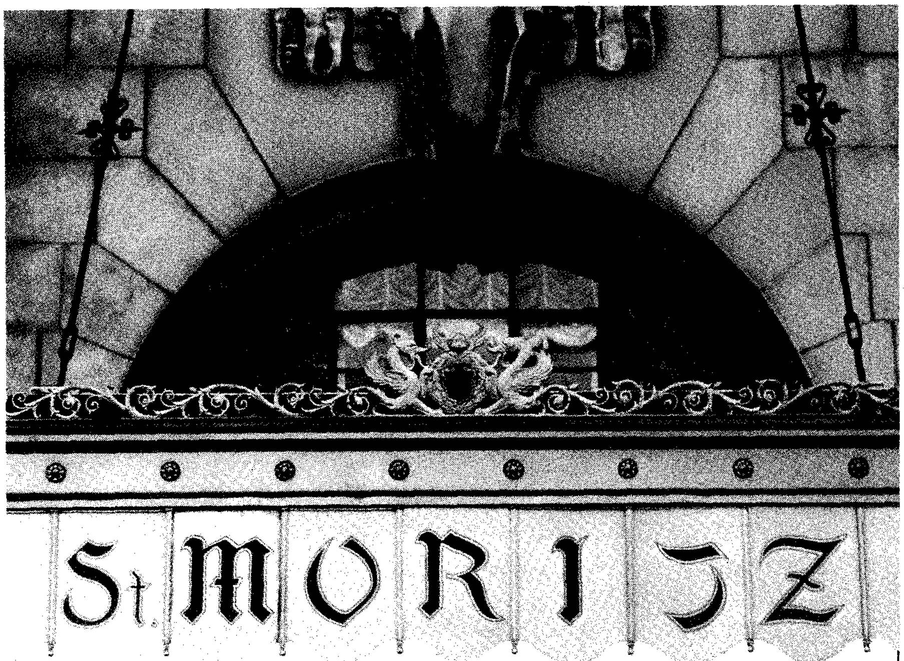
Massy sketches on paper the river, the bridge, and the flanking mountains. He says, conclusively, "It is possible to cross the Rhone on foot, but there is no advantage."

Jean-Bruno Wettstein says, "Massy has a great sense of strategy."

Denis Schyrr goes off to collect statistics on the Bettmeralp téléphérique. The others lean over the bridge parapet and fly-cast with their eyes. Trout rise. To pass the time, I remove from my mountain jacket my copy of "Armée Suisse." It is a paperback of small dimensions with a water-resistant cover, designed for a soldier's pocket. Words on the back say, "In the country of the citizen-soldier, 'Armée Suisse' is an indispensable book. It answers with precision all questions relative to the national defense." In three hundred and seventy-two pages of fine thin paper, it describes the organization, strategies, and equipment of the army, discusses rights, regulations, individual functions—all the basic facts a soldier should know. It is a semi-official volume, which is not given free to troops but is distributed through bookstores everywhere in Switzerland.

Wettstein asks, "What is the book you are reading?"

I hand it to him. He looks it over with considerable interest, having never seen one. The others crowd around like students around a yearbook. None of them has seen "Armée Suisse" before, although it has been in



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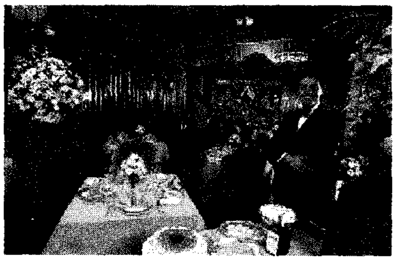

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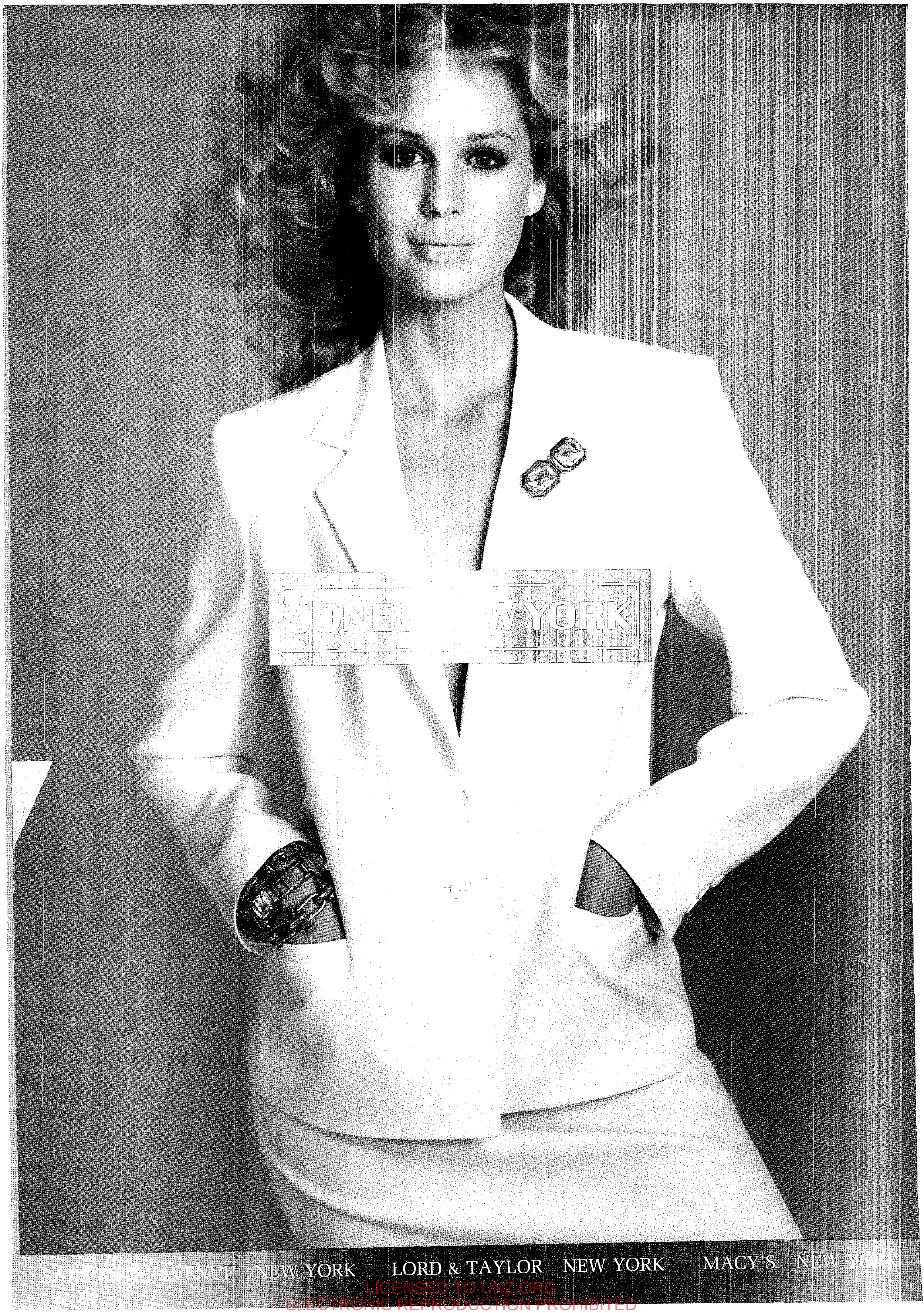
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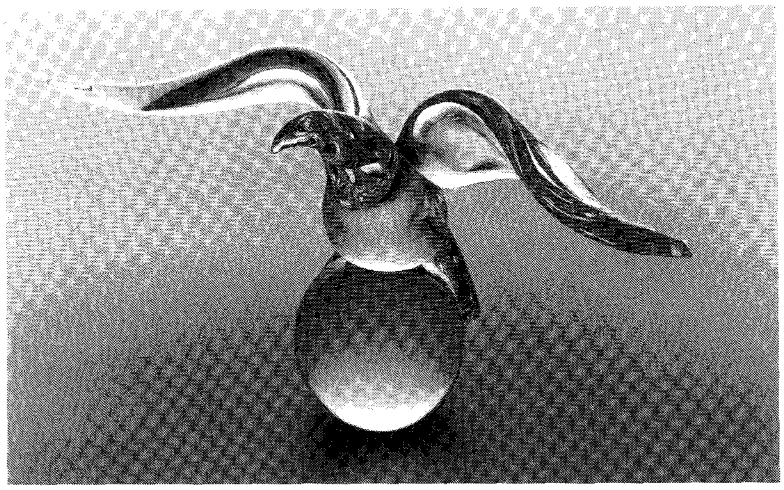
print for several years and is revised annually to keep the Swiss soldier up-to-date. On the back is a color photograph of a fusilier walking on the edge of a glacier, carrying a pack and wearing a steel helmet, his assault rifle suspended across his chest and his dagger hanging from his hip. Wettstein says, "There you have the Swiss soldier expressing his love of neutrality."

"Armée Suisse" has many photographs of Swiss equipment—from the F-5E Tiger to four kinds of grenades to tanks, bicycles, howitzers, and guided missiles—with accompanying statistics, such as weight and range and explosive charge. Much of the Swiss Army's equipment is American. Some is British, some French. Switzerland buys tank ammunition from Israel. Russians are distrustful of Swiss neutrality in part because Switzerland buys nothing from them. The Swiss are militarily thrifty—so much so that one would think at times that this is the Scottish Army. While acquiring new wonders in infrared vision, electronic deception, and computer warfare, they continue to make use of equipment that is essentially obsolete. Swiss pilots fly jets that are older than they are. Until recently, Swiss paratroops jumped out of three Junkers 52s, German transports from the Second World War. The planes were wanted by museums all over Europe, but they were not for sale. The army still uses Centurion tanks that were made in Great Britain thirty years ago. To keep such things in service is a tradition. During the Second World War, there were Swiss artillery pieces on line and ready to fire which had been on line and ready to fire since 1882. The Swiss throw nothing away, but their equipment is plenteous and for the most part modern. They use McDonnell Douglas Dragon rockets. Fifty years ago, when Swiss tank commanders went out in the field for exercises they would say to one another, "Shall we take three or all four?" Now they have many tanks, if not as many as they think they need. Most are state of the art and are made in Switzerland. The tanks do not yet have laser fire control, but they will be acquiring it soon. The principal Swiss artillery piece is a self-propelled howitzer made in the United States. They call it "the American gun." To increase the shooting distance, they have changed the tube. Whether they design their own equipment or buy it, they act with extreme care, always looking for simplicity. They chose the



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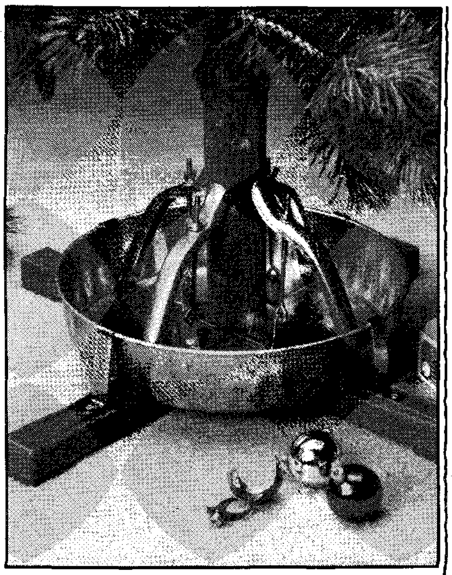

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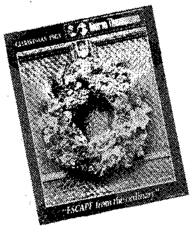

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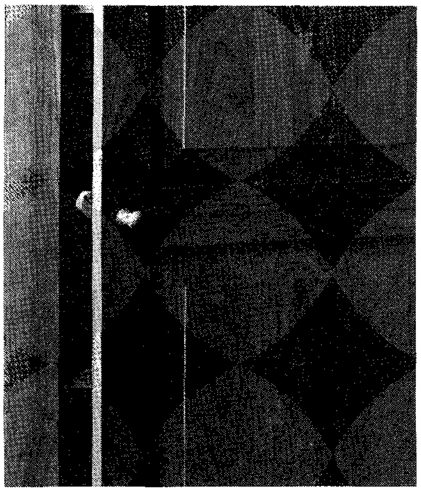
The valley narrows where the river has cut a gorge. At Grengiols, we cross a small bridge some two hundred feet above the water and follow a road chipped out of cliffs. Down the couloirs opposite, streams fall straight through forests under the skyline rock and on through green meadows to the Rhone. Farms are widely spread through the meadows. The rock above the tree line is largely covered with snow. The scene rises so steeply it seems painted on a curtain or a wall. From time to time, Haflingers, Pinzgauers, jeeps go by, providing glimpses of hats beribboned with gold. Officers ride. Soldiers walk. Up the road a few kilometres is Lax. The major needs to know how large a military force could go past Lax without going through it. How much negotiable space is there in the level part of the valley? We will climb a thousand feet or so in order to form an opinion. The patrol will also choose a site for a new command post. Before attempting such a climb, they have thirst to be taken care of, and rest is called for, too. Close behind a small barn, in a meadow of purple dianthus, the patrol lies down. The barn is only a few metres wide but is an adequate screen from the Haflingers, Pinzgauers, and jeeps. It is written that no soldier out on patrol may go into a public building except on official business. So who will risk le trou to fetch some beer from Lax? Glances fly back and forth, cancelling one another out, until all eyes rest on the American observer.

A third of a mile from the barn, I find a market in the outskirts of town. I buy five litres of beer, and hold them like babies as I go back up the road. There is gratitude behind the barn, a certain something unspoken, too—a clear indication that, as General Guisan might put it, I have begun to think Swiss. I have earned my first cattle bell, and things look good for an oak-leaf cluster.

A boy happens by on a bicycle. Massy calls to him and offers him beer. Eagerly, he comes around the barn and drinks. He is seventeen, possibly. Most of his hair is dyed orange, and the remainder is Chinese red. As he drinks, an earring sways from one ear.

We climb now, away from the road, past a few houses and on into steep woods. Two small children come running out of a house and, following us, shout, "Bis . . . cuits! Bis . . . cuits! Bis . . . cuits!" By custom, kindly



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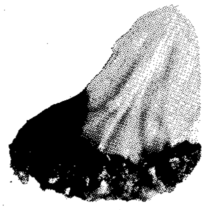

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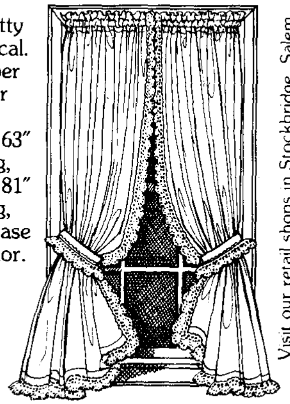

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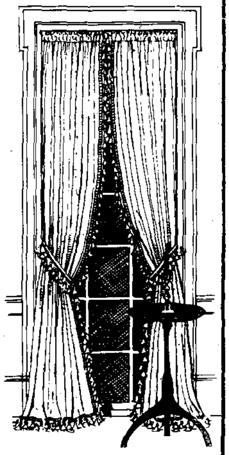

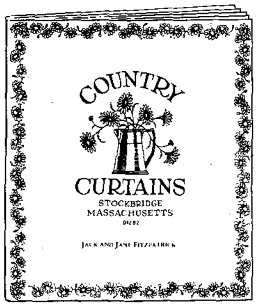

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Swiss soldiers give cookies to kids. All we have to give them is beer. After a while, they abandon the chase, and their cries fade slowly behind us. "Bis . . . cuits! Bis . . . cuits!"

Lax is lovely from far above—a tall clock tower, an opulent ancient Valais town. Near a white church steeple, a lone maple blazes red-orange against a dark-green meadow. Renseignement: not much of an army could go past Lax without plowing through it. The valleysides are too abrupt. Far below us, among the chalets and barns, the cattle and meadows, we see rifles stacked outside tents, a dozen soldiers—no less expectable in a Swiss landscape than the ecclesiastical cows.

We descend obliquely through forest and pasture, cross the rails of the Furka-Oberalp, and continue up the Rhone. The light is falling as we go. It is dark when we reach the edge of Fiesch, with one more assignment to complete. There is a hydroelectric plant beside the river, but the water in the turbines is not from the Rhone. It comes from high in the Alps above, through a penstock drilled in the rock. The battalion needs to know the plant's capacity. It needs to know from exactly what place in the mountains the water descends. It needs to know if there are rungs or steps—some sort of catwalk—in the penstock. But the hydroelectric plant is closed and dark. The air is cold now, and fanned by the fast-moving river. We are standing on a bridge leading to a locked door, and there is nothing to do but shiver.

Headlights turn toward us from the valley road. Miraculously, a Volkswagen Beetle descends to the power-plant bridge, crosses, parks; and a bearded man with a clipboard gets out and goes inside. Lights come on. The control room has tall plate-glass windows. We see him reading meters. Denis Schyrr and Pierre Pera follow him inside, but the engineer speaks no French and they speak no German. Of the five men in the patrol, only Jean-Bruno Wettstein speaks German. At the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, in Zurich, he learned agronomy in German. Wettstein talks to the engineer. He learns that if a company of soldiers had to do it they could climb the mountain on the inside.

WHILE Massy and the others are out on patrol, mortars pound the Mattertal, and the enemy is swept with pink tracers in the Val d'Anniviers. Soldiers with rifles and khaki rope belay down a cliff above Sim-

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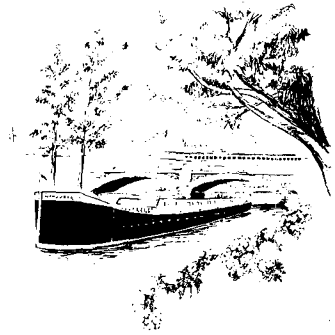

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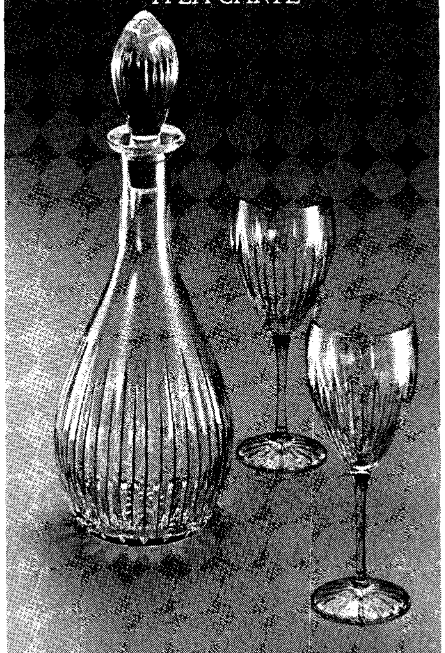

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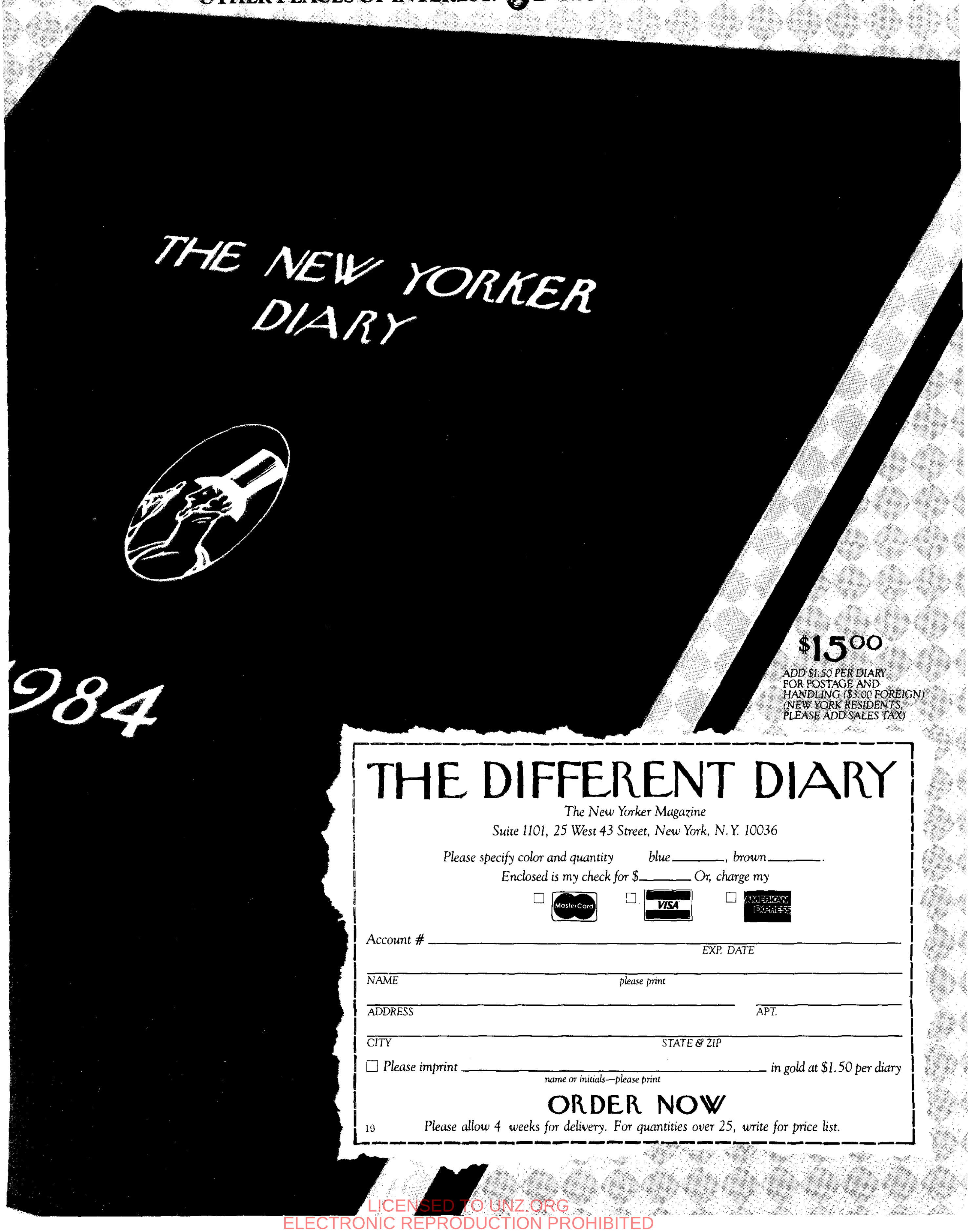

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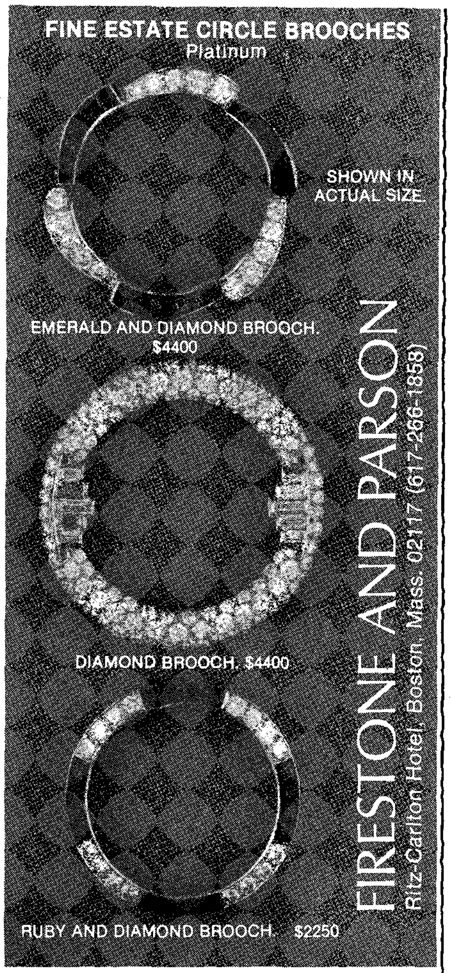
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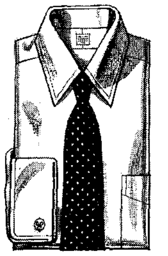
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plon Pass—hanging like spiders at the end of their silk. The Swiss forces are well spread out—each of the five companies in a battalion averaging, say, nine kilometres from the nearest of the four others, with the result that the army is less vulnerable to the enemy and more visible to everyone else. As any tourist can testify, the Swiss Army is probably the most visible army in the world. In every part of the upper Valais, soldiers are in action.

Each new day adds to the complexity of this multiple-exercise montage. Fusiliers begin to move in coördination with machine guns and, before long, with mortars—soldiers on their stomachs under other soldiers' bullets: machine-gun bullets shifting back and forth from one target to another while advancing fusiliers send bursts from their assault rifles; the two layers of fire conjoin.

The Swiss make the claim that they do things in exercises no other army would do. No one disputes the claim. The Swiss are the sort of people who like to shoot apples off one another's heads. Bullets fly close. Grenades explode close. Artillery and mortar shells drop nearby. Flamethrowers throw flames above crawling soldiers. When American troops in training crawl under machine-gun fire, the barrels of the guns are resting on metal supports below which they physically cannot move. Swiss machine guns are set up without constraints, exactly as in battle. A machine gunner has told me that he fired twenty-two thousand rounds in a single hour over the heads of other soldiers. He said the only accident he could remember happened when someone in his company fired a mortar over a mountain and into the next valley, where the shell exploded and killed a cow. In rounds fired—a military statistic of the first importance—the Swiss Army compares favorably with all other armies. Ammunition is expensive. Use of it begets skill in the use of it. Rounds fired is a classified matter everywhere, because analysts use the numbers to assess preparedness.

One afternoon, the military attachés went into the Canton de Fribourg to watch hundred-and-six-millimetre recoilless rifles being fired at targets across a public road. Automobiles were on the road. In case anyone should be wondering, it was explained that the drivers were travelling at their own risk, because notices had been posted—"AVIS DE TIR"—in the nearest communities to one side and the other. Machine gunners behind the attachés

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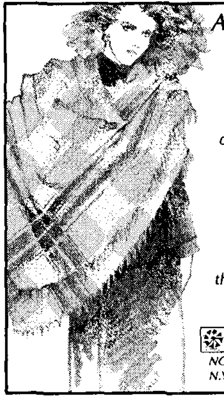
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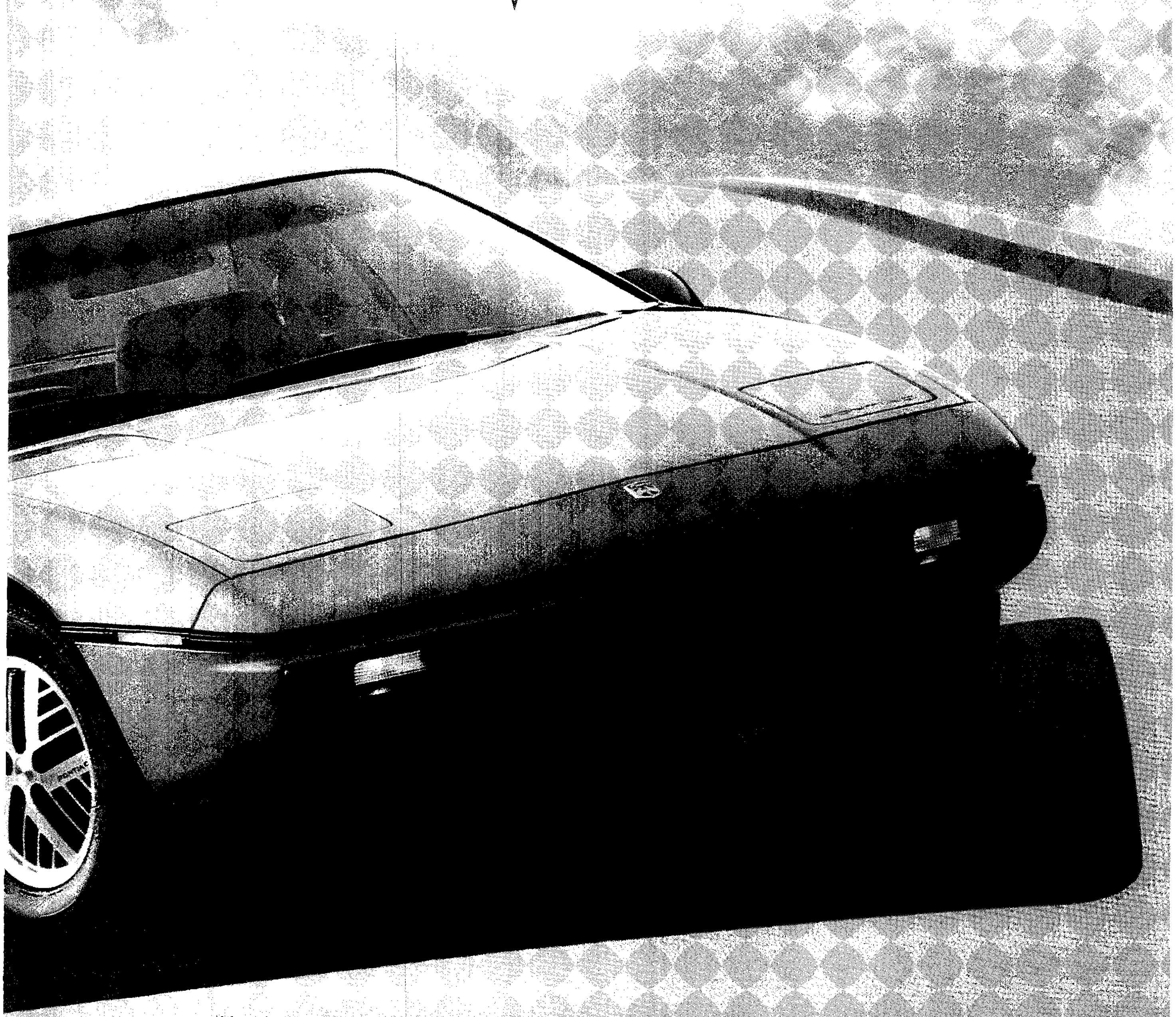

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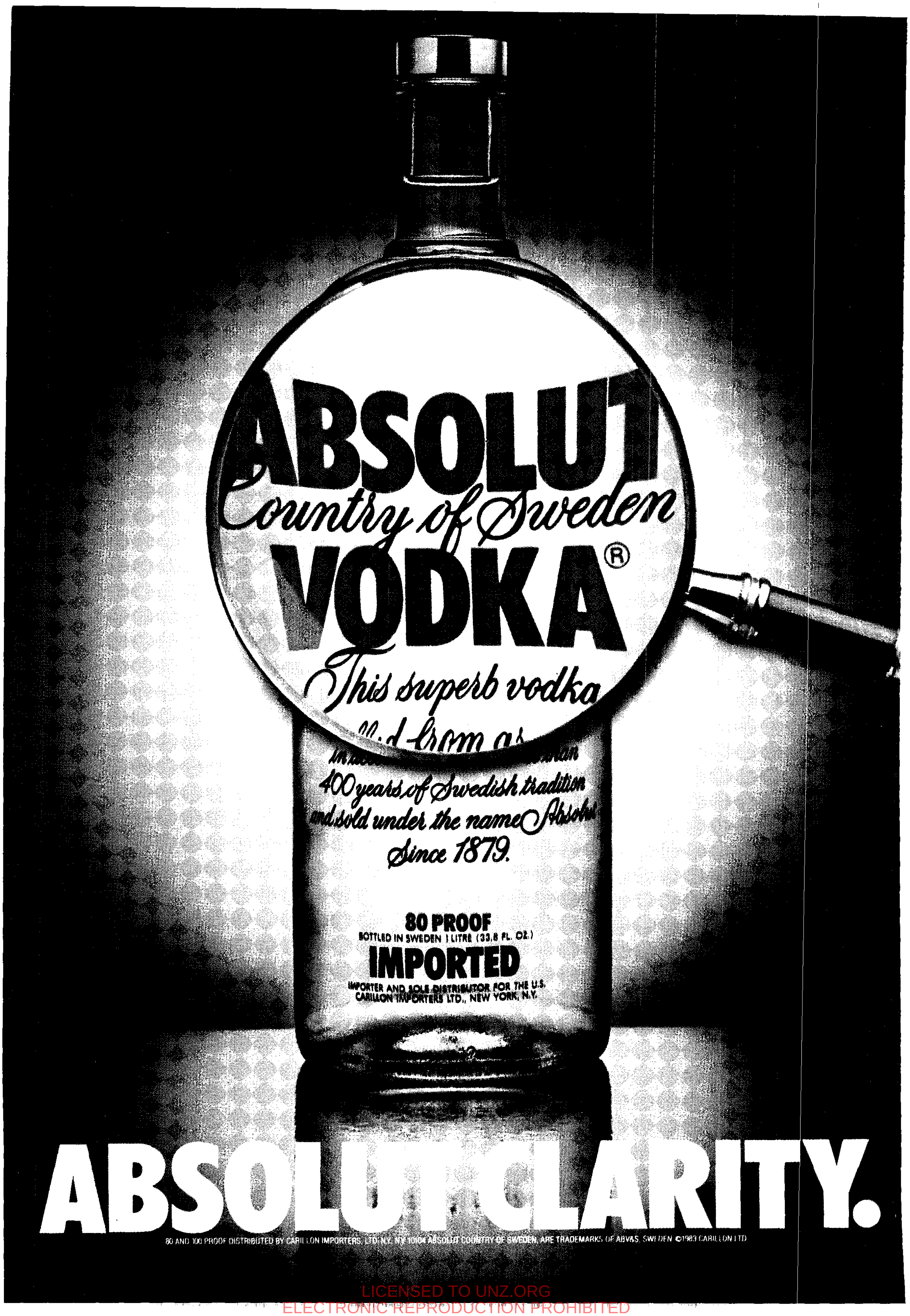

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opened fire over their heads. "I was ready to hit the dirt," one of them said later. "I've been shot at before." A platoon of Swiss riflemen moved forward under the machine-gun fire. Another platoon, off to the right, was contributing rifle fire, too. As the first group moved ever farther forward, the riflemen to the right smoothly adjusted their fire so the bullets would not hit the advancing platoon. All these soldiers were essentially novices, in their fourth week of basic training.

Families sometimes visit units in training and watch them perform exercises. Several months ago, a blank mortar shell bounced off a wall and killed the fiancée of a soldier. Artillery shells, lost in high ground, have been fatal to hikers. Now and again, soldiers die in accidents in army vehicles, and not long ago a soldier fell off a rope bridge and drowned in a river. A woman in Geneva once told me that a friend of her family had lost three fingers to a grenade, and she added bitterly, "It seems so unnecessary when he's never going to have to fight a war."

Her husband lowered his fork. He said, "You hope he's never going to have to fight a war."

Under the Schwarzbergalp, above the Mattmarksee, machine guns, grenades, and rifles in concert open fire. The soldiers seem a little absurd, wearing brown-black-green-and-red camouflage capes in two feet of October snow. In winter, they wear white. The enemy approaches. They respond by throwing snowballs. It is a way of indicating to others where they mean to throw grenades. Now a smoke puff the shape and color of an eggplant comes up from a grenade—and another, and another—while echoes crash on the Schwarzbergalp and avalanches drop like veils.

Machine guns blaze in the Lengtal, four hundred metres above Lax. A helicopter touches down, carrying the Divisionnaire, a councillor of state of the Canton de Vaud, and other itinerant observers. The pilot is asked to move. He has landed on the target. He hops to safer ground—near a tall freestanding white cross, beside the church of the village of Heiligkreuz. Over the ridge, in the Rappetal, rifles, bazookas, and grenades are filling a ravine with smoke and splintered steel. The soldiers are tired, having climbed at night into this cold valley. Arriving before dawn, they slept a few hours on the ground—a student,

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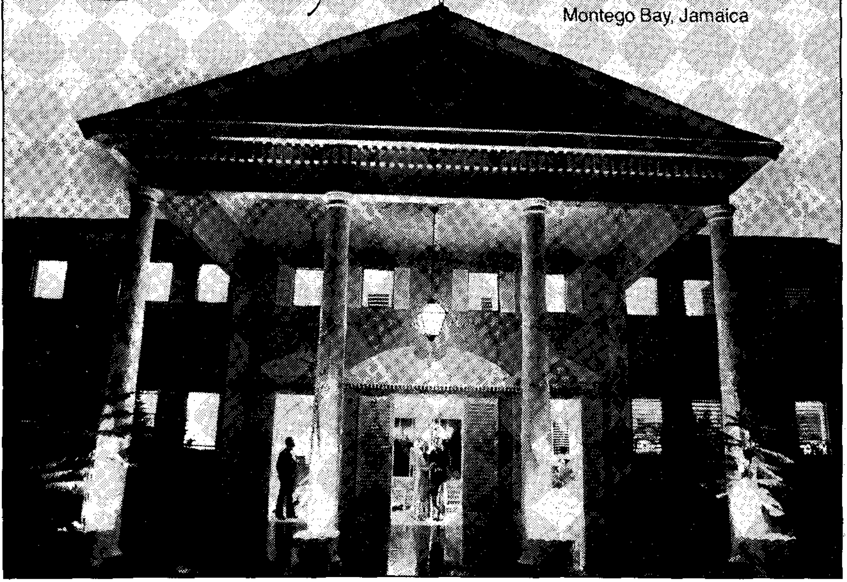

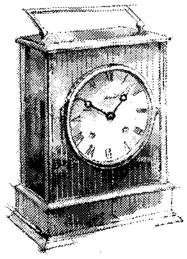

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a butcher, a gardener, an electrician, two farmers. Routinely, soldiers will walk all night in hard rain in order to reach the mountain setting from which they will attack. After arriving, they wash, shave. They prepare and eat hot food. They clean and oil their rifles. Still sleepless, they go into action—in logical formation, with eight to ten yards separating each man from the next. Unskilled soldiers will advance in bunches, congealed by herd instinct. Fire one shot at them and they all spread out—like the Swiss, who lack war experience but are well trained.

On a high slope of the Mattertal, three thousand feet above the valley floor, the noonday sun is shining, and the air is still and warm. Small barns, roofed with slabs of slate, go down to the river like stepping stones. From under a camouflage net, a carpenter fires a mortar vaguely toward the Matterhorn. The Matterhorn appears to be a railroad spike driven through the earth from the other side, or, with its canted summit, the beckoning finger of God. The helicopter ignores the Matterhorn, and, climbing a higher mountain, rises up the face of the Weisshorn. It climbs the rock a grain at a time. It hangs like a lamp before the wall of granite gneiss—Weisshorn: fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-two feet—and then floats across the summit ridge into the Val d'Anniviers.

Major Jaussi is there, at eight thousand feet, with his machine guns firing. The guns are shifting rapidly from target to target, firing their tracers into rock. "We have old machine guns," Jaussi remarks. "But in the mountains you need strong material. And these are very precise." They weigh seventeen kilograms. Their tripods weigh sixteen kilograms. Their ammunition (six hundred rounds for each gun) weighs twenty-seven kilograms. All this has been carried up here on the shoulders of the crews. The guns fire in three-second bursts—fifty bullets a burst. Major Jaussi inserts his words between bullets. "The enemy has been discovered," he says. "We want to make surprise fire. Therefore, the two machine guns must open fire together." Automatic rifles join in. Bullets rain into a north-facing cirque across a stream called the Torrent du Marais.

On even higher ground across the valley—the top of a five-hour climb—soldiers are advancing beside an avenue of machine-gun fire into a cirque

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that is rouged with alpenglow. In two feet of snow, eight soldiers, two with bazookas, cross a rise, fall prone, open fire.

An atomic bomb has exploded in Zweisimmen. The ubiquitous Major Jaussi is now in a village basement, in a house he is using for a command post, deep in the valley. He has received orders to move his battalion to Château-d'Oex, using only mountain routes, for all movement by road is impossible. Overnight and into tomorrow, he and his captains and lieutenants have to figure out how to do it, and get the battalion started, and plan an attack from Gstaad. Captain Ernst Sturzenegger sits beside him. Words are sharp, formal, intensely serious. It is an exercise of the brain of the battalion. The battalion's A.B.C. man—atomic, biological, chemical expert—has already calculated the fallout and what routes to follow. "This is a test of the leaders in a stress situation, close to the real thing," Jaussi explains. Around the building are coils of barbed wire. There are wooden barricades. Airport-size searchlights, at eye level, periodically come on and sweep the night, sweep from house to house in the village. In the clips of the sentries' rifles, the bullets are no less real than they are in the mountains.

A HUNDRED kilometres to the northeast, red helicopters have landed on the Rigi, bringing troops to join a battle in the valley below. On any given day, there is a battle almost anywhere, for "Switzerland does not have an army, Switzerland is an army," as the Swiss are wont to say. The enemy main force is coming down from Lake Constance and is using gas. The Rigi and the Rossberg are subalpine mountains that flank the Valley of Arth and Goldau, south of the Zuger See—in Schwyz, the forest canton for which the Confederation was named. Red tanks are moving south into the valley against established Swiss positions, while red infantry moves along the slopes of the two mountains to close in on the Swiss in pincer attack with the tanks.

The Swiss force is a Landwehr brigade—men in the thirty-three-to-forty-two age group, by dint of time no longer élite. Landwehr brigades are not mobile, like the élite troops. Landwehr brigades do their refresher training in the place they would defend in war. The exact territory of a Landwehr brigade is classified, but for Infantry Battalion 188 it is more or less

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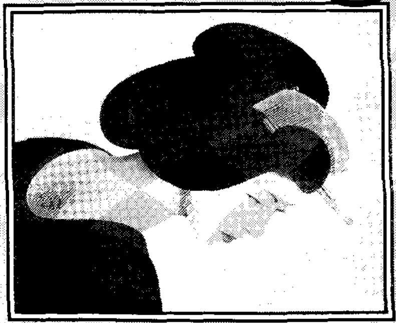

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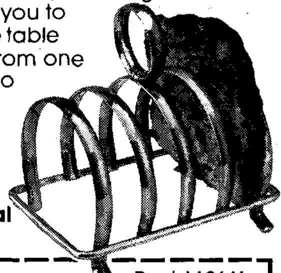

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this valley. In a deep fog, the soldiers are dug in and fighting. Many are in foxholes, with fresh dirt piled beside them. Spread out in ones and twos, they cannot see from foxhole to foxhole. Visibility is less than a hundred feet. The fog is cut only by the throat-clearing sounds of automatic rifles, of machine guns ripping like surgical tape. A man in a gas mask is dug in beside a road in Oberarth. He is under a camouflage net, and he wears a camouflage cape. Intently, he watches the road, all but a bit of it obscure. He has an assault rifle in his hands, and when the enemy tanks come into view he will use it to fire anti-tank grenades. He has waited long, and no tanks have appeared. A man on a bicycle emerges suddenly from the fog—a civilian, middle-aged, with a pipe in his mouth. He rides by, does not seem to notice the soldier, and disappears quickly back into the fog. Across the road is an orchard, and each tree—apple, cherry—is more distinct than the one behind it, evanescing in the fog. Close behind the foxhole, two cows appear, clinking. In their curiosity, they extend their heads under the camouflage net and on either side of the soldier. All three watch the road.

The fog suddenly lifts, all in a moment, as if a light had been switched on in a room. There are sidewalks, houses, apartment buildings, light industry, a school. A Gulf gasoline station is just up the road. There are people on the sidewalks, people on bicycles, a woman behind a baby carriage. The battle is waging not in some remote alpine cirque but in the precincts of a populous town. Now there is more rifle fire, machine-gun fire. No one so much as looks up. Conversations on the sidewalks do not even pause. The sound might as well be the sound of rumbling trucks. In this community, battlefield noise is just background noise—routine, possibly reassuring. Citizen army at work. Everyone knows the ammunition is blank.

The fog has dropped again, as rapidly as it lifted. The soldier in the gas mask is an electrician, and he wonders if I am legitimate. I am accompanied by Lieutenant Siegward Strub, a friend from Basel, who arranged for me to be here. The soldier turns upon him the flat-glass stare of the gas mask. Strub's uniform notwithstanding, the soldier seems to be wondering if Strub is a lieutenant. The soldier demands identification. Strub gets out his wallet, offers his papers, and makes a note to

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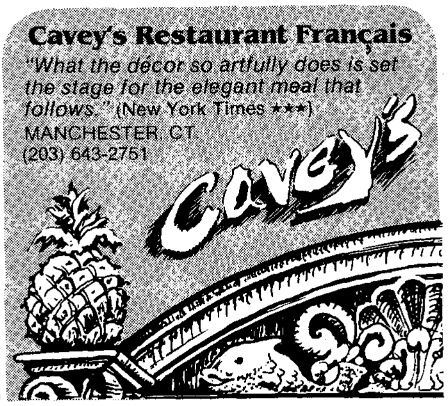

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commend the soldier. To see a Landwehr brigade—and, incidentally, a German-speaking battalion—I have taken a day off from the high mountains and journeyed into the fog. The battle can be followed by ear—by listening to the artillery and the mortars, by listening to the machine guns and the rifles, and, most of all, by listening to Strub. He grew up in Goldau, a mile up the road, and now, in effect, has returned with the brigade to defend his home. Walking through the orchard, we come upon machine-gun nests equipped with anti-aircraft tripods—the better to bring down helicopters. The fog is now so deep the guns could not bring down an apple. The men—two in a nest—are under camouflage nets and are wrapped in camouflage capes as they lie beside their machine guns. They look middle-aged, thin on top, well fed. They have periscope binoculars and infrared sights. Somewhere out there in the fog, red infantry is creeping in, hoping to surprise them. The machine gunners, quietly talking, do not appear to be nervous.

"It's in the air," one of them says. "Something will happen soon."

"What is in the air?" says the other.

"Fog."

For the moment, cowbells in the orchard are the only sound. There is an occasional burst from an automatic rifle. The machine gunners have been in the nests most of the night and day. They take turns going off to a stable to sleep in sleeping bags on straw.

Moving on under the branches of plums, walnuts, and pears, Lieutenant Strub and I soon see in the mist the tall marching columns of the Autobahn to Saint Gotthard crossing a crease in the side of the Rigi. We can scarcely see the outline of the roadway. We hear only the wave-lap swish of the cars as they pass overhead. The road is a four-lane highway to the most strategic Swiss alpine pass, and so it is not surprising that in one of the support columns is a pair of metal doors. Strub looks questioningly at me, and I tell him I know what they are. He says that the miners (the demolitionists) are back in the fog somewhere: in houses, or out-of-doors under nets—in any case, well hidden, he has no idea where. He says the miners are the most secretive people in the army, and when he is having a beer with them and casually asks questions they have no answer for two out of three. For example, he has asked how many metres of this bridge would fall

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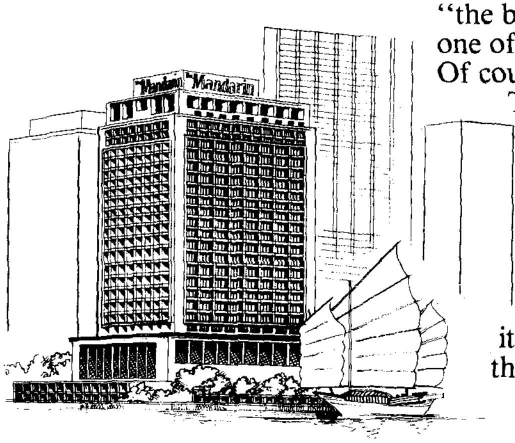

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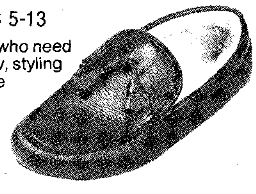

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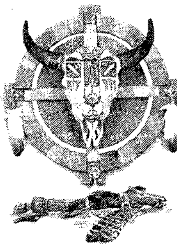

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into the orchard if the reds were on their way to the pass. No answer. In their hideouts, meanwhile, the miners have nothing much to do, so they shuffle a deck and play Jass. It is a game with partners and trumps and what have you—a sort of bridge demolishers' bridge. Strub says, "It helps kill time efficiently." Who but the Swiss would have such a talent?

"We say in Switzerland, 'In every country, there is an army; here it is better to have our army than another one,' " Strub remarks, offering his endorsement of the military enterprise. He is a slender man in his thirties with bright brown eyes, a dark mustache, and thick prematurely gray hair that rises straight from his forehead before yielding to gravity and tumbling to the rear. His father was a railway engineer, operating the precision instruments that in other countries are known as trains. Sigi—as Lieutenant Strub is called—went to the University of Zurich and developed an interest in classical genetics. He found that virtually every important paper in the field had been written in English. Translations by and large did not exist. So he began reading English—novels, newspapers. For the better part of four years, he avoided his native German and every other language but English. When he presented his doctoral dissertation to the faculty in Zurich, the dissertation was in English. It was called "Developmental Potentials of Male Fore-Leg Imaginal Disks of Drosophila Melanogaster," and on the strength of it he won a postdoctoral fellowship at the University of California, Irvine. Later, he taught at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island. Now he is licensing manager for the pharmaceutical division of Sandoz, in Basel. He likens the Landwehr to a net, always in place. "I know exactly where, if the Russians come, I will fight. In this battalion are country people. With them, there is an *x* and a *y* axis and maybe a *z* axis, and that's it. If I had to face a war, I would like it to be with these people. If a lieutenant went ahead, they would follow. We come from this canton and are integrated into the general society here—more, sometimes, than we like, for the supply of schnapps is so constant. In Basel, we drink coffee with kirsch in it. Here we drink kirsch with coffee in it."

The fog is away again, and now we can see not only the Autobahn over the orchard but also the passenger trains

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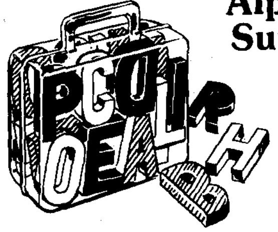

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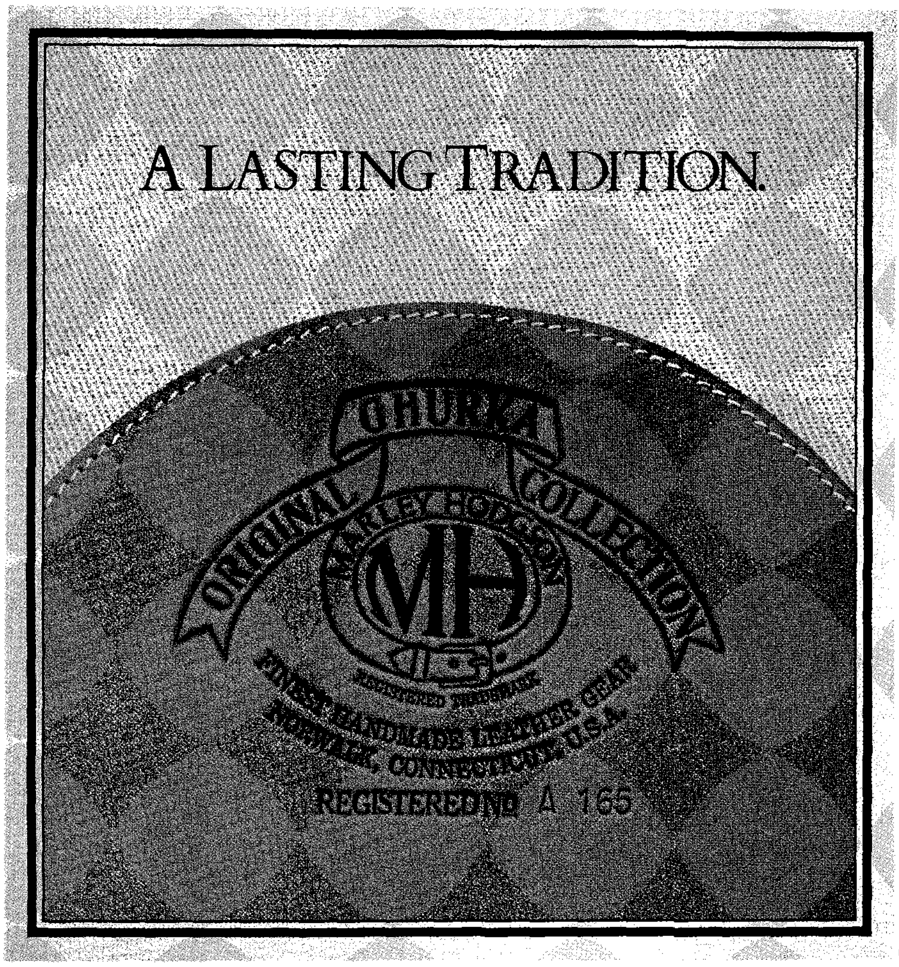

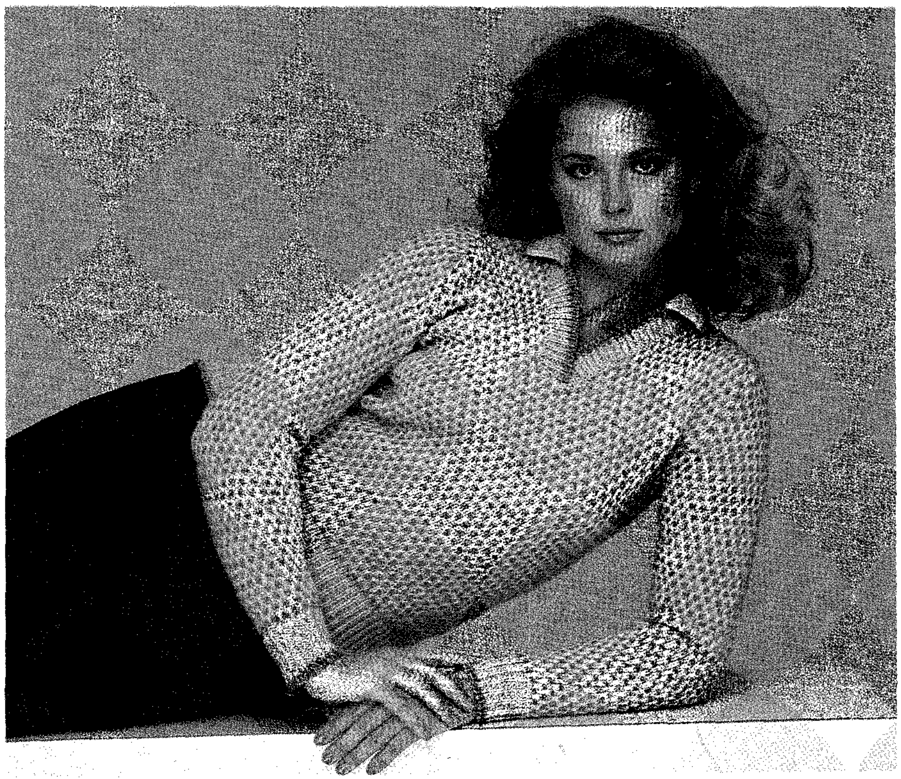
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on the side of the Rigi, going to or coming from Saint Gotthard. They slide by in comparative silence. They run on falling water. There is a tunnel. Soldiers are ready with bazookas, grenades, and automatic rifles to hit anything that happens to come through it. Machine guns and rifles are firing in the orchard. When machine guns erupt, the tempo of the cowbells does *not* increase. A woman with a small child drives among the trees in a station wagon. Bazookas are trained on the road, ready for the tanks. If little Haflingers appear, they are meant to be Schützenpanzers—eleven-and-a-half-ton tanks that can go sixty-five kilometres an hour carrying a twenty-millimetre cannon and seven grenadiers. If Pinzgauers appear, they are meant to be heavy tanks. If Fiats appear, they had best be ignored.

Again, the fog drops heavily. After Mark Twain was on the Rigi, in 1878, he wrote, "The fog lifted and showed us a well-worn path which led up a very steep rise to the left. We took it, and as soon as we had got far enough from the railway to render the finding it again an impossibility, the fog shut down on us once more." Fog favors the attacking side. The guns become relatively quiet—an occasional pop . . . pop . . . pop. While Strub goes off to perform as a referee, I climb a knoll and pass the time with Major Othmar Huber, who hands me his card. Honeywell, Zurich. Like Strub, he grew up here. He once led artillery units, and is now in charge of infantry munitions. The fog has become so thick I cannot see thirty feet beyond him. We are alone on this knoll, like deserted sailors on an island. "We prepare for something well and hope it never happens," he is saying. "We think it necessary. When a Lebanon, a Falklands, an Afghanistan occurs, we analyze each. We try to transform the experience to our purposes."

The fluctuating fog is in recession again, and Strub and other officers are talking in a circle by the school. Close to them, a soldier lies prone on the ground. He has cut some branches from a bush and arranged them over his bazooka. The situation makes him smile. His name is Urs Märchy, and he is a salesman for Sulzer Brothers, Zurich. Two young boys walk by, glance at him without comment or apparent interest—a man with a bazooka lying on the ground outside their school. An old man with a walking stick pays even less attention. The machine gunners we talked with in the orchard are now officially dead. Red infantry surprised them from behind. Their lieutenant died with them. In Strub's unit, half the men are gone. The others are regrouping, blaming the fog. While the officers confer, I stand a little apart, rapidly writing notes. Between my nose and my notepad, there suddenly appears the muzzle of a Sturmgewehr. I look up into the unsmiling eyes of a soldier.

"Sigi! Sigi!"

Strub sees what is happening, comes over, and explains. Leo Fässler, foreman in a factory on the Greifensee, lowers the gun.

IT is five hours after midnight, and in absolute darkness the Section de Renseignements sleeps—a deep agglomerate sleep, without a stir. The door opens at one end of the room. Light falls on the nearer bunks. A corporal with a bullhorn voice calls out, "Messieurs, bonjour!"

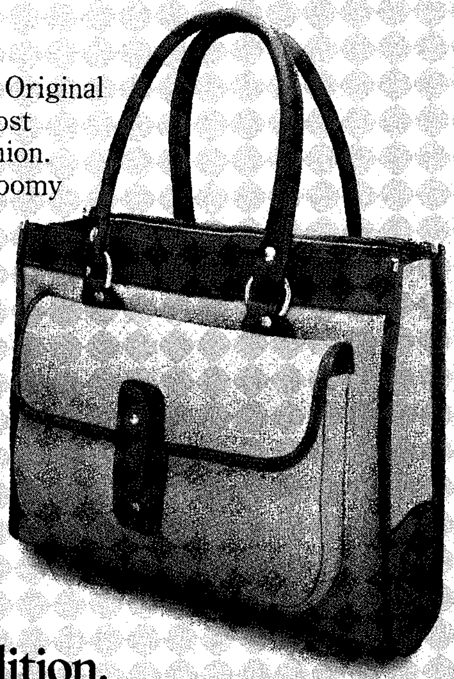
Reveille is not known by that name here. Here it is called la diane. Call it what you will, the response is complete silence.

Ten minutes later, the corporal tries again. In the continuing silence, Massy alone concedes that he is conscious. Staring upward into the black, he says, "Il fait beau."

Minutes later, the corporal reappears in the doorway and sternly orders everyone up. When the corporal is gone, Massy remarks, "He is thinking that he is a general."

No one else has complained, moaned, stretched, turned over, lifted his head, sat up—or, in fact, moved. When Lieutenant Wyssa arrives, he says exactly nothing, and they begin to stir. They dress, fill their packs. They breakfast on bread and fruit confections. They receive their assignments, calculate intineraries, and prepare for an arduous day. The enemy is everywhere—threatening passes, threatening the hanging valleys, threatening the riparian landscapes of the Rhone. A command post has been established in a small garage in a private home. In addition to the usual note-taking and sketchmaking and assessments of bridges and barns, the patrol today will carry a transceiver and report to the command post coded descriptions of activity in the Valais.

The sky is heavy, but there is brightness at the southern edge. With their packs and assault rifles, the patrol



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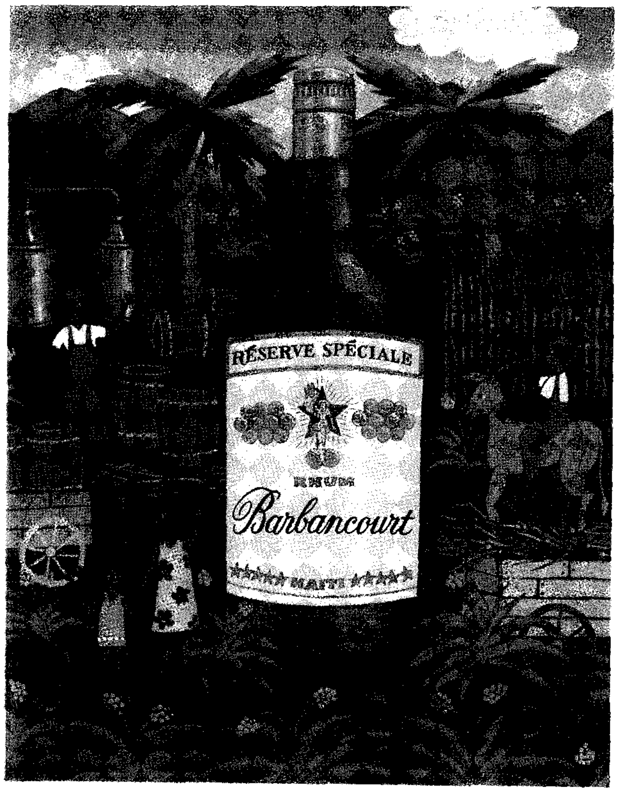

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sets out. Walking downhill—among cattle and barns and apple trees in fruit—Jean-Bruno Wettstein tells me that during my absence the Section de Renseignements was visited by Divisionnaire Tschumy. "He said he believed that Switzerland must be defended from the borders by the army. He said a lot of young people, basing their views on Che Guevara and the French Maquis, think guerrilla warfare is the answer, but actually to depend from the outset on guerrilla warfare is to permit your cities to be occupied, and therefore to capitulate. He said, 'We don't want to be occupied. The army must be prepared to meet an invader head-on, because guerrilla warfare is particularly hard on civilians.' The Swiss remember Oradour, the French village that was almost totally murdered—and many similar examples. I believe Tschumy is right. Tschumy is realistic. The Maquis may have been somewhat effective, but their country was already occupied."

A light rain begins to fall. Taking shelter under the tall concrete pillars of the elevated Simplon road, the soldiers put on rain gear, and turn on the transceiver to send their first coded message: "THE REDS ARE USING POISON GAS AT GRIMSELPASS."

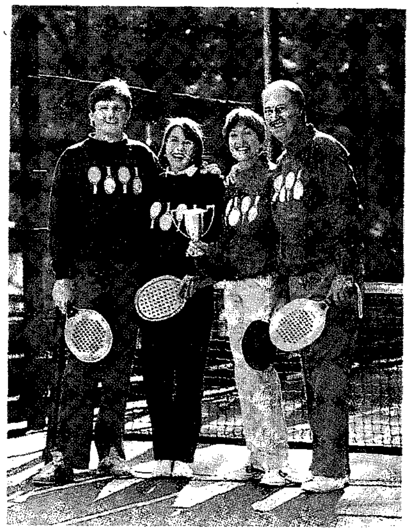
The code consists of three-digit numbers, which represent phrases that are recorded in a top-secret book. An infantry battalion, for example, is a 200. A message might read, "200 206 195 495 202 322 999." One does not easily learn to compose such tight prose, and in the Section de Renseignements there is particular need for practice.

"ROUGE A PARACHUTÉ SUR GRIMSELPASS."

"We are Boy Scouts," Wettstein comments as the message goes out.

They are, at any rate, four today—Massy, Wettstein, Pillard, and Pierre Gabus, a Geneva lawyer. They are descending into Brig—Roman Brig, staging point for travellers preparing to cross the Simplon, a historically imbricate town. To walk to its center from the outside is to go from basketball courts and light industry into neighborhoods of the nineteenth and eighteenth centuries and on into Renaissance vestiges and cobblestoned medieval streets. In the covered Metzgergasse, the soldiers step out of the rain and transmit another message: "RED ARTILLERY IS HITTING THE NUFENENPASS."

They have leaned their rifles against



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THE MAGAZINE OF COOKING IN AMERICA

the window of a textile shop, in front of a display of cotton sweatshirts, on one of which is lettered "U.S. Baseball New York."

"U.S. cultural infiltration," Wettstein remarks. "That is a typical Swiss shirt."

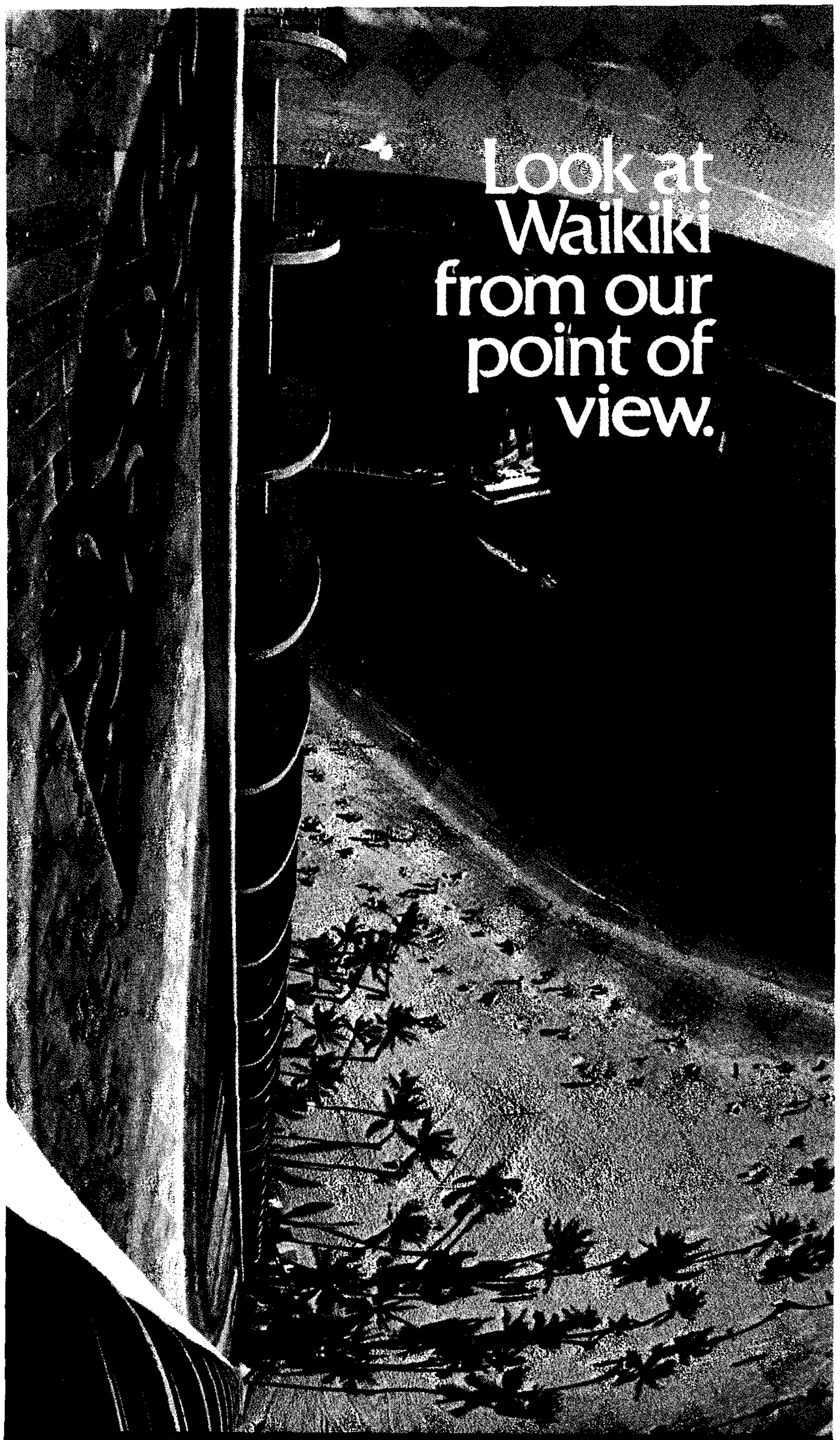
It is true. In all parts of Switzerland, people wear shirts that say "California University" or "Florida University" or "New York University." One afternoon among the walking rich on the Bahnhofstrasse in Zurich, I saw a tall young woman roasting and selling chestnuts, her ocean-swell breasts filling a Harvard sweatshirt.

The rain stops. The patrol moves on, and passes a Bridge of Sighs connecting two parts of a seventeenth-century palace. Wettstein says, "Now forget the army for a minute and look at that."

In Sebastiansplatz, everyone stops to drink at the fountain commemorating George Chávez, the first man to fly out of Switzerland and cross the Alps in an airplane. He crashed and died on the other side.

On the Bahnhofstrasse of Brig are many shoppers, none of whom shows any surprise on seeing a patrol of soldiers with assault rifles coming down the street, just as the citizens of Oberarth were not surprised to find a battle taking place in their town. Massy's attention is arrested by a Prontophot booth in the foyer of a Jelmoli store opposite the Walliser Kantonalbank. For a coin or two, the booth will produce a passport-size photograph. The soldiers stack their rifles against a table of dry flowers, for sale in bunches, two francs a bunch. All five of us, stacked one on another, under Massy's direction assemble in the booth. We freeze before the lens. While we wait for the picture, a message goes out, Prontophot booth to command post, now hear this: "ONE COMPANY OF MOTORIZED ENEMY FUSILIERS HAS LANDED IN HELICOPTERS BETWEEN MÜNSTER AND THE RHONE. AN ENEMY SECTION DE RENSEIGNEMENTS HAS CROSSED THE NIEDERWALD." It appears that we have a red rival.

Having traversed the city, the patrol reaches the Rhone—here a green running river with frequent patches of white. There are two bridges not far apart. Massy sketches them and records data on their structures and dimensions. The soldiers cross the river, walk downstream along the



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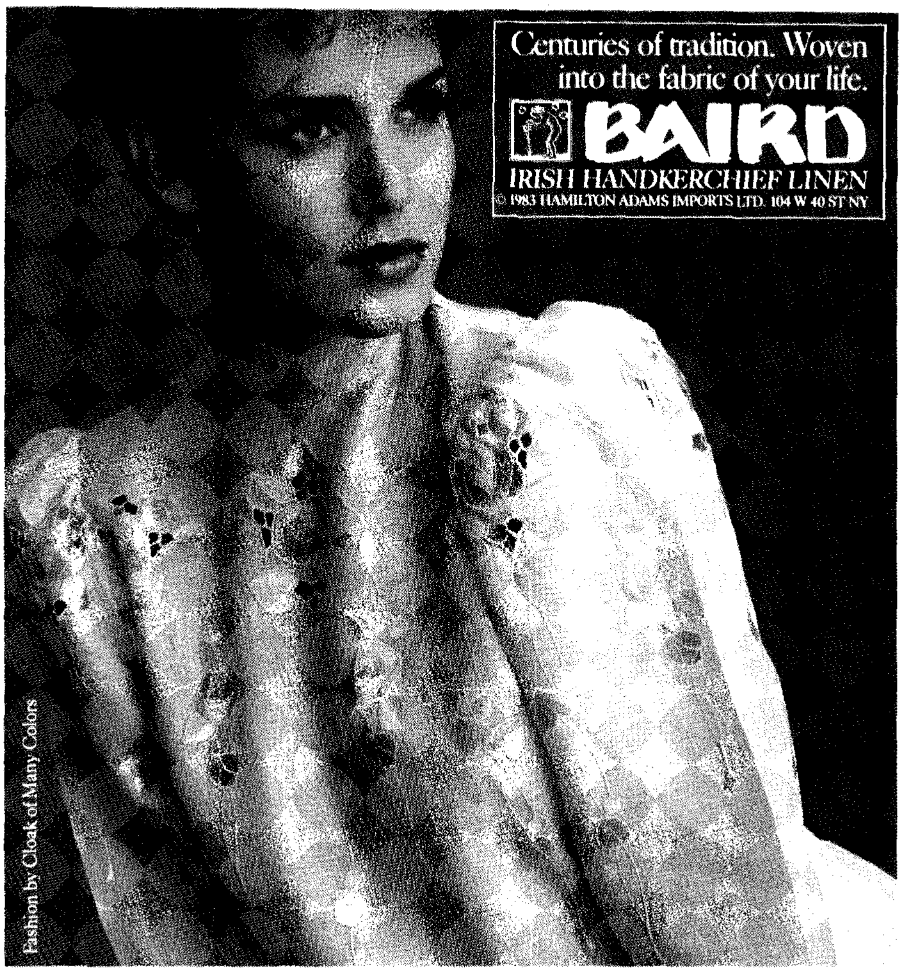
right bank, and stop to admire a big steel bucket that slides several hundred metres down a cable, splashes into the rapids, picks up a few tons of gravel, and emerges from the river to ascend to a cement plant. After the big steel bucket has made six round trips, they turn and face the Bernese Oberland. It begins only a few feet away, as the terrain rises sharply from the river.

According to instructions, the patrol is to climb some distance and check out possibilities. The first possibility is that we will fall off the cliffside into the Rhone. The climb is efficient, in the sense that almost every step is up. Where the going is particularly steep, there are cables to hang on to—put here, says Massy, by farmers. It is a trail of short switchbacks, now among scattered trees, now across rock face. Astonishingly soon, the view expands. The Rhone seems a long plunge below. In Brig, over the river, we can see the green where the battalion held its Prise du Drapeau, the marble yard, the Saltina coming down from Simplon, the twin dark holes of the railway tunnels to Italy. In the long perspective to the west, the walls of the Rhone Valley seem to come together and close. In the middle ground is the jet strip at Turtmann. Massy is reciting numbers into the walkie-talkie: "A COMPANY OF SWISS FUSILIERS IS WITH DIFFICULTY HOLDING TURTMANN." The sun comes and goes in a sky of breaking cloud.

In all, we climb about fourteen hundred feet before the terrain leans back—as a pronouncedly inclined alpage. The view is now panoptic—over the deep-set river to the white summits, the long front line of the Pennines leading the eye west. Twenty miles downstream, the valley bends slightly and cuts the view. Above the river, avalanche tracks stripe the mountainsides between dark gorges no machine could pass. The floor of the valley is groomed and industrial. There are rows of Lombardy poplars along airstrips that serve no city. This centerland of the Valais, with its vegetable fields and orchards, too—its apples and asparagus, tomatoes and pears—would appear to be an ultimate citadel for the democracy, where the nation could attempt an impregnable stand. As if the mountains were not barrier enough, ancient landslides have left their natural barricades at intervals down the valley.

A farmhouse near the alpage is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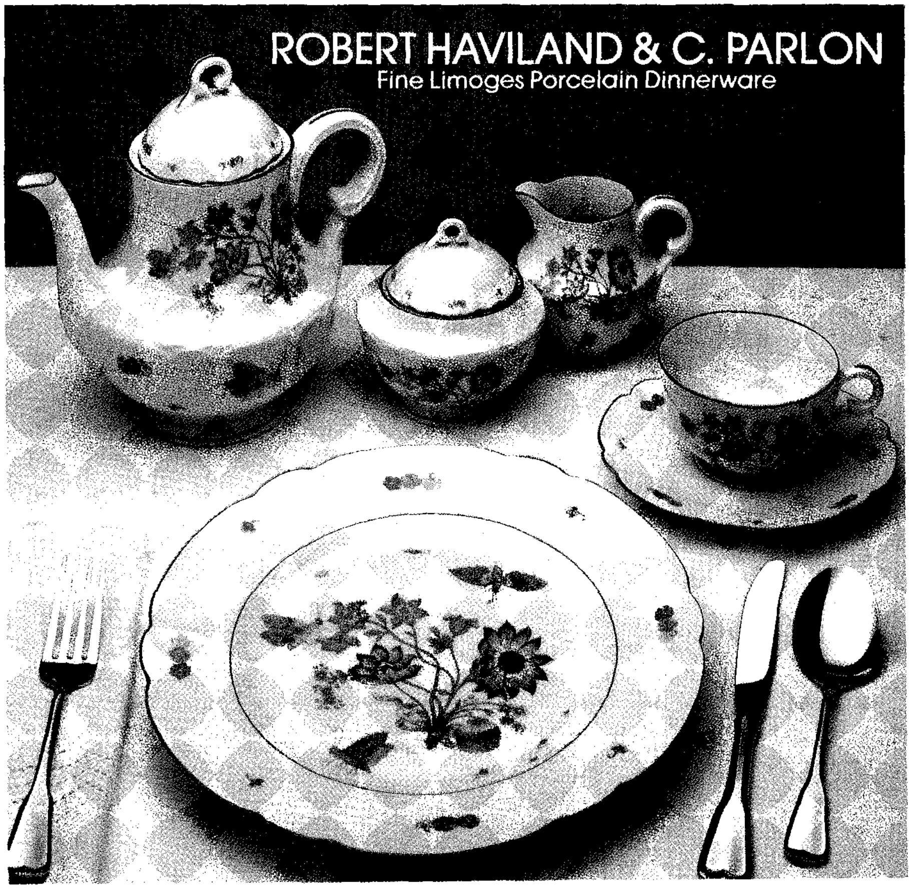
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checked out for water and habitation. There is enough of both for one company. We make our way on upward and—with some surprise, as always—climb onto a curving mountain road.

"A COMPANY OF FUSILIERS HAS PARACHUTED INTO THE NUFENENPASS."

We walk west about a kilometre, with the Pennine Alps to our left, the Rhone deep below, and come into a vertical village, stacked up facing the sun. There is a restaurant called Restaurant. Inside is a long table by a window looking at the mountains. In the restaurant's umbrella stand the patrol stands four assault rifles. Half-litre glasses of beer are soon on the table by the window. The prospect is giddy—a long fall down the mountainside and deep into le trou. I remember Lieutenant Strub saying, "Basically, with age, you become sly in the army, and you know in which restaurant you will find the soldiers, and the slyness is a military advantage if an enemy comes."

The walkie-talkie is set up on the table, its antenna inclining toward the light. Massy strings numbers with a pencil on a pad. He reports to the command post, "A COMPANY OF MOTORIZED RED FUSILIERS HAS DESCENDED FROM THE NUFENENPASS AND HAS REACHED ULRICHEN."

From Birgisch, as this village is called, the patrol is to return with an aerial sketch of the valley environs of Brig. Pierre Gabus looks out the window and draws one, deftly.

Fondue arrives—authoritative with kirsch and bubbling with the Fendant of Valais. An alcohol flame spreads flat on the bottom of the pot, browning the edges of the cheese inside. There is a transition from beer to wine. Massy pours. Wettstein says, "The army needs marginal people. They know that in an emergency if there's a job to be done we'll do it. That's why they leave us alone. We agree to walk and to shoot, but for us it is difficult to submit to discipline."

Long forks are flying. The fondue is surpassingly good. Four new customers have taken seats at a nearby table. They see the situation and are obviously amused. They are men, dressed in wool shirts, and are stopping in from work—farmers probably, at any rate civilians, but, of course, they are also in the army. They laugh. They jeer. They exhibit a mixture of mockery and empathy. When Massy lifts the transceiver and reads off a set

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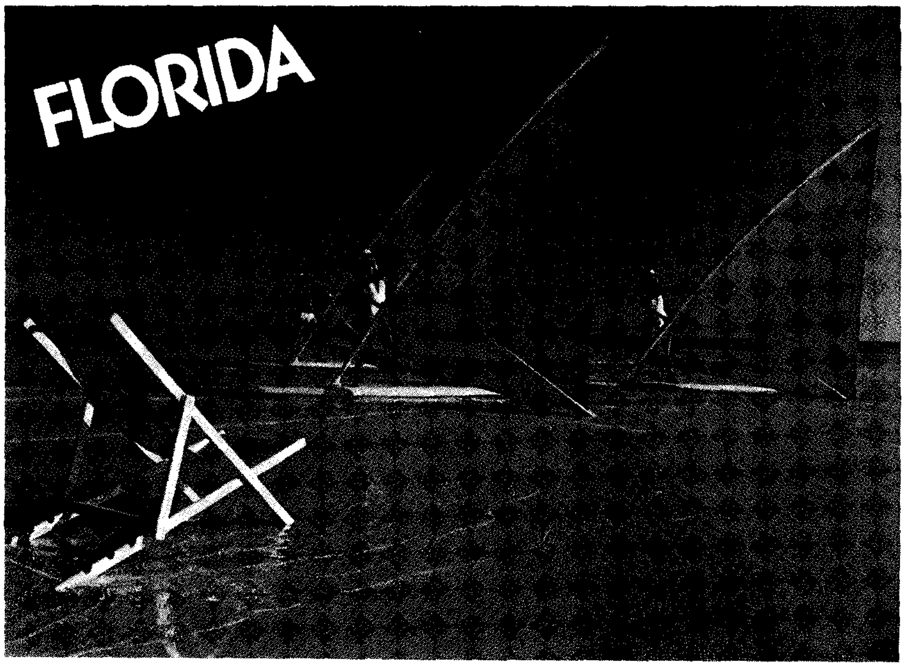

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of numbers, they moo in unison, helping the command post to imagine a bucolic scene.

"Moooo."

"LA GARE DE BRIGUE A ÉTÉ DÉTRUITE PAR LES SABOTEURS."

"Moooo."

"A BATTALION OF ENEMY MOTORIZED FUSILIERS HAS LANDED IN HELICOPTERS IN THE PLAIN OF THE RHONE BETWEEN TURTMANN AND THE RIVER."

"Compris! Compris! Moooo."

Massy holds the transceiver even higher, turns it upside down, and stirs the fondue with the antenna. He wipes it off and calls in another message: "A PEASANT IN OBERWALD HAS SEEN FOUR ARMORED CARS COMING OUT OF ST. NIKLAUS AND HEADING FOR THE VALLEY."

As the alcohol burns on, the golden crust is ever more delicious, scraped from the edge of the fondue. Dessert is coupe Danemark—four and a half francs' worth of whipped cream over ice cream under ductile chocolate. There are five wee glasses of kirsch.

Wettstein waxes declarative, saying, "This is the best day I have spent in the Swiss Army."

On winter marches in the time of the Borgias, it was thought that Swiss soldiers, in their cold armor, might lose too much body heat. Accordingly, they were given orders never to drink water but to quench all thirst with schnapps.

"TWO COMPANIES OF ENEMY MOTORIZED FUSILIERS HAVE REACHED RARON. ABOUT FIFTEEN ARMORED VEHICLES HAVE BEEN DESTROYED."

Massy signals for a check and knocks back the last of the kirsch. Again he lifts the transceiver. There is more to report before we go.

"AN ATOMIC BOMB OF PETITE SIZE HAS BEEN DROPPED ON SIERRE. OUR BARRICADES AT VISP STILL HOLD. THE BRIDGES OF GRENGIOLS ARE SECURE. WE ARE IN CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Charlotte* (*N.C.*) *Observer*]

Cleopatra lounged on a chaise. Whistler's mother preferred a rocker. Madame Recamier reclined on a divan, or daybed, later named in her honor. Greta Garbo curled up on the couch. Elizabeth Taylor sat on a settee.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

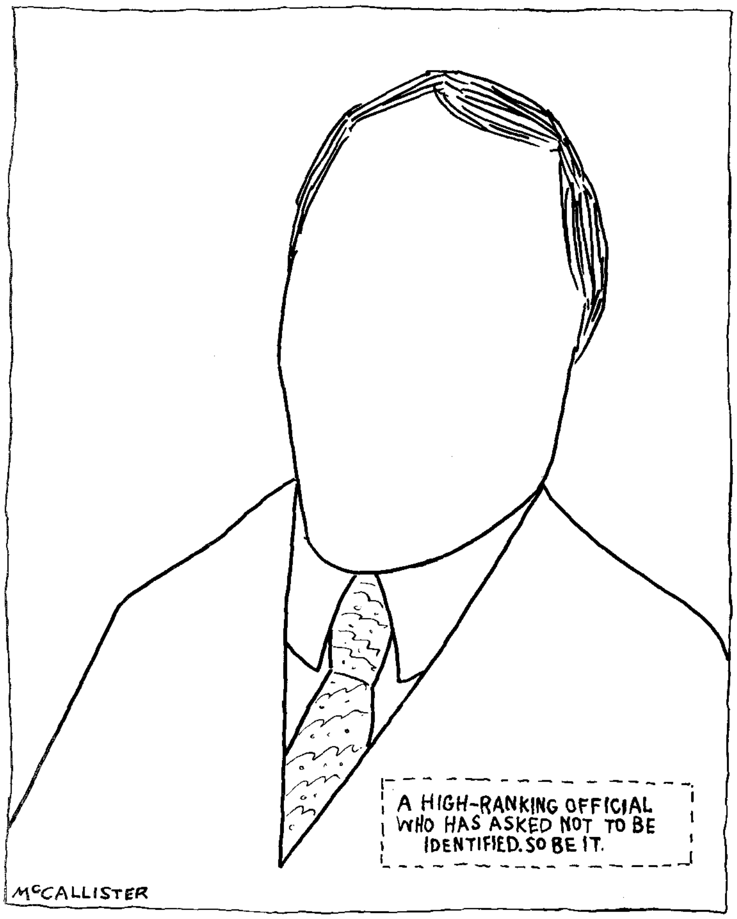
CLIFFHANGER

PEOPLE who say that sailboat races are dull to watch are, for the most part, quite right. Not only are the tactics obscure (and the execution of them frequently obscured from the spectator) but it is also often impossible for even the most knowledgeable observer to be sure who is ahead. Finally, the whole thing takes place at so glacially slow an apparent speed that the pace alone is soporific. In the most recent America's Cup series, the sixth, and final, leg of the seventh, and decisive, race was among the rare exceptions to all this. Barring a piece of absolute foolishness or an equipment breakdown, the race was over when the Australians rounded the next-to-last mark, at the leeward end of the course, with a twenty-one-second lead—although that lead represented just four boat lengths. The final beat to windward was a tactical situation of classic simplicity: the boat ahead had to maintain her speed and her relative position between the boat behind and the finish line; the trailing boat had to break free or lose. Dennis Conner, the skipper of the American Twelve-Metre, Liberty, tried every trick there was. He tacked his sixty-four-foot yacht forty-seven times—a record in Cup competition, and a feat of almost incredible stamina for his crew, and for the crew of Australia II, which had to match each tack in order to retain her commanding position. Perhaps never had Conner and Liberty's crew shown an equal mastery in handling their fifty-five-thousand-pound boat. Conner ran several series of linked tacks, attempting to get the covering Australia out of rhythm with the seas and wind shifts; he tacked at odd moments, to lure the Australian skipper, John Bertrand, into matching tacks at times when Australia II was off her own pace, and thus cause her to lose distance; Conner even tried a false tack—heading up into the wind as if to tack and then falling quickly back on his former heading, in an effort to make the other skipper follow and stall out halfway through the maneuver. (Unfortunately for Conner, he had already pulled off this seldom used trick, with complete success, on the first leg of the course, and Bertrand was far too good a skipper to be caught twice.)

The whole exercise was futile. Conner knew it, he said during the post-race press conference. Everyone knew it. But it was all that was left—the forlorn hope that the Australians might snarl a line, or break a piece of gear (as they had done in two previous Cup races, although in far heavier winds). In a final act of desperation, Conner forced Bertrand to cover him—that is, to keep Australia II between Liberty and the finish mark—as Liberty sailed far off to the western side of the course, nearly into the spectator fleet. A dramatic wind shift might have saved Liberty, but it never came. As Australia crossed the finish line forty-one seconds ahead, a good many spectators realized that they had been holding their breath—or so it seemed—for the better part of an hour, wondering if a miracle might give Conner and Liberty back the victory they had, in effect, given away on the previous leg of the race.

That previous leg was where the real miracle—or what looked like one to those in the spectator fleet—had happened. It happened in front of thousands of people, practically none of whom grasped what was occurring. On the press boat, about half a mile behind the competitors, several journalists had gone into the cabin to begin writing their accounts of how Bertrand had lost the America's Cup on the first leg of the race, when Australia gained and then lost a narrow lead over Liberty. In the press boat's bow, various paparazzi who had departed from other pursuits to cover the most suspenseful race in yachting history were waiting eagerly for Senator Edward Kennedy, who was nearby in another boat, to take off his shirt. On the press boat's bridge, the American Twelve-Metre tactician Gary Jobson, who had been doing a live commentary for Australian radio, was watching with half his attention—Liberty had, after all, rounded the fourth mark of the course with a commanding fifty-seven-second lead. Australia might be expected to make up a little of the margin, as trailing boats on downwind legs frequently do—and as Australia even more frequently had done, being faster downwind than Liberty—but the race seemed over, and with it the series.

The two Twelve-Metres were well spread apart in a light and shifting breeze—Australia on the east side of the course and Liberty hunting for wind in more or less the center—when Liberty suddenly jibed over. Jobson stiffened as if someone had given him a hotfoot, and turned to one of the Australian commentators, who were already conducting a gloomy post mortem. "Let me have



A HIGH-RANKING OFFICIAL WHO HAS ASKED NOT TO BE IDENTIFIED. SO BE IT.

the mike," Jobson said, with some urgency.

"What's happening?" asked one of the Aussies.

"He must be behind," Jobson replied. "Conner must think he's falling behind, or he would never have jibed over like that." Conner had, in fact, seen that Australia was catching up with him, and he was desperately attempting to get back across the course in time to put his boat safely ahead of Australia, for Australia had picked up two consecutive, isolated wind shifts that had, in a matter of minutes, erased Conner's lead—not to mention the leads of a good dozen sportswriters, now scurrying back on deck to watch sailing's moment of truth, which is the point when two boats on opposite tacks cross, and so reveal which of them is really ahead. In this case, it was Australia, by what Bertrand later said was a distance of ten feet or so. It was not much, but it put Australia in command as the two boats came down to the mark. When Australia rounded the buoy clearly ahead, the dimensions of the disaster for Liberty were plain. Except for the few minutes it took the boats to zigzag their way to the finish line, it was the end of a hundred-and-thirty-two-year winning streak, the longest in sports; the end of a twenty-one-year Australian quest in which Alan Bond, the proprietor of the Australian challenger and of three previous challengers, had reportedly spent sixteen million dollars; and the end of a summer of bitter and often hostile controversy about the legality of Australia II's design, and of elaborate efforts by the New York Yacht Club to have the challenger ruled out of competition.

TO a considerable extent, every successful Twelve-Metre from the 1967 race until this year's was a descendant, if sometimes a remote one, of Intrepid, the Sparkman & Stephens design which was that rarest of rarities, a genuine breakthrough. Intrepid, which successfully defended the Cup in 1967 against the Australian Dame Pattie, was the first Twelve to have her rudder separated from the keel—an innovation as radical at that time as Australia II's exotic keel was this year. Intrepid's overwhelming dominance made it seem likely that Sparkman & Stephens' next Twelve, Valiant, would also be a triumph, but instead she was a definite step backward. The reason seems to have been that the designers, having achieved one leap, attempted another before consolidating their gains. In any case, Valiant was edged out in the 1970 series by Intrepid herself, which had been so heavily redesigned that Olin Stephens freely assigned credit for her to the architect who had revised her, a young man named Britton Chance. She sailed against Gretel II, the Australian challenger, a boat that most observers still feel was definitely faster than Intrepid—which may well have been slowed from her 1967 performance level by Chance's alterations. Superior seamanship saved the day for the defenders. The American skipper was an architect—of buildings—from California named William Ficker, a tall, cheerful man with a completely shaven head, which instantly earned him the nickname Mr. Clean. Ficker sailed an aggressive race against the Australian James (now Sir James) Hardy, whose apt nickname was Gentleman Jim. Gentlemanliness has never been a terribly useful attribute in sailboat racing, pleasant as it may be afterward, and Ficker, who served in 1983 as the splendidly impartial master of ceremonies for the post-race press conferences in Newport, was able on the racecourse to suppress his tendency toward gentility. He was helped by Hardy's seeming inability to recognize that he had the faster boat and by some basic ignorance in the Australian boat's afterguard—a lack of knowledge of the racing rules. This caused the second race, which should have been a clear victory for Gretel II, to be thrown away by an elementary violation of the rules that govern starts. The tempest of international outrage that followed the decision in Intrepid's favor by the Protest Committee, which was composed wholly of N.Y.Y.C. members, seared the yacht club's collective memory in a way that still smarts, and many Australians feel to this day that they were cheated thirteen years ago by home-town justice.

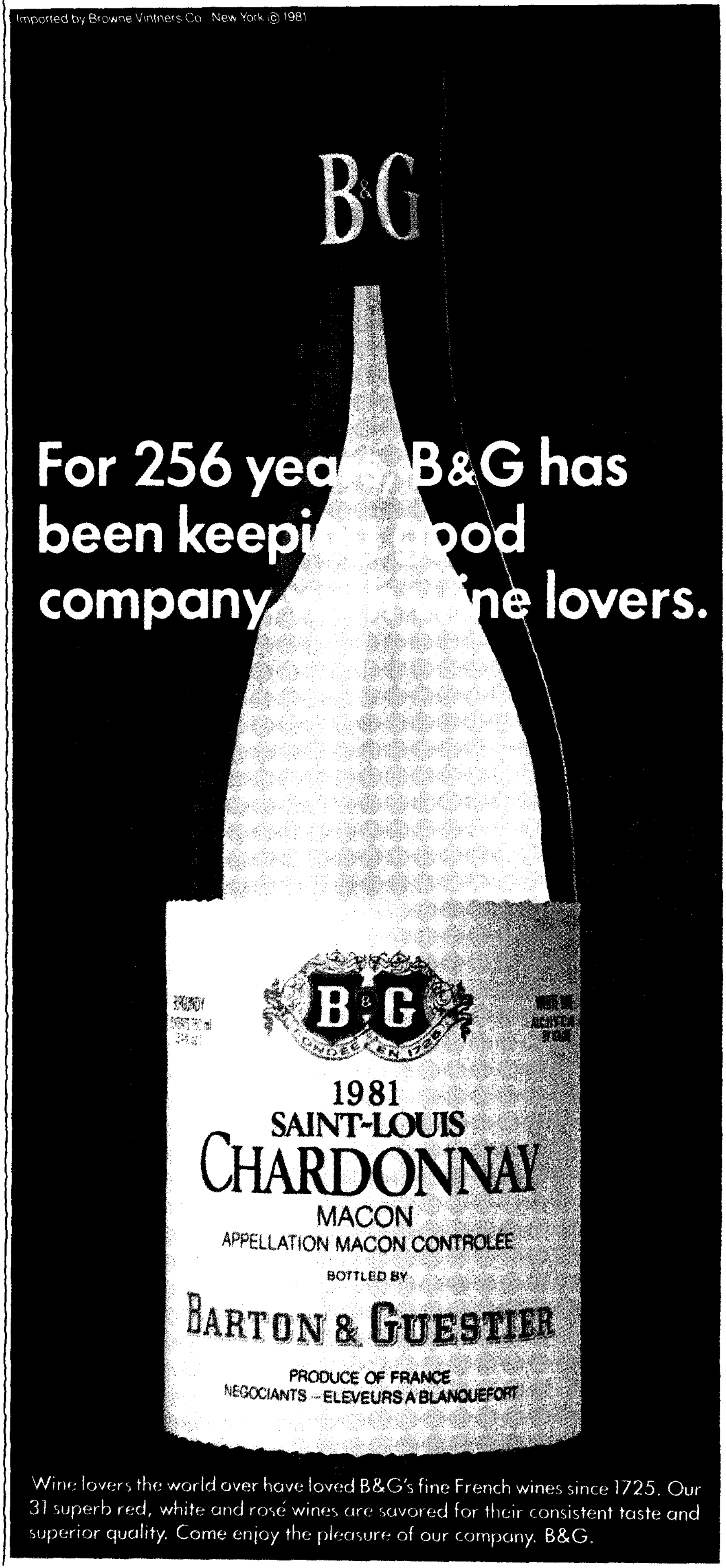
Much of the American press lined up at the time with the Australians—or, more accurately, against the *aristos* of the yacht club—and much of the persistent hostility between the club's senior members and the press dates from that single race.

THE foundations of the 1983 campaign are recognizable, retrospectively, in the 1974 series. The defender was Courageous, in her first campaign. She represented not only a bounce back for Sparkman & Stephens but also a kind of Twelve-Metre watershed—a consolidation and refinement of the virtues of Intrepid. The plans of Courageous (highly confidential information, as may be imagined) somehow migrated from her designers' offices to become benchmarks for naval architects around the world, and a clear derivation from her could be traced in many competitors in both 1980 and 1983—a derivation all the more visible because Courageous herself, though much altered, was still sailing competitively among them, after all those years.

Among the several American Twelve-Metres competing in the summer of 1974 was one that may have had a larger effect on the Cup's subsequent history than most people realize. Britton Chance, stung by criticisms of his changes of Intrepid, had managed to find backers who would finance a revolutionary boat, named Mariner, which was based on concepts that Chance had formed through testing models. Halfway through Mariner's first trial race, it was clear that she was a dog of uncommon proportions. By the time she was dropped from contention, Mariner had become the epitome of design disaster. The publicity that surrounded her failure probably blighted Chance's career, and it may also have withered any blossoms of adventurous thinking among American Twelve-Metre designers. From that point on, conservative thinking was the American pattern, nowhere better exemplified than in Dennis Conner, who observed the Mariner debacle, first as her tactician, then as the last-minute replacement for her original skipper. Because of his obvious skill, Conner was drafted as starting helmsman for Courageous when she faced the 1974 Australian challenger, Southern Cross—the first contender financed by the ebullient real-estate entrepreneur Alan Bond. Southern Cross was designed by a largely self-taught sailmaker and architect named Bob Miller, who subsequently made one of the more baffling metamorphoses of our time, reappearing in America in 1977 with the name Ben Lexcen. It was the same man, though: large, shambling, untidy; like a friendly bear with glasses; and with a disarming and probably uncontrollable wit. His new name seems to be partly a product of that wit, though no one can really pin him down about it. The most plausible story is that when he sold his part of the sailmaking firm of Miller & Whitworth he undertook not to use the name Bob Miller commercially; a friend created "Lexcen" on a computer, using a program that combined randomly selected letters, and it was topped off by Ben, the name of Miller/Lexcen's pet dog. Since Lexcen occasionally forgot to answer to his new first name, his friends—who number everyone he has ever met—began to call him Benbob, and it has stuck.

The 1974 series was yet another apparent rout that was closer than it looked. In the first two races, Southern Cross was leading on the first leg but lost the lead because of tactical errors. In the last two races, poor sail selection did her in. But Bond returned three years later with a new boat, Australia, by the new design team of Lexcen and a young Dutchman, Johan Valentijn, who had finished five years' work at Sparkman & Stephens and was thoroughly familiar with the lines of Courageous, which was again chosen to defend, over another good S. & S. boat, Enterprise. Courageous's helmsman this time was Ted Turner, who dominated the Australian skipper, Noel Robins, and Courageous won four straight races, none of them by less than a minute.

By the mid-seventies, the structure of Cup competition had been heavily modified, largely by the pressure of exterior circumstances. The stream of would-be challengers seemed to increase with every defeat, and it had now become necessary to stage a sail-off among them to select the single foreign Twelve-Metre that would confront the American defender. The expenses of mounting a successful defense campaign in the United States had become so heavy—around a million dollars per boat—that the only way the necessary number of big-money contributors could be secured was by providing them with tax deductions for their contributions. For this purpose, high-powered legal talent managed to create a system accept-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able to the Internal Revenue Service, whereby contributors' dollars would go to a tax-exempt organization, the King's Point Fund (now called the United States Merchant Marine Academy Foundation), which would finance the actual challenge, own the defending boat, and sell her for whatever it could get after the series; it would also get whatever funds remained, beyond the costs of the challenge. The fund was named for, and operated on behalf of, the United States Merchant Marine Academy, which would use the money to train more young men and women as officers in the American merchant service (although it was already heavily overpopulated with young officers).

The 1980 match saw the biggest turnout of foreign challengers up to that time. Australia, Britain, France, and Sweden all sent Twelve-Metres, and the favorite among them was Bond's Australia, which had been modified by Lexcen and was sailed by Gentleman Jim Hardy. Neither France 3 (designed by Johan Valentijn) nor Sweden's Sverige proved of much consequence. Britain's Lionheart, the first Twelve by a very young designer named Ian Howlett, was an unimpressive boat except for her mast, whose upper third, made from fibre glass instead of the conventional aluminum, bent sharply backward in an arc; this shape allowed a mainsail about ninety square feet larger than usual—a considerable gain, even though the odd mast shape created some control problems. Late in the day, Lexcen and Bond decided to imitate the British spar, and after Australia had eliminated the three other challengers they unveiled their version of it. The bendy spar was the kind of last-minute blind leap that seldom works, and it didn't in this case. Hardy and Australia were up against a better skipper in a better boat: Dennis Conner (who had missed the 1977 series) sailing the newest Sparkman & Stephens creation, Freedom, which entered the 1980 Cup series with a 43–4 record over the two other American yachts, Courageous and Clipper—the latter designed by David Pedrick, another Sparkman & Stephens alumnus. Conner, who is probably the most businesslike and pragmatic of Twelve-Metre skippers, had managed to get his backer, the Maritime College at the Fort Schuyler Foundation, to secure Enterprise, still a very fast Twelve, as a trial horse for him. Not only did this move give Conner the

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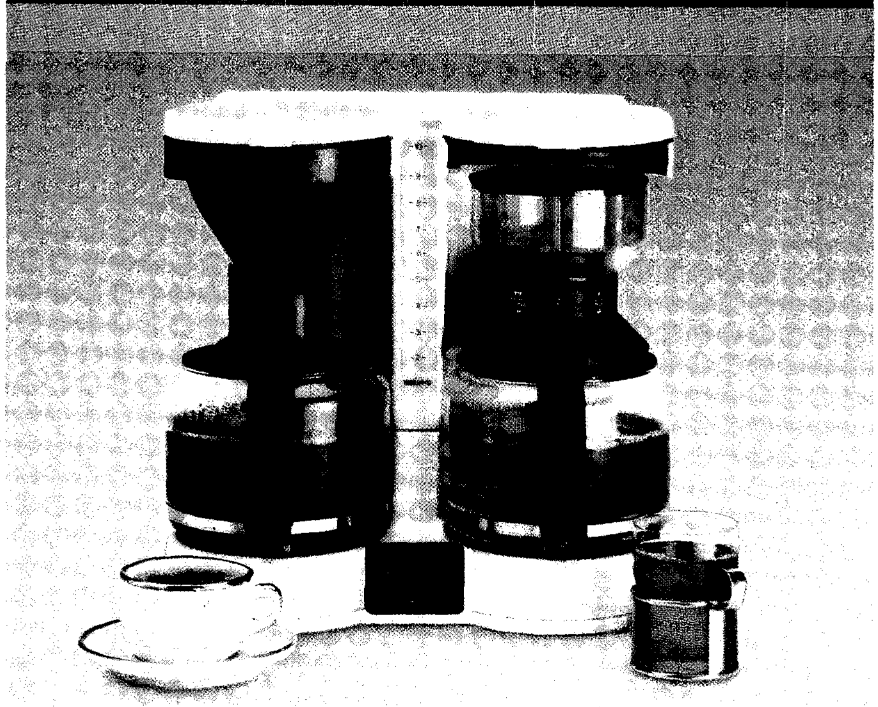

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inestimable benefit of top-quality competition under his own control—a floating laboratory, so to speak—but it also kept Enterprise from being snapped up by someone else, to appear against Conner in earnest.

Freedom's margin of victory over Australia was 4–1, but the real importance of the 1980 series was as a springboard for 1983. It confirmed Conner as very possibly the best match-racing skipper in the world—at least in the rarefied Twelve-Metre world—and it confirmed his approach to Cup preparation, which he refined for 1983 by setting up Freedom, at that time probably the world's consistently fastest Twelve-Metre, as his yardstick. To sail against her, he (or, rather, the foundation backing him) commissioned a new boat, Spirit of America, from Sparkman & Stephens; at the same time, to see if a swing-for-the-bleachers approach might be productive, he commissioned a radical Twelve, named Magic, from the drawing board of Johan Valentijn (who had become known, because of his frequent migrations, as the Flying Dutchman). Spirit turned out to be fast in a straight line but insufficiently stable in medium and heavy winds; she was discarded. Magic, which had been an attempt to press the limits of Twelve-Metre design with a very lightweight boat, was even less successful; after a short sailing career, she suffered the peculiar ignominy of being installed on dry land, on a trailer, outside the America's Cup Expo Center in Newport, where tourists could clamber aboard to have their pictures taken at the helm.

With both his new boats inadequate to his purpose, Conner called upon Valentijn to design one more Twelve, a yacht that would combine in conservative fashion the best features of several successful Twelve-Metres. This vessel was named Liberty, and after exhaustive boat-against-boat testing in California waters and on Rhode Island Sound he chose her over Freedom, while holding the older yacht in reserve as a trial horse and, if necessary, a fallback contender. This was the same strategy he had used with Freedom and Enterprise, and it brought him some flak from various elements in the American sailing community, most notably the syndicate that operated the two boats opposing Liberty—Defender, designed by David Pedrick, and the aging but still potent Courageous, which was engaged as Defender's trial horse but

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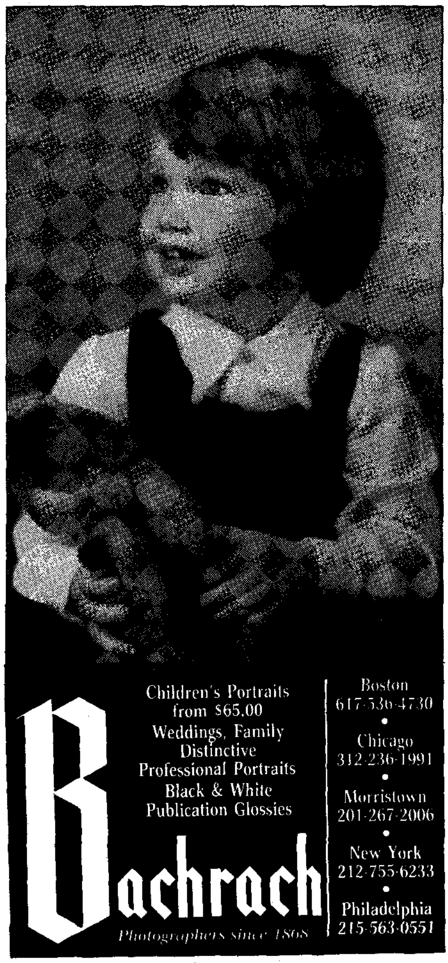

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soon proved that, with considerable reworking, she was equal to and sometimes faster than the Pedrick yacht. Had Freedom raced, the Americans would have been able to schedule a four-boat series of sailing trials—something that would have been far more efficient than a three-boat series, in which one yacht is always idle on a given day. Including Freedom as a genuine competitor instead of a yardstick would also, in many people's opinion, have provided stiffer competition and thus a better-qualified defender. There seems no doubt that feeling against Conner was deliberately manipulated by Defender's skipper, Thomas Blackaller, a San Francisco sailmaker. Blackaller is a sort of West Coast Ted Turner—a free-wheeling, shoot-from-the-hip sailor of great talent but little patience, much given to taunting his opponents both on and off the racecourse. Over the years, Blackaller, who had sailed against Conner in several classes other than Twelve-Metres, had acquired—or had conferred upon himself—a reputation as a man who could break Conner's self-possession. Blackaller's running mate, so to speak, was John Kolius, another sailmaker, from Texas, who was best known in sailing circles as a champion in the very competitive J-24 Class. Kolius, who served as skipper of Courageous, had no previous experience in Twelves, and, overshadowed by his brash principal, was largely ignored early in the season.

On the challenging side, Alan Bond came to Newport for the fourth time—a record of determination exceeded only by Sir Thomas Lipton, with his five Shamrocks. Bond had been at it for a decade, and Bond-watchers in Newport felt he had come a long way from the man who announced with casual arrogance in 1974 that he planned to move the America's Cup to Western Australia as an ornament for his real-estate development Yanchep Sun City. Ben Lexcen had designed a new Australia for Bond, who had sold the old one to the British (a move that most people felt was foolish, since she was both a fast boat and a known quantity, and so would make a perfect trial horse), and there was a new helmsman, a sailmaker named John Bertrand. (As if life for Cup-watchers were not complicated enough, the Americans also had a sailmaker named John Bertrand, serving as Kolius's tactician in Courageous.)

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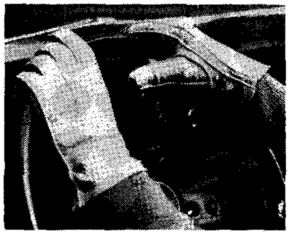

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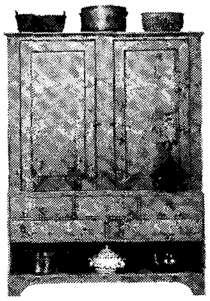

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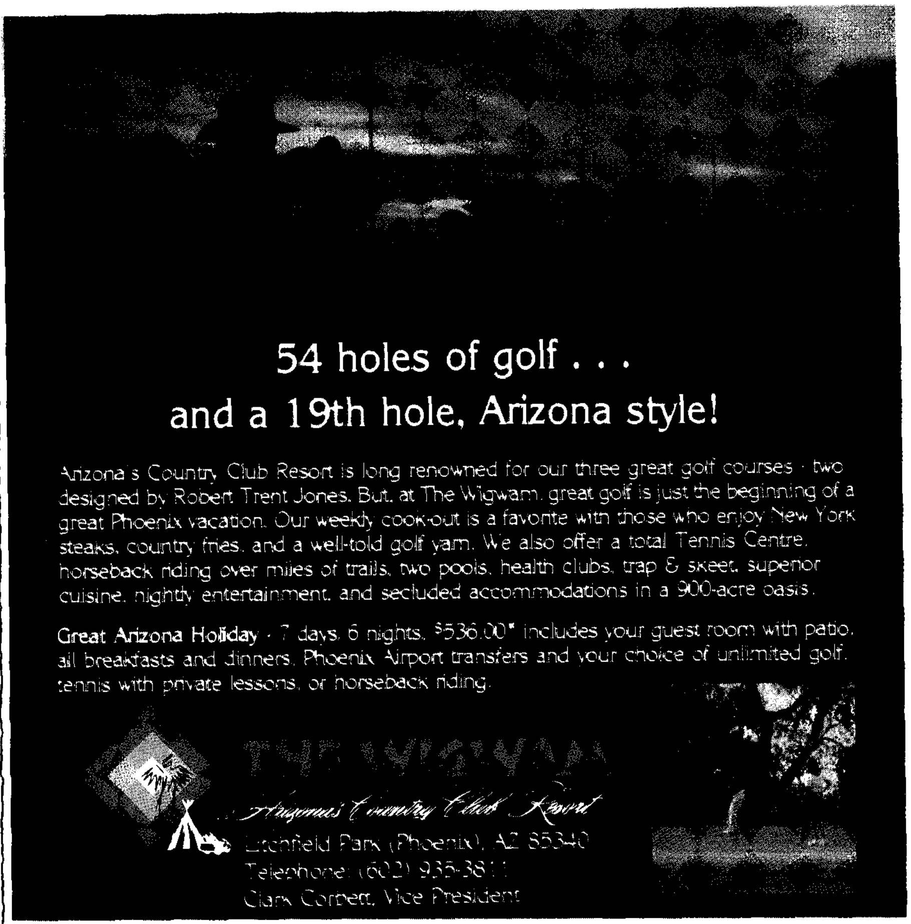
Twelves. The senior, both among the Australian yachts and in the challenging fleet as a whole, was Advance, designed by Alan Payne. She was backed by a syndicate of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, which was the challenger of record—the foreign club that represented all the challenging clubs until a single challenger was selected. Advance was a long-shot gamble, a yacht designed for light weather only. After a very few races, it became embarrassingly obvious that Payne, a brilliant, quiet man whom everyone in the marine industry admires and respects, had produced a dud: Advance had only average ability in the winds for which she had been created and was hopeless in anything else. She became one of two consistent losers among the foreign Twelves. The other was the revived France 3, Baron Bich's previous entry, left over from 1980 and sailed, as she had been previously, by Bruno Troublé, a man who could be dangerous on a starting line and tedious in a press conference but was not a sailor among the first flight of Twelve-Metre helmsmen; Troublé's financier was a film producer named Yves Rousset-Rouard, who was not nearly so well known to Americans as was his principal work, the soft-core pornographic film "Emmanuelle."

The third Australian boat, Challenge 12, was a relatively close cousin of Australia II—and that was no surprise, since she was also a Lexcen design, built for a syndicate based in Melbourne. Although Challenge 12 showed considerable potential in the early trials, her designer soon found he was unable to devote adequate time to the day-by-day modifications required for two Twelve-Metres in constant combat, and he turned his full attention to his first love—the more experimental, better-financed Australia II. Challenge, the stepchild, began to show the effects of neglect and waning finances, and her syndicate nearly went under before being rescued by Richard Pratt, a paper-box manufacturer; Challenge never really regained her status as a serious threat, and at the end of the trials she was taken over by Bond as a full-time trial horse for Australia II.

The British had a new backer, who, as often happens among foreign challengers, excited more interest among observers than his boat did. The backer, a mysterious financier named Peter de Savary, who is a resident of the Bahamas and reputedly has



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connections to Arab oil money, had bought the old Australia from Bond after the 1980 race. He had then commissioned Edward Dubois, a well-known architect of ocean racers, to design a Twelve-Metre, and de Savary had given her the ultimately auspicious name Victory; her performance, however, had been less than potentially victorious, so de Savary went to Ian Howlett, who had designed Lionheart, for another Twelve. He named this one Victory '83 and entered her in the international sail-off.

Canada had challenged twice in the nineteenth century, and had received two drubbings, which seemed to damp enthusiasm for the Cup, though not for competitive sailing. For 1983, the Canadians reappeared with a Twelve-Metre named Canada 1, which had performed well in Florida waters the preceding winter against her trial horse, David Pedrick's 1980 design, Clipper. Canada 1 was designed by Bruce Kirby, a Canadian who lives in Connecticut and who had turned the sailing world on its ear, some years before, by creating the one-man Laser-class racer, which has since become overwhelmingly popular in any number of countries. Kirby, who had never attempted anything like a Twelve-Metre in terms of complexity, was a favorite of the yachting press because he was one of their own—before designing the Laser, Kirby was editor of a magazine called *Yacht Racing*. While the other challenges appeared over the names of some of the world's most prominent yachting groups—the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, for example, or the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, or the Yacht Club de France—the Canadian challenge was made in the name of what was at the time one of the world's more obscure sailing organizations: the Secret Cove Yacht Club, of British Columbia, whose clubhouse was in a defunct resort hotel, and whose very existence was suspected by some to be a Canadian joke.

Rounding out the seven-boat challenging fleet was Azzurra, Italy's first effort in this arena. In modern Twelve-Metre competition, a nation's first challenge is pretty much a throwaway—a learning experience of the most expensive and painful sort—but the Italians had two things going for them. The first was ample financing—not only a consortium of Italian businesses more or less headed by Giovanni Agnelli, of Fiat, but also the

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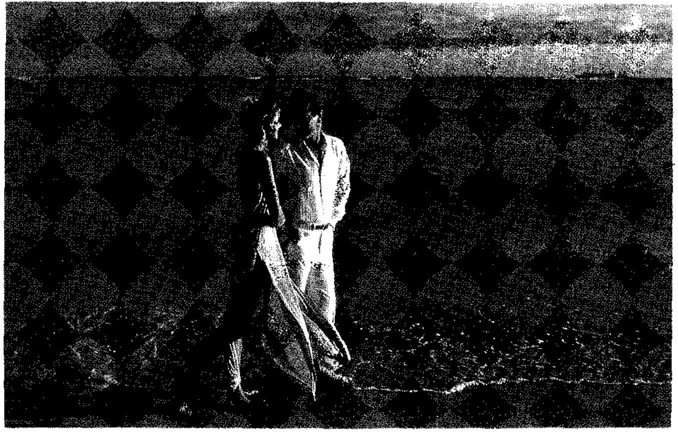

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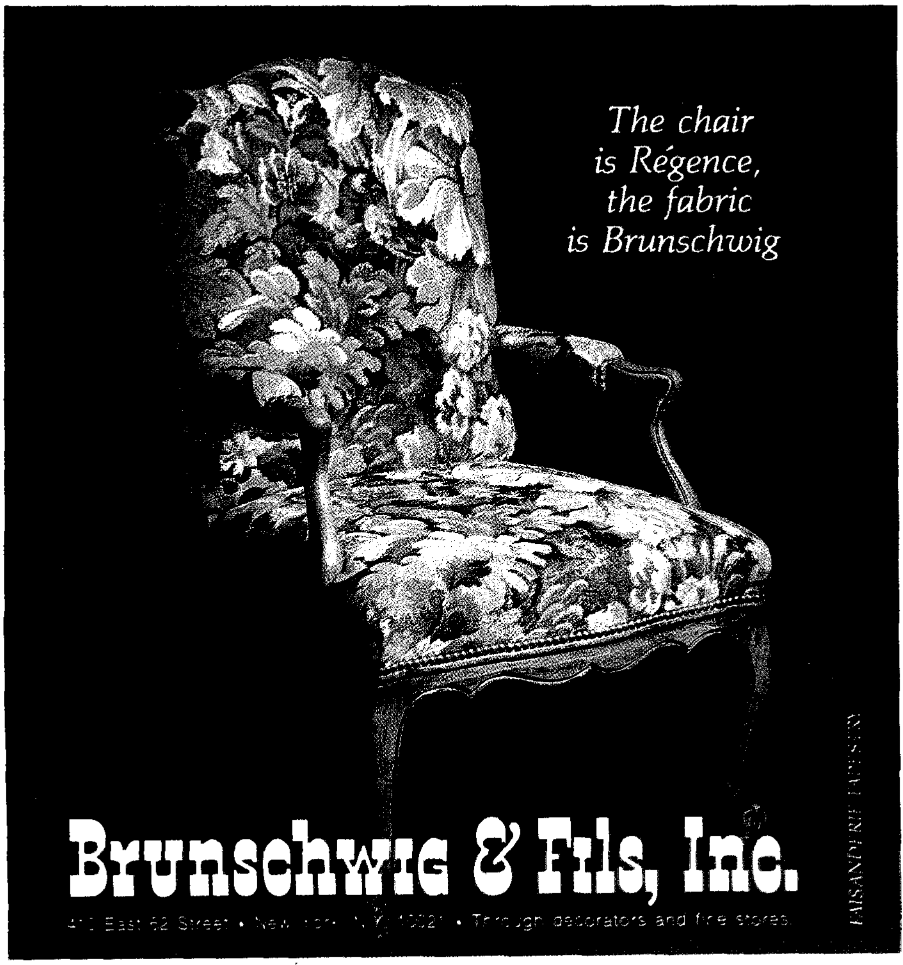
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Arabian Nights money of the Aga Khan, the Harvard-educated yachting enthusiast who is at once the spiritual leader of fifteen million Ismaili Muslims and the developer of Sardinia's Costa Smeralda as a resort area. The Italians' second asset was the old but fast Sparkman & Stephens Twelve-Metre Enterprise, which had been edged out in the 1977 trials by Courageous. Azzurra was a modification of Enterprise and was capable of remarkable bursts of speed when her inexperienced crew was in top form. In the summer of '83, this condition did not occur often enough to put Azzurra at the top of the standings, but it made her a dangerous spoiler.

From the beginning of the Twelve-Metre era, one of the most important advantages the United States has had is its existing armada of reasonably competitive yachts, which race against newly commissioned Twelves under the observation of the New York Yacht Club's America's Cup Selection Committee. Foreign challengers have occasionally managed to acquire an aging American Twelve, or a previous challenger, but there have never been enough youthful, vigorous boats abroad to make a genuinely competitive fleet. This condition has been exacerbated by the N.Y.Y.C., which, though it could not prevent American owners from selling their boats down the river, could and did exert its considerable influence to keep active American Twelves from competing overseas under American ownership. The inevitable answer to such a situation was an organized summer-long match-racing tournament among would-be challengers. In 1983, financed by the luggage manufacturer Louis Vuitton, an elaborate system was set up by the seven foreign owners to choose a single challenging yacht. Since the boats always race in pairs, six boats could race each day, beginning June 18th, either in two short races or in a single long one. The first three series of races—scored one point for a win, none for a loss—would end on August 6th, with the three lowest-scoring yachts dropped. After a very few of the preliminary races had been run, the only question in observers' minds was which one of three boats—Challenge 12, Azzurra, or Canada 1—would join France 3 and Advance on the scrap heap. (Australia II and, to a lesser extent, Victory '83 were easy selections for the four-boat semifinals.) In the event, it was Challenge that failed to survive the cut.

When the semifinals began, on August 11th, Australia was the clear favorite. Not only did she have a record of thirty-six wins against only four losses but she had already revealed that under certain conditions—particularly in light air and on flat water—she was nearly unbeatable. Victory had shaken down from her initial unevenness and had proved herself to be a very good Twelve, but Azzurra and Canada were really just along for the ride—Azzurra because she could never reach and hold a coherent level of performance, and Canada because her financing, always problematical, had begun to run out, and the kinds of equipment failures that have to be budgeted for in Twelve-Metre competition had left the Canadians nearly drained. The semifinals ended on August 22nd, with Australia and Victory duly selected to compete against each other in the final, best-of-seven series, which began on August 28th. (It ended, with a 4–1 score, eight days later.) By that time, however, Australia's stature as a superboat—at least among the challengers—was fully established, and the N.Y.Y.C.'s campaign to disqualify her was in full swing. It was a campaign that was highlighted, on the one hand, by a renewal of the old, old misunderstandings between the New York Yacht Club and the international press and, on the other, by the brilliant manipulation of that press—and, one suspects, of the N.Y.Y.C.—by Alan Bond.

IT is hard to imagine two groups on the face of the earth less suited to coexistence than the senior members of the New York Yacht Club and journalists of almost any medium. The yacht club begins with an attitude of darkest suspicion—a bias that was officially voiced by Commodore Robert G. Stone, Jr., in a letter he sent, on September 7th, to the club's members. "There has been," Stone wrote, "a great amount of misinformation and slanted comment in the press, most of it uninformed, and, as always seems to happen, from James Ashbury in 1870 [the first challenger] on through Lord Dunraven [a controversial challenger of the eighteen-nineties], and to the present day, the New York Yacht Club has taken a considerable amount of abuse."

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club. Partly, of course, it is simply envy of the visibly wealthy by the not-wealthy—an envy aggravated when the wealthy do not appear to be persons of much consequence, aside from their wealth, and the not-wealthy are people who consider themselves clever and attractive and whose business it is to suspect wealth. What it boils down to is that the yacht club's representatives are men who are not accustomed to having a gentleman's given word questioned, while the press is—or ought to be—always mindful of Emerson's observation "The louder he talked of his honor, the faster we counted our spoons."

This basic set of predispositions is complicated by the fact that the America's Cup is a peculiarly Byzantine offshoot of yacht racing, which is itself a sport whose nuances are the subject of endless arguments among its own experts. The yacht club, whose official position has congealed over the years into a sort of reflex defensiveness, feels that (as Stone wrote in his letter to the membership) "the history of the America's Cup has been one of continuous easing of restrictions on the challengers from Commodore John Cox Stevens' initial concept that the Cup was to be competed for in the way that AMERICA won it. This was to sail across the ocean and defeat a fleet of local boats in their own waters. Practically the only restriction left is that a challenger must be designed and built in her home country, and sailed by nationals of that country." A less committed commentator than Commodore Stone might suggest that what really happened over the years was that the nature of Cup competition changed first, forcing the conditions that governed the racing to change—usually after protracted and often acrimonious negotiations between defender and challenger. When the schooner America sailed abroad to compete, almost any large yacht was expected to be able to cross the Atlantic under her own sails; by the time the requirement that a challenger sail across to meet an American day-racer was officially dropped, in 1956, racing itself had changed, and what had originally been a reasonable (if slightly loaded) condition had become a palpable absurdity.

And so it went with many of the other conditions that changed over the years. The N.Y.Y.C. insisted until recent years, for example, that America's Cup yachts employ only gear that is a product of their own

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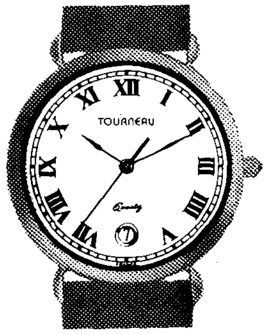

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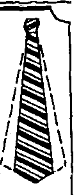
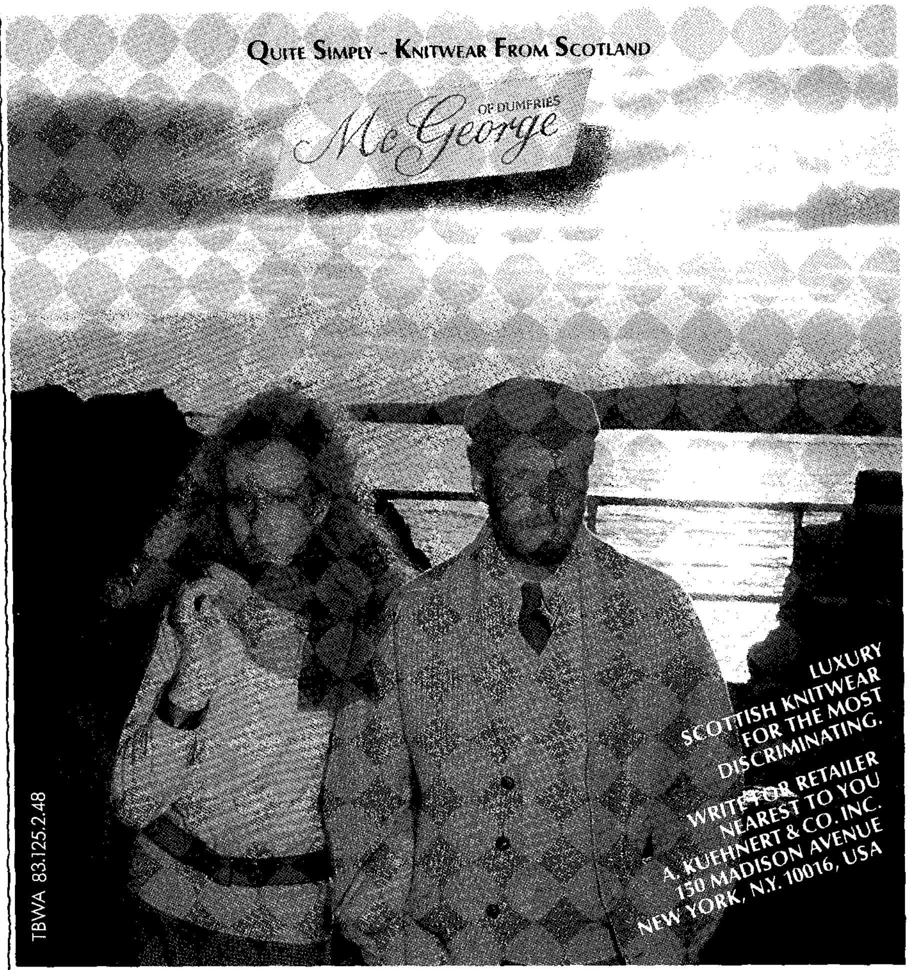


countries, but today off-the-shelf items on any yacht may be foul-weather gear from New Zealand, winches from England, or hardware from the United States—all of them available anywhere in the world. In 1983, North Sails, a multinational firm with branches in many countries, was the principal supplier of sails to Liberty, Courageous, Defender, Australia II, Victory '83, Azzurra, and Canada 1. North Sails' president, John Marshall, was sail trimmer aboard Liberty; Australia's skipper, John Bertrand, is the North Sails dealer in Melbourne. The country-of-origin requirement that formerly existed, embracing everything on a boat (except personnel), was dropped because it had come to be both impossible to police and of questionable advantage to anyone. For emotional reasons, perhaps, the N.Y.Y.C. seems to be unable to relax and admit that in the nineteenth century competitors in many sports joyfully did the opposition dirt whenever they could, and arranging the conditions for a contest was regarded as a legitimate part of the competition. In recent years, the yacht club has made a considerable effort to make administration of the America's Cup evenhanded—most effectively through the establishment of international juries to rule on matters between competitors. But by insisting that the rules have always been evenhanded the club dilutes the credibility of its own good work.

Alan Bond, by contrast, is a virtuoso manipulator of the press, on a level with an artist like Mayor Edward Koch, whom he much resembles—not physically (Bond is a square-built bulldog of a man) but in the ability to summon and instantly dismiss waves of righteous indignation, in the enjoyment of verbal combat, and in the ability to construct a quotable and often inflammatory phrase for every occasion. Bond is good copy at any time, and he is delighted to be the center of attention; at the post-race press conferences, he was almost always the star. He has occasional trouble handling the Australian press, which resents his favoritism, and which knows him of old, but he can usually enlist the support of Australian journalists by appealing to their nationalism—never more keenly felt than when they are far from home. Dealing with Americans, Bond can take advantage of the friendliness that Americans feel toward Australians, a people whose past parallels our own in many ways, and whose down-home manner is so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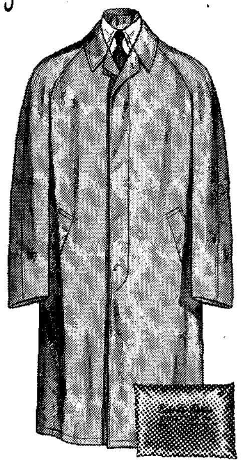

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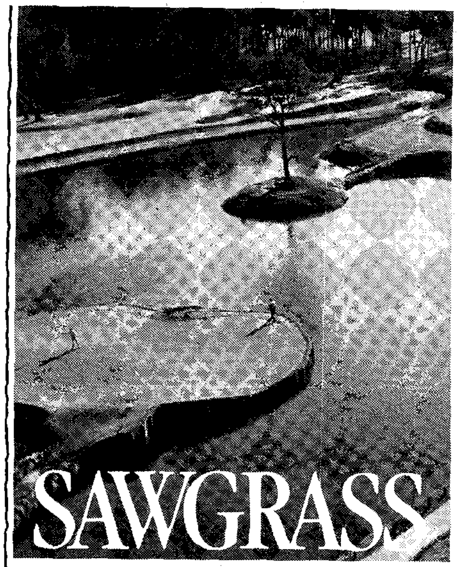
much more natural to most Americans than the somewhat artificial ritualism that surrounds yachting in general and the America's Cup in particular. All this is not to say that the press necessarily believes what Bond has to say. Far from it: on one occasion, when Australia called for a day off from racing, and Bond gave two quite logical reasons for the request, the press's search for the real reason began with the assumption that whatever Bond said could be ruled out in advance as a possibility.

The third factor in the equation was the press itself—as seems to be increasingly the case in controversial situations. The yachting press has never been able to indulge in the only-I-can-save-the-world fantasies popular with so many journalists (especially since Watergate); the specialty-magazine element of boating journalism is often accused of being kept by its advertisers, and in any event it suffers from being too close to its subject. The general press, confronted with a sailing story, has just the opposite problem. It operates from a position of nearly complete ignorance, which it sometimes manages to conceal from its general audience but which is very clear to informed observers. A few reporters who cover competitive sailing have true inside knowledge; *Yachting's* Guy Gurney, for example, was in 1979 a backup helmsman on the British Twelve-Metre Lionheart while pursuing a career as a photojournalist. Some general-subjects reporters have made themselves into yacht-racing experts, and of them perhaps the best example is Dave Philips, of the Providence *Journal,* who has been covering the America's Cup since 1962. It was a joke—and a truism—this summer that Philips' colleagues rushed for the *Journal* each morning to find out what they had been looking at the day before. To be sure, Philips' job was made easier by his being allowed extensive space by his paper, and also by a talented team—usually four other reporters and three or four photographers—who constructed and illustrated the straight news story that was the foundation for his analysis.

But for every Philips or Gurney there seemed this summer to be half a dozen yachting groupies—friends of an editor or publisher, recruited at the last minute because they owned a boat, or had once owned a boat, or knew someone who had once owned a boat. Such temporary journalists were easy to spot at press conferences: they ap-



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plauded the people they were supposed to be questioning. Another element in the plague of locusts was the big-city columnists who turned up—usually very briefly—and then went home to write at length on how mysterious and foolish sailboat racing was. One could imagine what would happen to a reporter who tried the same thing after being assigned to cover the National Football League, but it was certainly easier than research. This sort of journalist was generally the most hostile to the New York Yacht Club and the least concerned with hiding his hostility or with finding out what the yacht club's position was or what it was based on.

In the end, perhaps the biggest gulf between the press and the sailors it was covering was in the matter of goals. The media—the professional media—wanted first a good story, and an Australian victory, with lots of noisy person-to-person conflict, was clearly a better story, in purely dramatic terms, than a twenty-fifth successful defense by the Americans. The sailors and their backers felt themselves to be involved in a national crusade, and expected their nationals to support whatever position the sailors might adopt. As the squabbling escalated, the Australians generally had the tacit and sometimes the vocal backing of the non-American (and some of the American) press, while the men of the yacht club, trying to defend complex, detailed, and legalistic positions, found themselves savaged from overseas and at home.

The summer's controversy, by whomever precipitated, centered on the legitimacy of Australia II—first, as a Twelve-Metre, and, second, as a genuinely Australian Twelve—and by the second week in August it was focussed on the mysterious appendage at the base of her keel. None of those who described the keel in words and drawings could claim to have seen it, because the Australians had the habit of swathing their yacht's underbody in plastic sheeting when she was hauled from the water after each day's sailing. But, despite the dramatically created aura of secrecy, everyone knew—or thought he did—that the leading end of the keel's base was bulb-shaped, and that its trailing end was flattened into two fins, or wings, that were angled slightly below the horizontal. Drawings that appeared in the press made the appendage look something like a small aerial bomb of Second World War vintage grafted to the bottom

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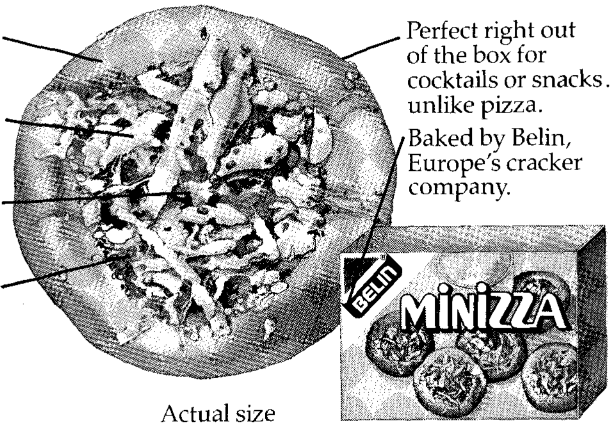

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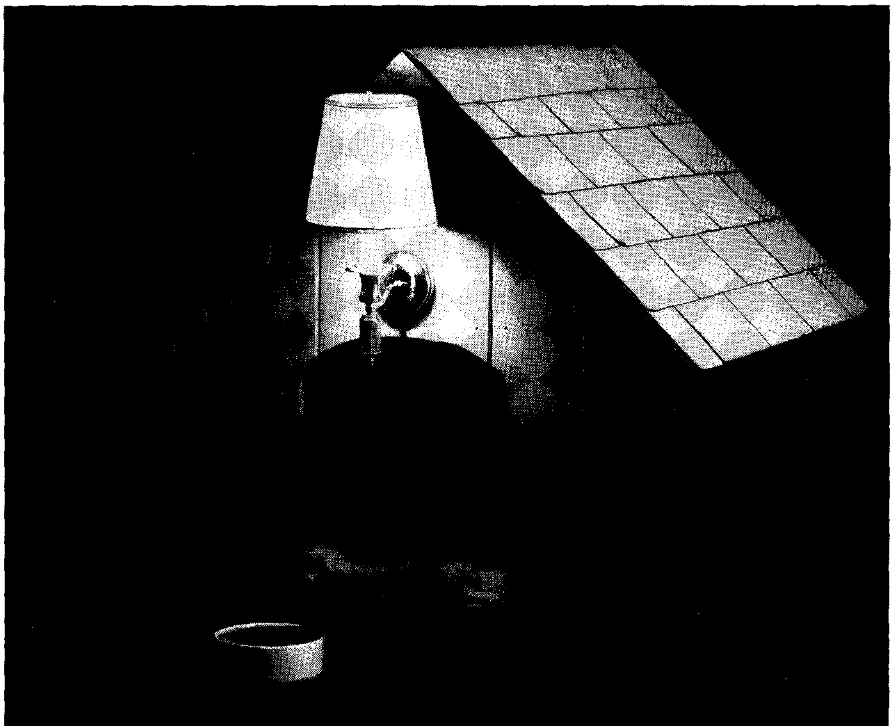

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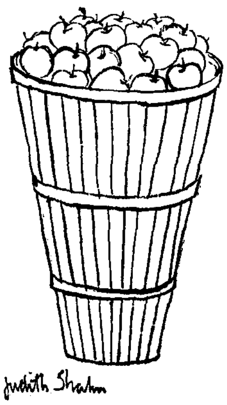
edge of the keel. (When photographs—taken illicitly by a Canadian frogman—appeared in the press, halfway through the Cup series, they showed that the fins, each of which looked about six feet long and three feet across, existed, but that the bulbous nose was an illusion.) Whatever the keel's real appearance, its impact on the Cup series was as satisfyingly explosive as the Australians could possibly have wished. Only one part of the keel, its fins, attracted attention, in the form of heated protests by the America's Cup Committee of the N.Y.Y.C. and, later, in the form of imitative winglets that were attached to the keels of Victory '83 and Freedom and were summarily removed when they failed to produce magical advances in performance. But there was an essential difference between fins added overnight to a conventional Twelve-Metre keel and the carefully thought-out construction beneath Australia's hull. The keels of most up-to-date Twelves are similar in appearance—fairly long vertical fins, swept back along the leading edge and flat along the base, with a secondary rudder, called a trim tab, inset in the trailing edge. Australia's keel, however, was thought to have a reverse curve to its forward edge and to have two trim tabs—one behind the other—above the notorious bulb and wings that were thought to be at the bottom. The bulb and wings, presumably made of lead, would concentrate stability-producing ballast as far down as it could go, and by thus increasing the ballast's efficiency would permit the rest of the keel to be reduced in size, with a corresponding reduction in surface area and in the friction that this wetted surface would create as the boat moved through the water. (Even without the bulb, the fins could contain several thousand pounds of lead.) According to at least one source, the idea of horizontal keel wings had been considered by several designers. The advantages sought had been two: to increase stability without increasing wetted surface, and to increase the boat's draft, and thus her grip on the water, when she heels. (As a winged keel tilts upward from the vertical, one of the horizontal fins at its base would go deeper into the water.)



Lexcen's Australia II is, however, a radical Twelve, entirely aside from her keel. Her underbody shape left out the normal hull fin, called a bustle, that fairs into the rudder; this abbreviated underwater shape increased her ability to turn very quickly. She was very light and, compared with other Twelve-Metres, carried a lot of sail for her weight, and so was quick to accelerate in light breezes; the additional ballast on the keel, however, gave her exceptional stability in heavy airs (an aspect of her performance that was not noticed during her trials against foreign Twelves, mostly because of the lack of heavy winds during the summer months). In the incestuous, closely regulated world of Twelve-Metre design, a radical yacht is far more likely to be a disaster than a breakthrough, as witness the luckless Mariner; the architect attempting a great leap forward usually finds he has gone over the edge of a precipice. The reasons grow out of the nature of the International Twelve-Metre Class, a type of boat that would be as extinct as the passenger pigeon if it were not for the America's Cup. Since Twelve-Metres are development-class yachts, they must balance speed-producing against speed-reducing design elements, each of which is assigned numbers representing its presumed effect, plus or minus, on the boat's performance. When all the elements are measured and quantified, they are fed into a formula whose end result must be twelve metres, or 39.37 feet. Designers attempting to outsmart the formula by distorting one or another aspect of it usually find, as Johan Valentijn did with his ultralight Magic, that the built-in penalties far exceed any possible benefits. Lexcen was, in part, attempting to create a relatively lightweight Twelve that still carried as much sail as a heavier boat, while retaining the stability under sail that is characteristic of a heavy boat. Accomplishing this feat within the limitations of the Twelve-Metre design rule was to achieve something of a contradiction in terms. As David Pedrick puts it: "When a designer chooses to increase sail area, he is forced to reduce some other parameter, normally length. When length is reduced, the minimum displacement, or weight, may also be reduced. Usually, a designer wants his yacht to be lighter, but a light yacht

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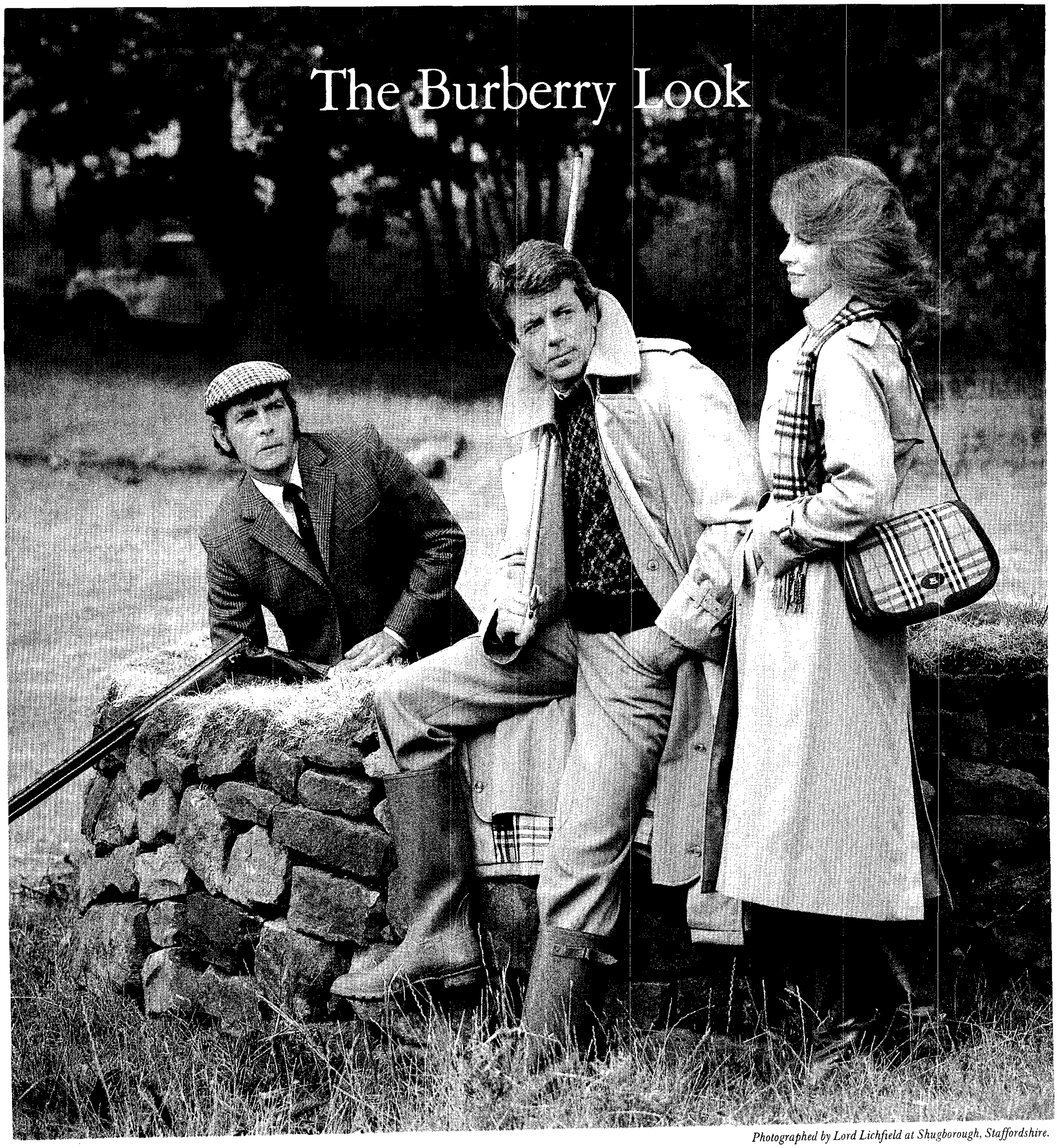

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carries less ballast, so it is less stiff [that is, it heels more easily—and sails less efficiently]. Because he created Australia II with less ballast, Lexcen designed more volume at the base of the keel—essentially, he designed an upside-down keel that is longer at the bottom. That means the boat is ten per cent lighter than Liberty, but twenty per cent stiffer."

The published dimensions of the two boats (which should not be taken absolutely seriously) gave Australia II a sail area of eighteen hundred and thirty square feet to Liberty's eighteen hundred, a weight of fifty-two thousand five hundred pounds to Liberty's fifty-five thousand five hundred, and a draft of about nine feet, which was the same as Liberty's—at least it was about the same when both yachts were at rest, when the measurements were performed. When Australia and Liberty began to heel under the pressure of wind in the sails, Liberty's draft was reduced, while Australia's was actually increased. Australia slid sidewise less, stood up straighter over her more effective ballast, and could often sail a few degrees closer to the wind on the windward headings that make up almost three-fifths of an America's Cup course.

The Americans' first argument, in their formal protest, was that "draft" in the measurement rule meant a boat's maximum draft, regardless of her angle of heel; Lexcen and the Australians responded that the rule specified draft at rest, and that that was how Australia had been measured. The Americans were boxed in to some extent, because the actual measurement of both boats had been done by a three-man committee consisting of one Australian, one Englishman, and one American—Mark Vinbury, who, to make matters more painful, was a N.Y.Y.C. member—and all three officials had passed both boats. The Americans also maintained that the Twelve-Metre rule prohibited what it referred to as "any peculiarity" that could affect performance, and that Australia's finned keel was just such a peculiarity. While Bond alternately blustered and threatened, the yacht club took its complaint to the International Yacht Racing Union, which regulates competitive sailing, using as a conduit for its protest the United States Yacht Racing Union. Just as an international hearing had been scheduled, and affairs were approaching a climax, Peter de Savary cut the ground from under the yacht club by revealing

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that he had, more than a year before, obtained approval in principle from the chief measurer of the I.Y.R.U. for Twelve-Metre keel fins with approximately the same purpose as those on the Australian yacht. There was no evidence of collusion between de Savary and Bond, but the result was to leave the New York Yacht Club looking extremely foolish—something they, of all people, particularly dislike.

A second episode, even more farcical, began when information reached the New York Yacht Club from what it called "outside sources" that the infamous keel was in fact the product of Dutch technicians, at the Netherlands Ship Model Basin, in Wageningen, Holland, where Lexcen had tested the idea and worked out the details. The tests had been agreed to by the N.Y.Y.C., but the possibility of eliminating the keel on the ground that it was a Dutch rather than an Australian creation was apparently so attractive that the yacht club dispatched a member of its America's Cup Committee to Holland to attempt to get a signed statement from the head of the Dutch facility, affirming that the keel was not Lexcen's idea but a Dutch confection. This gentleman would have nothing to do with the Americans' contention and sent them home without their evidence, but with one more superb public-relations weapon for Alan Bond, who proceeded to wield it with wholly typical enthusiasm. Given Bond's record of setting booby traps for his opponents, and, especially, traps with a public-relations snapper in them, it is hard to avoid the suspicion that the great Dutch test-tank crisis might have been what used to be called a snipe hunt.

One controversy that Commodore Stone did not touch upon in his explanatory letter to his members was an affair that began as a small, shabby controversy within the club and eventually boiled over to become a question affecting the conduct of the Cup series itself. It surfaced during the midsummer trials, when crew members aboard Defender became convinced that their opponent Liberty was exhibiting markedly different styles of performance under weather conditions that were essentially the same. Upon investigation, the opposition found that Liberty possessed not one certificate of measurement but three different documents, which allowed her, by the judicious addition or subtraction of ballast or sail area, to become, in effect, three slightly different boats. As it was ex-

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plained by Gary Jobson, the tactician of Defender (and, it should be noted, no friend to Dennis Conner), Liberty could, under one certificate, remove considerable lead ballast and increase the area of her headsails, thus increasing her potential speed at only a small sacrifice of stability—a good trade-off in light weather. Another certificate specified that the yacht carry substantially more ballast and smaller sails, and this was her heavy-air configuration. The third certificate specified a combination of ballast and sail area that was a compromise, for intermediate conditions.

Though the possession of three certificates was an innovation, none of the changes they permitted were regarded as particularly unusual in principle; American Twelve-Metres frequently experiment with various aspects of their sails, their ballast, or even their hull shape at stated break periods in the Cup season, and at one point Defender was virtually sliced in two, a wedge-shaped piece of the hull removed, and the boat then reassembled, in order to change her sailing characteristics. What stuck in Jobson's craw was that while the Cup Committee had been informed of the three certificates by Liberty's management, and had approved the idea, no one had told the two other American boats about this unprecedented approach to the daily sailing trials, which seemed to many people a piece of gross favoritism. The actual effect of the three-certificate approach was never, however, clear during the trials, thanks in part to the America's Cup Committee's method of choosing a defender. Instead of the highly structured tournament that was set up by the challengers, the yacht club has always favored a pragmatic procedure, based upon the vast experience represented on its America's Cup Committee. It is useful to note that the whole selection process consists not of races but of so-called trials—a word that accurately indicates the direct control the committee maintains. When a trial race has begun with a lopsided start, in which one yacht has a large advantage, the committee will often abort the race, on the sensible ground that a bungled start is evidence in itself, and that when one boat of a matched pair starts badly it probably cannot make up the time difference. This method allows the committee to concentrate its attention on particular aspects of performance—starts, spinnaker legs, windward ability—without the waste

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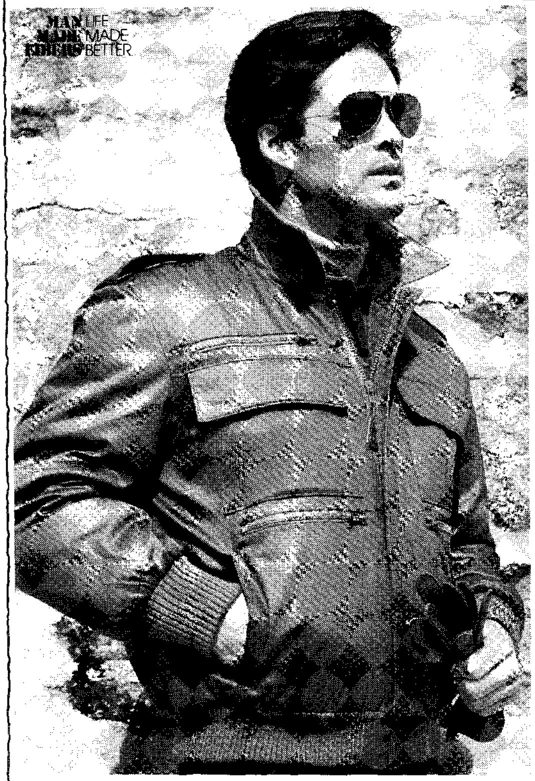
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of time inherent in carrying out every trial to a finish. If one believes in the committee's judgment, this is an accurate and efficient way of selecting a defender. It is not available to challengers, however, each of which, for reasons of nationalism, has to be treated with equal deference right up to the moment of her elimination.

In the end, the N.Y.C. committee cut off Defender on August 27th, after Liberty had defeated her in two successive trials conducted in medium-strength winds. (One problem facing the selection committees on both sides is that their decisions are arrived at in the relatively gentle winds of July and August, but the Cup series itself is held in mid-September, when the weather is usually unsettled, and either very light or quite heavy breezes may occur.) Courageous, whose performance against both Defender and Liberty had picked up—thanks in part to a new sail wardrobe—from a disappointing early-summer low, was finally dropped ("excused from further racing," in the yacht club's quaint terminology) on September 2nd, less than a week before the deadline for each side to name its champion. There was no real question in anyone's mind that Liberty was the best of the three American Twelve-Metres that had competed for the right to represent the yacht club and, by extension, the United States. There was, however, a very real question about her ability to sail against Australia II.

Twelve-Metres in Cup competition sail what is called an Olympic course (because it is employed in Olympic sailing events), of six legs. The pivot point of the course, so to speak, is the red-and-white America's Cup buoy, which is positioned about ten miles off the Rhode Island shore. From that buoy, which marks the left end of the starting line (the Race Committee boat is anchored on the right end), the first leg is directly into the wind, or as nearly so as the Race Committee can contrive it, for a distance of about four and a half nautical miles, to the first, or windward, mark—a large sausage of inflated orange plastic. Because of the necessity for a sailing yacht to tack along a zigzag course when going to windward, the actual distance sailed on a windward leg may be half again the straight-line measurement between marks. At the windward mark, the boats turn forty-five degrees to port and hoist their spinnakers, for the first of two cross-

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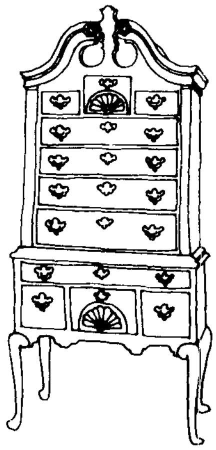

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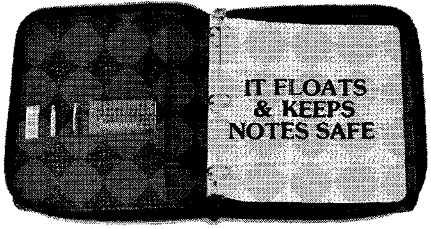

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wind, or reaching, legs, each a little over three nautical miles in nominal length. The end of the first reaching leg is marked by a second orange sausage, and the end of the second brings the yachts back to the Cup buoy, which they round, dropping their spinnakers, to begin a second windward leg. This time, from the windward mark the boats head straight back to the start, on the only running, or directly downwind, leg—again under spinnakers. Like the windward legs, the running leg may well be longer in reality than on the chart, but the extra distance is accounted for by boat-against-boat tactical maneuvers, or by a divergence of one or both boats from the straight-line heading in search of better wind. At the bottom of the running leg, the yachts take in their spinnakers for the last time and round the Cup buoy for one last beat up to the windward mark, which has now become one end of the finish line. Because the Olympic course puts a premium on a yacht's ability to sail close-hauled, the windward legs have got to be accurately set by the Race Committee, or the whole point is lost. Thus, the postponement of the first race, on Tuesday, September 13th, made sense—to racing sailors, if not to the thousands of spectators sweltering and speculating on fifteen hundred ships and boats around the course. The first postponement, just before noon, was necessitated by a wind shift of forty degrees, from northeast to east, five minutes before the scheduled start. Two hours later, when the wind seemed to have settled, another shift changed the wind direction from east to southeast, and the Race Committee threw in the towel for that day.

If the aborted race caused any surprise, it was not in the boats' performance. Australia, which was expected to be at her best in light airs, proved in the pre-start maneuvering that she could turn on a dime—inside Liberty's turning circle, on at least two occasions. Both boats were obviously fast, but until they had sailed a full leg side by side no spectator could tell which was faster. What was unusual, given the often choleric complexion of the preceding months of gamesmanship, was the calm acceptance by Alan Bond of a postponement when his yacht had a visible advantage. In the light of Bond's record of strident complaint, it was something like seeing the New York Yankees' Billy Martin bestow the kiss of peace on an umpire's cheek.

The consensus was that if Tues-

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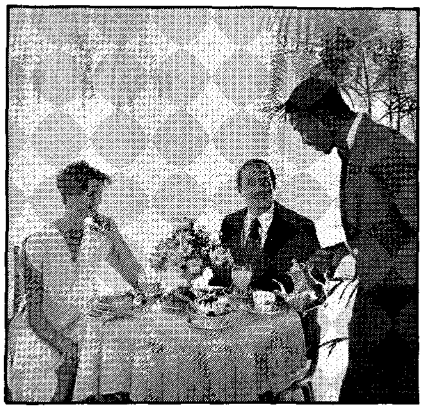

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day's light winds had been steady it would have been perfect Australia weather. The reverse was true on Wednesday, which dawned steel-gray, with a northeaster estimated at twenty knots—and with predictions of gusts as high as thirty before the day was out. The weather was, by every press estimate, far more favorable to Liberty than to Australia, and the first race went off exactly on schedule. Because of the wind direction, the first part of the windward leg was unshielded by the shore, and a steep chop made it difficult to keep either boat moving efficiently to windward. In the post-race press conference, both Conner and Bertrand remarked that finding the groove—the narrowly defined, ever-shifting perfect heading—was even harder than usual; and a Twelve-Metre, being responsive to the slightest nuances of helm, sail trim, and sea condition, has the reputation of being exceptionally sensitive to steer.

In the tight pre-start circling, Australia had slightly the better of it and was off to a three-second lead at the starting gun. The lead changed hands twice on the first leg, and when Australia rounded the windward mark she was ahead by eight seconds; in real terms, this meant that she just had room for unimpeded maneuver at the buoy, and, conversely, Liberty had no chance to edge ahead. If the start of a match race is the primary tactical point, almost as important are mark roundings—places where boat-against-boat maneuvers may give a trailing skipper the chance to work his yacht into a commanding position, but only if the two boats are within a length of each other at the turn.

On the second leg, a reasonably free reach, the two yachts steamed off at a great pace (they averaged nine and a third knots for the nearly straight shot to the reaching, or wing, mark). Almost immediately after her spinnaker was up and drawing, Liberty set a staysail—a tall, narrow jiblike sail—inside the chute. The raison d'être of a staysail is the extra fraction of a knot that it may (or may not) produce, utilizing air that is not being captured by the spinnaker or the mainsail. Opinions are divided on whether the staysail is a help; some sailors feel that it actually detracts from the spinnaker's pulling power, and perhaps that was John Bertrand's opinion, for he sailed the entire leg without a staysail—and he managed to increase his lead by two seconds when the boats jibed around the reaching mark and went off on the second, rather tighter reach, toward the America's Cup buoy. At this point, both skippers agreed later, Bertrand made a serious error. Conner, using the staysail to advantage, worked his boat up slightly to windward of Australia—"on our hip," as Bertrand put it—and proceeded to sail right past her. Bertrand attempted, too late, to force Liberty up to windward and thus slow her down, but when the two yachts rounded the buoy to begin the second windward leg Conner had converted a ten-second deficit into a sixteen-second lead; by skillful use of localized wind shifts he managed to build on that lead, so that at the fourth mark, with one leeward and one windward leg to go, Liberty was nearly half a minute ahead—a substantial lead, and one that was viewed by many of the Australian observers as crippling, because Australia II was not considered particularly good at sailing dead downwind.

This time, however, Bertrand proved to be the more skillful sailor, and Australia showed herself not at all slow downwind. Bertrand took his boat well off to the port side of the course and found a breeze there that brought him nearly up to Liberty. Conner, still slightly ahead, jibed over onto starboard tack, with the idea of bringing Liberty into the last turn as close to the buoy as possible, so that Australia could not work between her and the mark. (The inside boat at a mark usually has a significant tactical advantage, for it is able to control the other boat's movements to some extent.) Bertrand, perceiving Conner's intent, jibed to cross Liberty's stern, intending to get Australia overlapped inside Liberty—a position that would allow the Australian boat to act like a wedge, splitting Liberty from the buoy. It was a good idea, but the stresses on Australia's steering system proved to be too great for the pulleys that led the steering cable from the steering wheel to the rudder, and the metal bracket supporting one pulley collapsed under the strain, leaving Australia effectively rudderless, controlled only by the secondary effect of the trim tab. Australia's spinnaker pole skied upward as the boat broached, but Bertrand managed to keep her under enough control to

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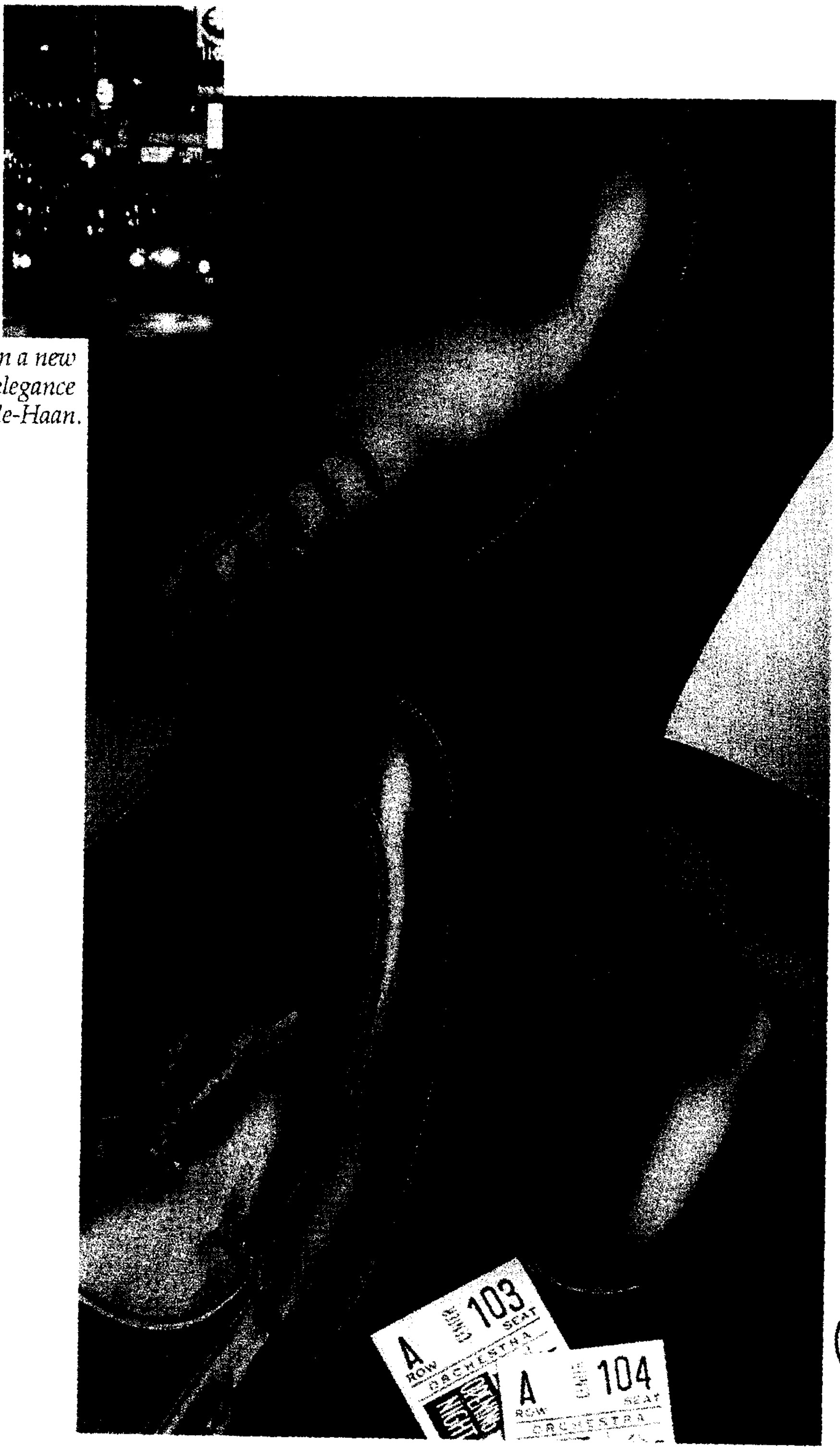
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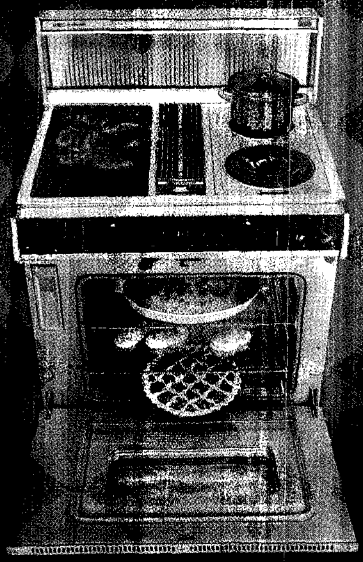

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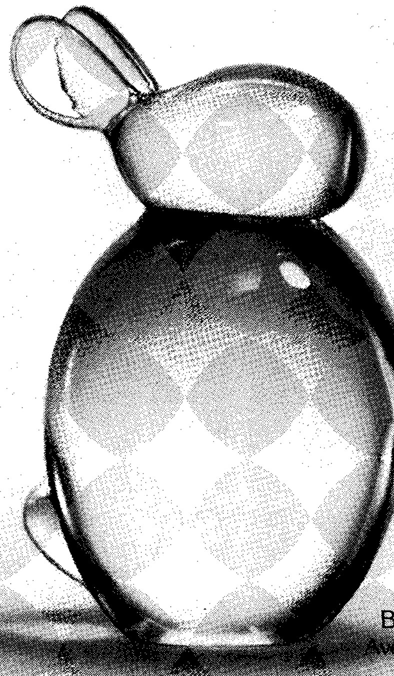
round the buoy—something more than a ninety-degree turn to port—and head off on port tack. For a couple of minutes after rounding the mark, Australia, some thirty-five seconds behind, remained unable to tack, her spinnaker pole still up and blocking the jib as the crew worked desperately belowdecks, lashing the steering-cable pulley in place. At last, the spinnaker pole came down, and Australia tacked over to follow Liberty, but the American boat was now so far ahead that all she had to do was maintain a loose cover—position herself, that is, between the finish line and her opponent—and sail on to victory. She came in ahead by a minute and ten seconds. The spectator fleet, which, as a result of the weather, had been very sparse when the race began, amounted (according to one estimate) to about eight hundred yachts at the finish, and they gave the American boat the customary shattering air-horn accolade. Conner, taking what looked like a far greater chance than any he had taken during the race, sailed Liberty right into the midst of the fleet to receive the cheers.

After a Cup race, the spectator fleet returning to Newport harbor at flank speed is one of the more alarming sights visible on the water at any time. Besides sportfishing yachts powering along at twenty knots, hurling sheets of water to either side, there are Coast Guard utility boats flinging themselves ahead, sailing auxiliaries yawing back and forth almost uncontrollably in the welter of wakes, and large ferryboats jammed with spectators—and often heeled desperately far over as the passengers, nearly all of them on the upper decks, surge to the side nearer a Cup yacht being towed home.

About an hour after the end of each race, the press begins to assemble in Newport's ancient, wooden-ceilinged Rhode Island National Guard armory, on Thames Street. Along with the sailing journalists, most of whom have for years been on first-name terms with the competitors, are reporters and photographers and television cameramen who clearly haven't a clue to what sailing is about, and whose questions veer from early kindergarten to the embarrassingly personal.

Presiding over this mixed bag at last September's press conferences was William Ficker, still as hairless as a cue ball and with a kind of genial authority and presence that managed to keep things moving and more or less under control. On the night after the first race, Ficker arrived in the



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company of Dennis Conner and was joined a few minutes later by John Bertrand and his impresario, Alan Bond. The atmosphere of noblesse oblige could have been cut with a cake knife, and it seemed as if even the belligerent Bond had spent the last few days in charm school—he complimented his own crew, the Americans, and even the spectator boats. On being asked by an Australian newsman whether he held to his prediction for a 4–2 Australian victory, Bond replied that he did. Conner agreed that the race could have gone either way, before the failure of Australia's gear, and the affair broke up in a highly unusual atmosphere of sweetness and light.

At the Battle of Jutland, in 1916, the British Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, watching his battle cruisers blowing up all about him, is supposed to have said, "There's something wrong with our bloody ships today." It was a remark that might just as easily have been made, in the singular, by Alan Bond following the second Cup race. After Bond's crew spent much of the evening securing the steering-pulley brackets under Australia's deck, she showed up for the second race amid high expectations, but they were betrayed even before the start. In the pre-race maneuvering, conducted in northeasterly winds that averaged almost twenty knots, a metal fitting at Australia's masthead broke, allowing the head of the mainsail to drop about twelve inches—not a great distance, when one considers that the mast itself rises eighty-five feet above the deck, but enough to cause the sail's luff to scallop hideously and its heavy leech to fall away. Worse, the broken fitting also tore Australia's mainsail just below the headboard (the metal plate that secures the sail to the halyard), so that the entire mainsail was suspended by a small strip of Kevlar fabric, which might have let go at any moment. Under the circumstances, it was hardly surprising that Liberty took the start by five seconds. What was astonishing was that at the first mark, after beating four and a half miles to windward, Australia led by forty-five seconds.

The explanation is that the Aussies, with remarkable presence of mind, had tilted their mast forward by adjusting the supporting rigging; the tilt allowed them to put extra downward pressure on the sail with the boom, and the flattened shape that resulted from this weirdly impromptu retuning

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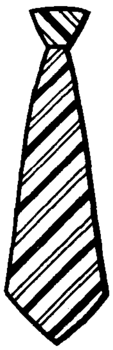

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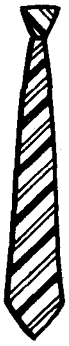

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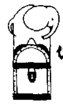

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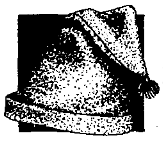

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may actually have been more efficient when beating to windward in a stiff breeze than a normally shaped full mainsail. Unlike ordinary sailboats, Twelve-Metres do not have the option of reefing the main; also unlike ordinary sailboats, Twelves have a number of mains to choose from, according to the wind conditions expected. In the post-race press conference, Alan Bond noted that Australia had set a light-air mainsail before the start, in the expectation—which was correct—that the wind would ease during the race. Inspired as the Australian crew's action was, its success was tenuous in the extreme. The sail might tear completely through and fall to the deck, and there was not a chance of replacing it under way; a Twelve-Metre can change jibs or spinnakers with insouciance, but setting a new mainsail is so long a job that no extra main is even aboard. At the windward mark, Australia got up spinnaker and staysail and headed off, and almost as soon as she had assumed her course a figure was observed going up her mast.

From the nearest spectator craft, it had been obvious from the start that something was critically wrong with Australia's rigging, but no spectator could get close enough to see details, even with the aid of binoculars or the bazooka-size lenses currently favored by press photographers. Insubstantial and tiny as a fly on a window screen across a room, the Australian crewman—who was later revealed to be Colin Beashel, the mainsail trimmer—ascended to the upper of the two sets of spreaders (the small horizontal spars that brace the mast). There he paused for some minutes, thus giving rise to speculation that the yacht's problem was somehow situated about two-thirds of the way up the mast. In reality, Beashel was merely switching halyards: the bosun's chair in which he rode had been hauled partway up the mast by a jib halyard; now he had to release that and make himself fast to a spare main halyard—all this at fifty feet above the water, while swaying hideously from side to side. At last, Beashel reached the masthead, where he could be observed, as if impaled, for all but the last few minutes of the first reaching leg. When Australia rounded the wing mark, she had lost fourteen seconds but was still a half minute ahead, and as soon as she had jibed onto the new tack Beashel went back up. What he was doing, it later transpired, was lashing the top of the sail to its headboard, to keep the whole

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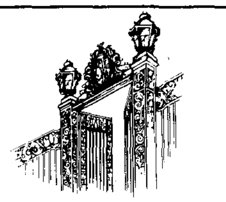

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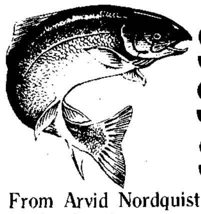

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thing from dropping on his crewmates' heads. In this he was successful, but Australia was only twenty-one seconds ahead as she turned the leeward mark for the second windward leg. Halfway up this leg, with the wind beginning to lighten, Liberty began a fierce tacking duel—a maneuver in which a closely trailing boat tacks at very brief intervals, over and over, forcing the boat ahead to tack with her in order to remain between the trailing boat and the mark ahead. If a trailing boat can break free from the wind shadow imposed by the boat ahead, she has a good chance of taking the lead. It was obvious from the press boat, several hundred yards away, that Australia was not tacking with her usual crisp precision, or with the speed she had displayed on previous occasions. Bertrand was quite obviously nursing his boat; Conner and his crew must have had a fair idea of what was happening, and the repeated tacks not only took advantage of Australia's unwonted slowness in maneuver but also increased the chances that the original damage would become crippling.

As Liberty came even with Australia, she tacked immediately ahead of her, and Bertrand bore away—to avoid a collision, he said later. In any case, he caused a red protest flag to be hoisted, since it is the responsibility of a boat that tacks to keep clear of the boat behind her. When Australia crossed the finish line only a respectable minute and a half behind, the result of the second race was in limbo. The uncertainty was compounded when Australia filed a second protest, on the ground that while both yachts' skippers had formally requested a lay (or non-sailing) day to follow, only Australia was charged for it; that used up one of her free postponement days and left Liberty hers to use, if necessary, later.

The hearings on the following day dragged on for hours, and resulted in two legal setbacks for Australia (and, perhaps, a mild sense of relief on the part of the N.Y.Y.C., since this time the controversial decisions had been made not by the club's own officials, as in years past, but by a five-man international jury). In the matter of tacking too close, the protest was disallowed, as most sailors had expected that it would be. Although the boat that tacks has the burden of proving she allowed the other boat room, protest committees will usually throw the protest out if there is no contact between the two yachts—"a sensible in-

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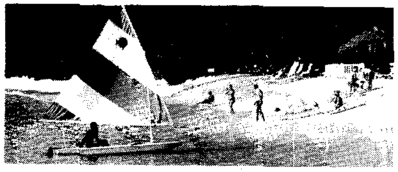

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terpretation," the Danish sailing expert Paul Elvström has maintained, on the ground that "it is too easy for [the boat tacked against] to put in a protest in cases like this." In another break with tradition, aerial photos, from the Goodyear blimp that had been overhead, were used as evidence in the protest hearing, as was the testimony of Robert Bavier, who had been aboard the blimp as the N.Y.Y.C.'s official observer. The blimp also served as a base for television coverage of the race, making it possible for armchair observers to follow the action more closely than anyone but the participants themselves.

The question of who should be charged with the lay day was more obscure. According to the international jury, at the end of the second race the committee boat had properly hoisted the international-code-flag combination signifying the question "Will you race tomorrow?" Within one hour, each competitor had to hoist signal letter "C," for "yes," or "N," for "no." Each yacht's skipper had wanted a lay day, but neither had wanted to be charged. Liberty had indicated by radio that she would hoist the flag but, because of confusion aboard, did not actually do so until one second after the hour had elapsed. One second before that deadline, Australia (which had presumably heard Liberty's radio message, but which desperately needed the lay day) had hoisted her flag, and got socked with the bill.

WHEN racing resumed on Saturday, the Australians had their backs to the wall, being down 2–0—a fact that was remarked upon something like half a dozen times by the Australian radio services, which were broadcasting the event live from the press boat. Reporters sitting on the press boat's bridge wing, just below the microphones, followed the transmissions with increasingly delighted astonishment as the announcers broadcast a breathtaking race at some variance with what was unfolding in front of everyone else. At one point, an Aussie announcer, his voice cracking with excitement, described in vivid detail the expressions on the faces of the crew of Australia II. A nearby American, looking at Australia's crew through a seven-power lens (which the announcer did not have), noted that not only were Australia II's personnel barely visible even under magnification but they were all turned

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away from the press boat anyway.

The broadcast reporting was, however, about the only exciting aspect of the third race after the starting-line engagement, which Bertrand won handily, by eleven seconds. In a dying breeze, Australia increased her lead to a minute and a quarter on the first leg and to two minutes on the second; lost two seconds on the third (it was becoming apparent that Liberty was often faster on reaches); lost twelve seconds more on the next beat; and then extended the lead to an improbable six minutes at the end of the run—only to lose it all when the race's time limit of five hours and fifteen minutes ran out halfway up the windward leg. It was a brutal disappointment for the Australians, but at the same time it gave hope for the next day, and that day the race was resailed in similar smooth seas and with winds that were just enough heavier to allow the boats to finish comfortably. Conner easily won the start, by eight seconds, but Liberty was overtaken on the first leg and reached the turning mark a minute and a quarter behind—a staggering margin, under the circumstances. Australia lost some of her advantage, as she had before, on the two reaching legs, but she gained half a minute on the second beat and a minute and a half on the run—quite an accomplishment for a yacht that had been said to be disappointing when sailing dead downwind. At the finish, in ten-knot winds, Australia was three and a quarter minutes ahead—the best margin of victory ever registered by a foreign Twelve-Metre in Cup competition.

WINDS in the completed third race had ranged from seven knots at the start to ten at the finish, so when the two yachts met for the fifth time, after a lay day called by Liberty, the Australians—who seemed to outnumber the Americans both on Newport's streets and in the spectator fleet—were noisily anticipatory, as they had been noisily triumphant the day before. (Just after the Australians' first victory, a reserved and gentlemanly Australian journalist next to me on the press boat leaned over, in the manner of one about to impart a state secret, and said, "I think you ought to know that if we win this thing we are going to be *insufferable*.") The Australian spectators and the crew of Australia II were treated to a lesson in match-racing tactics—a lesson that began when Conner won the start by six seconds, and continued as he took ev-

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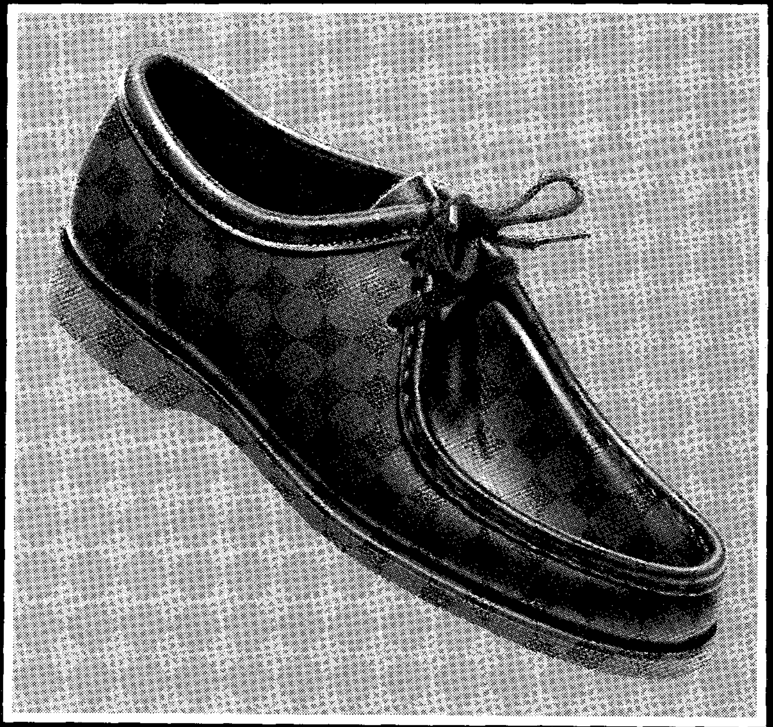
ery succeeding leg, by a margin of between one-half and three-quarters of a minute, to cross the finish line, in a fifteen-knot southwesterly, forty-three seconds in the lead. Bertrand, try as he might, could not extricate his boat from the tight cover imposed by Liberty when she was close, or the loose cover she kept up when she was well ahead. In the post-race conference, there were no Australian excuses, and just about everyone acknowledged that Conner and his crew had sailed a perfect race. The bafflement of observers, however, was complete: the conditions had seemed very much the same as in the preceding race, yet Liberty had clearly been as fast as Australia and sometimes faster. How could this be?

THERE was no lay day after the fourth race, and on Wednesday many Americans expected Conner to mop up the hapless Aussies. The winds were, according to conventional wisdom, Liberty's winds—just under twenty knots, from the south, with a sizable sea running. Everyone on the press boat agreed that in a lumpy sea the winglets on Australia's keel would cause extra drag as the boat lifted to meet the waves. In any case, she would probably come apart in some critical area. Word had it that Liberty's backers had spent the previous night preparing a huge victory flag that showed an eagle clutching a defeated kangaroo.

Less than an hour before the start, with Liberty running pre-race tune-ups against her trial horse, Freedom, and Australia II doing the same against Challenge 12, everything changed. Someone on the press boat, idly listening to the VHF-FM radio channel used for routine messages among the yachts and by the Race Committee, heard an emergency call from Liberty to her tender, a powerboat named Fire Three. From the context, it was clear that something important in Liberty's rigging had broken. A part was needed to allow the boat to race, and the part was ashore, a dozen miles away. A desperate series of messages followed: Liberty needed a hacksaw and blades—that sounded ominous, indeed—and then observers could see first one and then two men high in Liberty's rigging, working at the jumper struts, two forward-angled tubes near the top of the mast. Wire stays run from the masthead over the ends of the struts and then back into the mast, and a hydraulically actuated ram inside the



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mast alters the pressure on the stays and, consequently, the bend of the upper part of the mast. After a while—it must have seemed a very long while aboard Liberty—a small powerboat, driven by two huge outboard engines at a speed that sent her leaping clear of the waves at times, came dashing up, and a needed replacement strut was passed over. A pair of Liberty crewmen, Tom Rich and Scott Vogel, managed to complete the repair job two minutes before the ten-minute warning gun for the start of the race—an accomplishment that in most people's opinion surpassed even Beashel's masthead heroics, since the winds were considerably heavier and the seas rougher.

The start, with Liberty seemingly repaired, confirmed the Australians' darkest fears. As both yachts approached the starting line a little early, Conner bore away and then crossed perfectly, while Bertrand found his boat over before the gun—an unforgivable, bush-league error of timing. Bertrand circled back and recrossed the line, as the rules require, and headed up the windward leg thirty-seven seconds in Liberty's wake. At the halfway point to the first mark, however, Australia received a generous helping of the good luck that had previously been Liberty's: the makeshift repair to the American yacht's jumper strut collapsed under stress, with the result that her performance was effectively crippled on one tack, because her upper mast could no longer be fine-tuned for that heading. The evidence was visible in the set of Liberty's mainsail, which looked healthy on port tack but exhibited huge ripples—called bubbling—along its luff when the yacht was sailing on starboard tack. This was all the advantage that Australia needed; ahead at the first mark by twenty-three seconds, she increased her lead to a minute and a quarter at the end of the second windward leg, and finished the fifth race ahead by a minute and three-quarters, and—more to the point—still in the series.

The sixth race was a handicappers' nightmare, with winds ranging from twelve knots at the start to seventeen at the finish—from medium strong, that is, to heavy going for Twelve-Metres. Both yachts started with medium-air mainsails—which, of course, they were stuck with—and during the following three and a half hours both ran through virtually all the half-dozen or more headsails that a

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Twelve-Metre carries in a race. (Each yacht's tender, a large, fast powerboat, carries the rest of the active inventory—perhaps twenty-five additional sails—but cannot pass any of them over after the race has started.) By this race, the press corps was beyond astonishment: unsurprised when Conner again took the start, from a Bertrand who seemed to be treating him with extreme caution; equally unsurprised when Bertrand arrived at the windward mark two and a half minutes in the lead. Just about the only real surprise was what most people felt was Conner's first major tactical error in the series. Liberty, still ahead a few minutes after the start, was covering Australia fairly closely, in approved fashion—tacking on top of her to take her wind every time Australia tacked to escape. Then Australia tacked toward the west side of the course, and Liberty, instead of following, headed off on the other tack, toward the east. Eight minutes later, when the two boats had tacked again and come back together, Bertrand had received a big lift from a localized change in wind direction, and Australia was now ahead—a lead she built into a two-and-a-half-minute margin at the first mark. She increased it to three and three-quarters minutes by the end of the second reach, and was far ahead for the remaining three legs, finishing the race nearly three and a half minutes in front. It was the kind of no-contest affair in which the rich get richer and the poor get wiped out, and on the press boat, which was too far away for photographers even to pretend they could shoot effectively, the passengers turned their speculation to other things. Up on the bridge wing, a lively argument arose over whether "eye of newt," when used in a recipe, meant a single eye or a dollop; the idling photographers started an equally heated discussion of the intricacies of intramural wire-service politics; two Australians began an ill-fated attempt to explain an American joke to a Japanese photographer.

But when the press boat landed back at Newport the waterfront was beside itself with excitement—a frenzy that was only heightened when Bond requested a lay day Friday instead of going in to finish off the apparently helpless Americans. Then the scheduled finish to the closest America's Cup series in history was first postponed on Saturday, when the winds were too unsteady and light to permit a fair race, and deferred another

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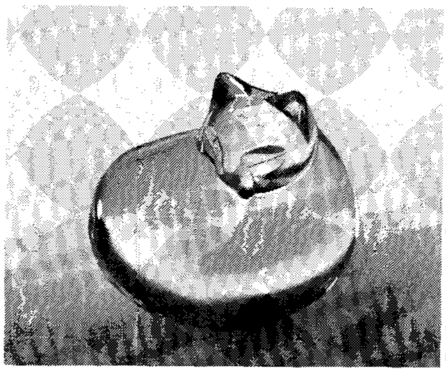

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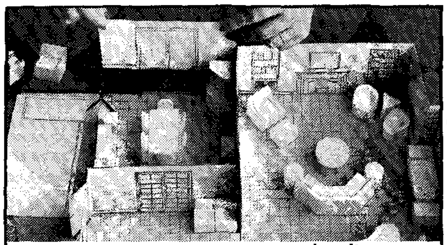

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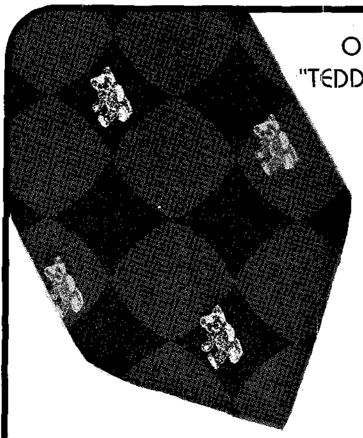
day when Liberty used up her last permitted lay day and declined to race on Sunday—hoping for somewhat heavier airs to blow across the course on Monday. But with a large and apparently permanent high-pressure system squatting over the Northeast, relatively light winds were likely through Tuesday, and Conner triggered a controversy by having his yacht towed up Narragansett Bay to the town of Barrington, where she was divested of about a thousand pounds of loose lead ballast, remeasured by an official, and relaunched for the tow back to Newport. All this was perfectly legal, specifically permitted under the rules that govern Cup competition, but Alan Bond would not have been himself if he had not appeared, accompanied by Ben Lexcen, to observe the lightening and announce that his yacht planned to cross the starting line flying a protest flag. Not everyone took this outburst seriously—even the members of the press, heads down and scribbling so they missed the glint in Bond's eye (as Lexcen later remarked), were beginning to get the measure of their man—but there was some small surprise (and relief) when Australia appeared Monday with no red flag in her rigging. Both boats' tentative tactics at the start testified to their skippers' eagerness for a race decided on the course, not in a protest meeting, and it turned out to be a contest without any of the gamesmanship that had marked so much of the preceding summer. Liberty's light-air trim served to enhance her speed and maneuverability on the windward legs, but the race was decided on the run, where wind shifts and one American misjudgment undid all the effort of the previous days.

FOR those who enjoy poetic justice, it may perhaps be found in the fact that this first America's Cup era ended very much as it had begun: When the Americans sailed their schooner to England, in 1851, they were the upstarts, and Britain, which had ruled the waves for at least half a century, looked down upon the transatlantic challenger. One English yachtsman, eying the subversive-looking black schooner, with her steeply raked masts, remarked, "If she is right, then we are all wrong." She was, and they were—and almost the same thing could have been said a hundred and thirty-two years later, when the upstart Australians came to Newport



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with a boat that could be right only if all the others were wrong. Alan Bond won the twenty-fifth America's Cup regatta with a combination of his own tenacity and intelligence and, most of all, his willingness to back the unorthodox genius of Ben Lexcen, who emerged as one of the three heroes of the series. The second hero was, of course, John Bertrand, the unassuming skipper of Australia II—probably not as skilled a match-racing sailor as his opponent but a man capable of taking the better instrument and using it to effect. Bertrand at the press conferences was a genuine treat to watch. When he was asked any question, no matter how foolish (and some of them were eerily simpleminded), he would fix the questioner with a fierce concentration and, for what seemed like forever, would sit silent, his face thin and high-cheekboned, empty of expression, while he considered his reply. At last, under the fringes of a Lech Walesa–style mustache, a private smile would appear, as if Bertrand had discovered some rich joke, and then would come a short, precise, and soft-voiced reply. Even at his lowest moments, as after the third loss to Liberty, Bertrand's composure never wavered and his courtesy never faltered.

The third, and most unlikely, hero of the affair at Newport was the losing skipper, Dennis Conner. Conner is an impossible man to lionize: he is not terribly articulate in public, his attitude toward sailboat racing is as pragmatic as Navratilova's toward tennis, and his quietly intense competitiveness has earned him a sizable corps of detractors. In the press conferences, Conner nearly always looked uncomfortable, with a smile that, one of my colleagues remarked, appeared to have been pasted on his face at an angle. (To me, it seemed to have been attached by some more painful method.) But none of this should obscure what he did and how he handled himself through almost two desperate weeks. He must have known nearly from the start the calibre of boat he was up against—have known (long before the spectators figured it out) that Australia was faster than Liberty in both light and heavy airs, and her equal in the narrow middle range of winds. He unquestionably knew, as people in any small community like competitive sailing know, that the Australian crew was a very respectable body of men, and men who were certain in their hearts that they could win. In the face of all this,

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Conner sailed one race that was virtually perfect, and handled his slower yacht with great skill most of the rest of the time. He was beaten once by bad luck and twice by taking questionable chances, but no one has seriously suggested that anyone else could have done better, or even as well. Trapped in the public eye, he carried off singlehanded the difficult job of representing the American competitor to the press—unlike Bertrand, who was always accompanied either by Bond or by the Australian syndicate manager, a tough and articulate man named Warren Jones. Only once in two weeks, on being confronted with a question that combined offensiveness, irrelevance, and ignorance, did Conner allow himself, momentarily, to snap back. At the final conference—more alone than ever, since Ficker had gone home to California the previous day—Conner made a statement that was impressive for its dignity and simplicity. "They beat us," Conner concluded, "and we have no excuses." Then, his iron self-control wavering, he edged his chair back to get up. The assembled press, which had finally begun to understand him, was silent. Only one journalist reached for a microphone and opened his mouth to ask a question, but then he, too, subsided in silence.

There is an important unanswered question, though: What will be the future of the America's Cup? Obviously, no one knows the answer, but some things can be said with assurance. First, the Australians will turn themselves inside out in the three or four years they have before they become the defenders. Fremantle, the probable site for the next series, may not become another Newport, but it will have what facilities it needs. Second, the series will be a wide-open competition, since every Twelve-Metre built since 1962, including Australia II, was designed with one eye on the wind and sea patterns off Newport, and no one has ever designed a Twelve to sail in the very different waters off Western Australia. And, finally, it will probably be the first America's Cup to be adequately covered by international television—thanks to lighter-than-air blimps, the first to be really accessible to spectators. With that much of a running start, it is hard to see the Cup dwindling in importance; on the contrary, it may be on the threshold of a better era than the one that has just ended.

—Tony Gibbs

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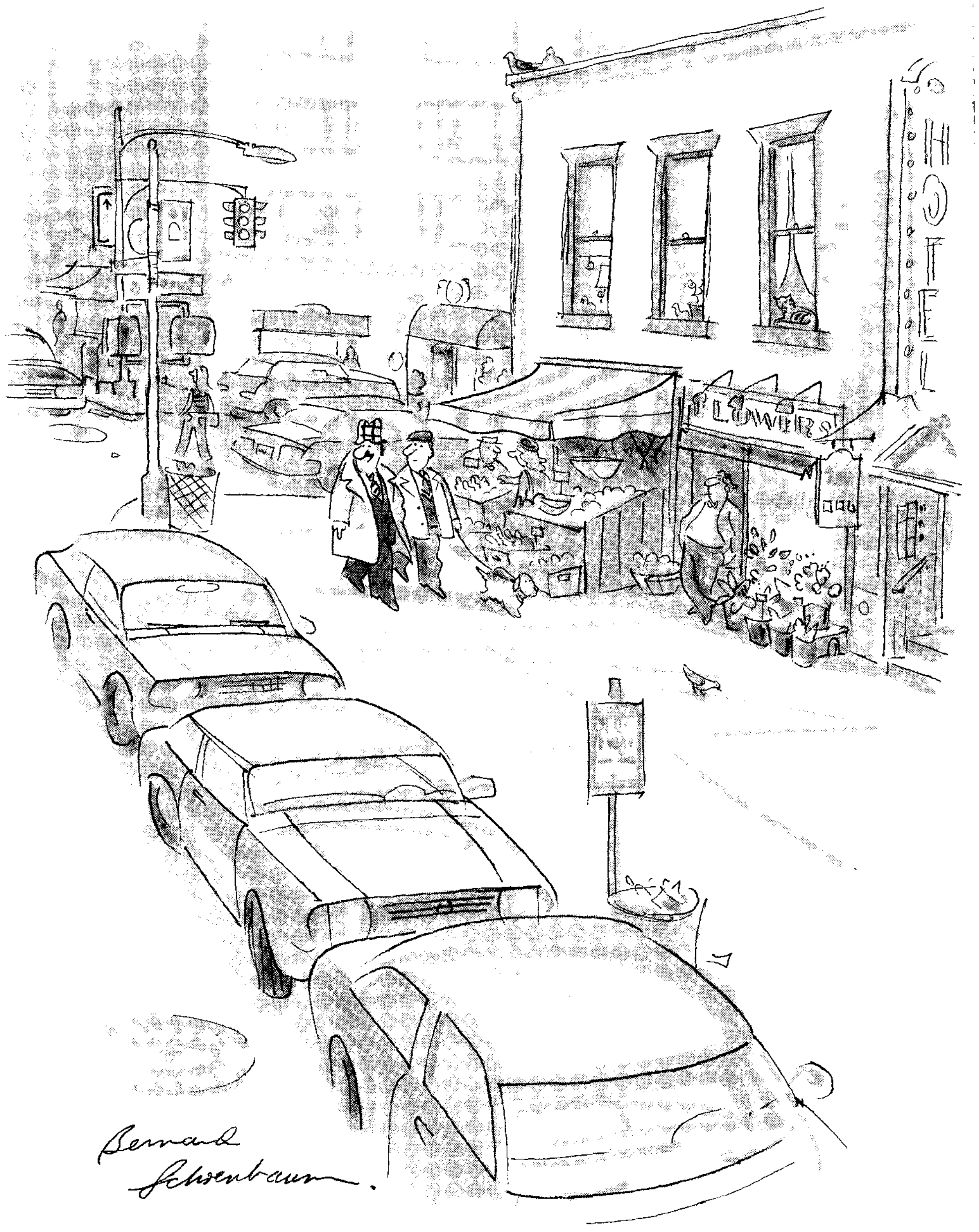
THE THEATRE

Valorous Failures

WE are lucky indeed to be in the presence, at the Booth, of a classic production of what strikes me today as a classic American comedy—David Mamet's "American Buffalo." When I saw it for the first time on Broadway, some six years ago, I was plainly unready for it and so mistook its nature. Perhaps in part because of Ulu Grosbard's direction—one is always reluctant to have formed an ill judgment unaided—the play seemed to me then to reflect a dourly despairing image of brutish lower-class American life; I perceived it as a series of glimpses into a sub-Studs Terkel Chicago, where a junk shop (symptomatically situated belowground, on a dark side street constantly patrolled by the police) served as the cave in which three slow-witted men proposed and failed to carry out a sorry little scam of no importance whatever. I felt that Mr. Mamet was meting out a harsh and premature sentence of death upon those promises which even in the soiled depths of our so-called Second City a homely individual entrepreneur might hope to realize, whether legitimately or illegitimately. Well! The content of Mr. Mamet's play hasn't changed, but my opinion of it certainly has, with the help of the present director, Arvin Brown, who first staged this production at the Long Wharf, in New Haven, and who provides a reading of it very different from that of the 1977 version. Take, for example, the uncanny metamorphosis of the language of the play, which earlier resembled, to my ear, a tiresomely monosyllabic drumbeat of obscenities and now sounds, with not a word changed, a lyrical note as refreshing as that of the reiterated "Goddamm"s of Pound's witty, parodic "Ancient Music" ("Winter is icummen in"). The play celebrates the fate of valorous failures, or not-quite-failures, who, though they will never prevail, will take good care to survive. They are figures readily at home in our literary tradition, among scamps ranging from the anonymous Yankee Doodle, through the confidence men of Melville, Twain, and Frost ("Take care to sell your horse before he dies"), and on to those of Malamud, Bellow, and Roth. They are every hypocritical Wall Street rags-to-riches story turned inside out and upside down; not for the world would we be one of them, but not for the world dare we exclude them from the gross national product of American energy, optimism, and cunning.

There are only three characters in the play, each his own man and yet linked by bonds of self-interest and wary affection to the others. Donny has achieved a certain place in the world by his ownership of the junk shop; he has the true capitalist's zest for convenient theft, and when a coin collector happens into the shop and discovers there a buffalo-head nickel for which he is willing to pay Donny ninety dollars Donny, for his part, is willing to separate the collector from his collection. He arranges for Bobby, a young protégé of his, to shadow the man and make a study of his comings and goings. Poor Bobby, who has been on drugs and is struggling in vain to go clean, lacks the discipline for such a task, though he is not above devising alternative money-making schemes; a cardplaying comrade of Donny's, Walter Cole, known as Teacher, or Teach for short, on learning of the proposed plundering of the coins takes charge of the affair. He isn't Teach for nothing; he has a turbulent, agile mind, coupled, to his misfortune, with



"See where that blue car's parked, Ed? I parked there once."

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infantile emotional development. As a petty thief, he is a foulmouthed Quixote, who hopes all and fears all and turns a likely botch into a certain disaster. The play ends in a defeat no more dishonorable than victory.

The three members of the cast embody their characters with the welcome confidence in their gifts, and in the use to which their gifts are being put, that is as far beyond mere bravura acting as marble is beyond marzipan. I find it hard to imagine—I feel even a twinge of impropriety in attempting to imagine—that anyone in the future will prove better suited to playing Donny and Bobby and Teach than J. J. Johnston, James Hayden, and Al Pacino. In their ratty, gloomy den, where they now induced fear from many a handful of actual dust and now induced laughter from it, they held me spellbound. The den and its dust are the handiwork of Marjorie Bradley Kellogg, the costumes are by Bill Walker, and the lighting is by Ronald Wallace. Congratulations to them all on an occasion worthy of vehement salute. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Musical Beginning

IN 1972, Arthur Miller wrote a cumbersome comedy, "The Creation of the World and Other Business," that was based on the Book of Genesis; it had a very brief run on Broadway (and was not seen by me). Now he has turned it into a playful, and at least playable, libretto for a musical, "Up from Paradise," at the Jewish Repertory. The true wit and humor of the show are in Stanley Silverman's rich, melodic score, which takes every conceivable form, and in the performances of the singers and actors, under the direction of Ran Avni. The first number, "The Lord Is a Hammer of Light," a stately hymn sung by the three presiding angels (Raymond Murcell, Avery J. Tracht, and Richard Frisch), might lead us to think that we're in for an evening of formal oratorio. Not a bit of it. Out steps God (in the person of Len Cariou) with young Adam, still wet behind the ears (in the person of Austin Pendleton), and the songs that follow are show tunes, musical parodies, gospel, blues, and jazz—all of them delightful. As for the other actors, Alice Playten is Eve, Walter Bobbie is Lucifer, Lonny Price is Abel, and Paul Ukena, Jr., is Cain—as distinguished a cast as one could

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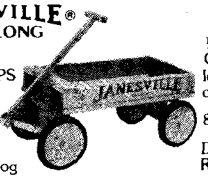

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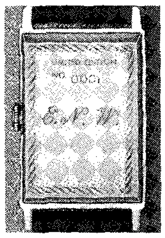
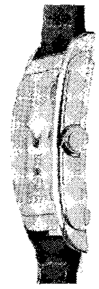
imagine Off Broadway (or On). Mr. Pendleton and Miss Playten bring happy memories of the incomparable "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac," of thirteen years ago—in connection with which I remarked that Mr. Pendleton had "mastered eternal youth." He and Miss Playten both have, though that is the least of their accomplishments. They are funny, nimble actors, and the gentle innocence of their characterizations makes an effective contrast to the strength and sophistication of Mr. Cariou's God and the guile of Mr. Bobbie's Lucifer. Mr. Price and Mr. Ukena do very well as the ill-matched brothers. The simple setting is by Michael C. Smith, and the costumes are by Marie Anne Chiment. In the first act, set in the Garden of Eden, all the men are in dinner jackets, and Eve is born of Adam's rib (with God as obstetrician) wearing a cute little black print dress; in the second act—Paradise lost—the clothing is informal. The small, charming theatre, where no amplification, or "sound design," is needed (if it ever is), is most helpful to the performance. In reviewing "The Creation of the World," Brendan Gill found the third act "an incoherent assortment of debates . . . a tangle of poor points only half scored." The same holds true, to a certain extent, of the second act of "Up from Paradise," but this time the show does not sink under its own weighty foolishness, for Stanley Silverman is the redeemer.

"THE LAST OF THE KNUCKLEMEN," a non-play by John Powers, at the American Theatre of Actors, is about a brawling, sweaty bunch of Australian miners (what they are mining is never revealed) in the bunkhouse of a northwest-Australian mining camp. The hatred of one of them for the boss—the knuckleman (Kevin O'Connor)—is the only thread I could find that holds the rackety action together. The acting, by and large, is good enough, although it is undercut by the inept attempts at Australian accents. Near the end, Dennis Quaid, who is better than good enough, treats us to an impressive display of karate, after a lot of general, artless mayhem.

KENNETH PRESSMAN'S "Sand Dancing," at the Hudson Guild through November 6th, is yet another reunion play, set this time on a symbolically eroding island in Chesapeake Bay and involving three men who





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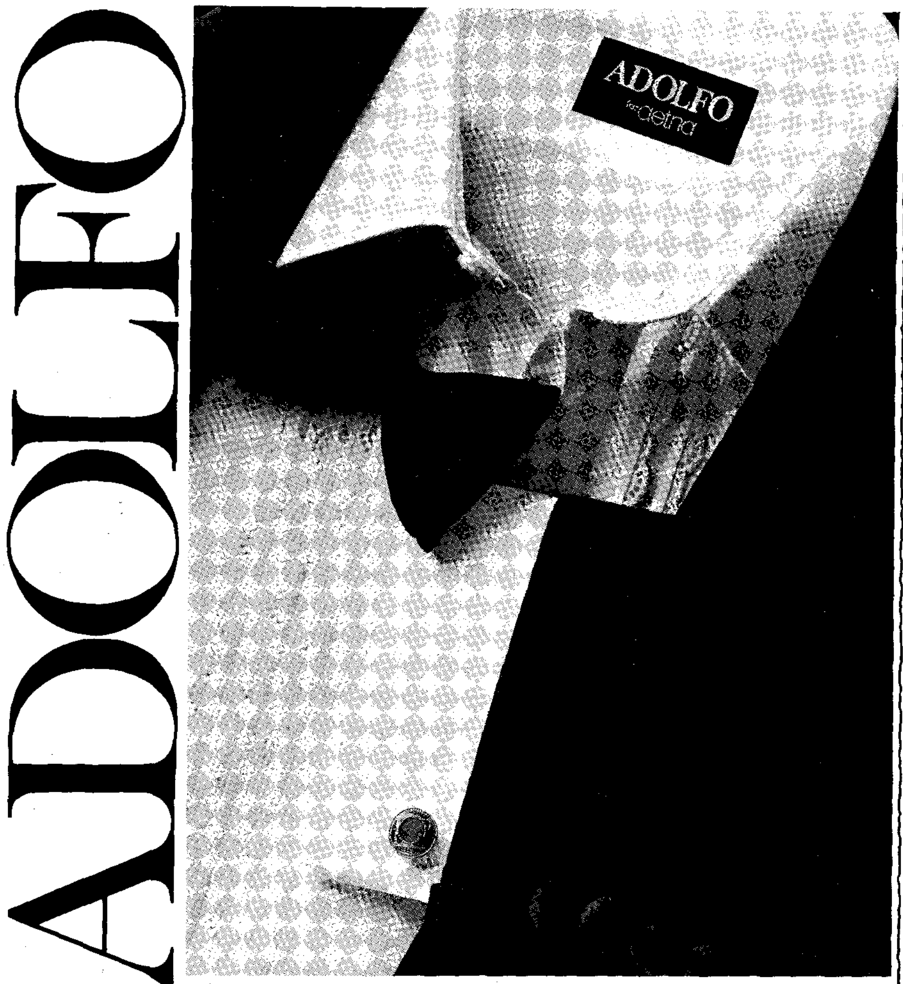

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have been friends for many years. One of them, a doctor, has brought from his hospital a woman patient who has been suffering from sleeping sickness since the late sixties. In the course of the action, which is sluggish, not to say inert, he slowly brings her back to life by administering that miraculous medicine L-dopa. It is the woman, a hearty Southern type, who, as her mind and memory clear, speaks the words and names—acid and the Beatles and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King—that have become talismans in reunion plays. Lynn Milgrim gives a fascinating, entirely credible performance in the role. The other actors—among them Stephen Burleigh, Willie Reale, and Kristin Griffith—do well, too, but what they are called upon to do is not very interesting. The setting—a bright, sunny beach—was designed and lighted by Paul Wonsek. Robert Moss directed.

"WEEKEND," a new musical that paused briefly at St. Peter's Church, is the work of an extremely gifted songwriter (and ungifted librettist) named Robert Lax. It was suddenly, though temporarily, snapped out of the doldrums by a funny, buoyant number, "Baby, It Must Be Love," sung by Carole-Ann Scott, a sparkling beauty, at the beginning of the second act. —EDITH OLIVER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Terrors and Tragedies

BRITTEN's chamber operas are often performed in America. This season, his three grand operas are more prominent than usual. To represent contemporary opera—works composed in the last half century—in the centenary season, the Met has chosen "Peter Grimes" and "Billy Budd," along with Poulenc's "Dialogues of the Carmelites." "Gloriana" comes to the Met—and to San Antonio—in June, brought by the English National Opera. There is another "Grimes" due, in Houston, in January, and another, in Los Angeles, brought by the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, during the Olympics.

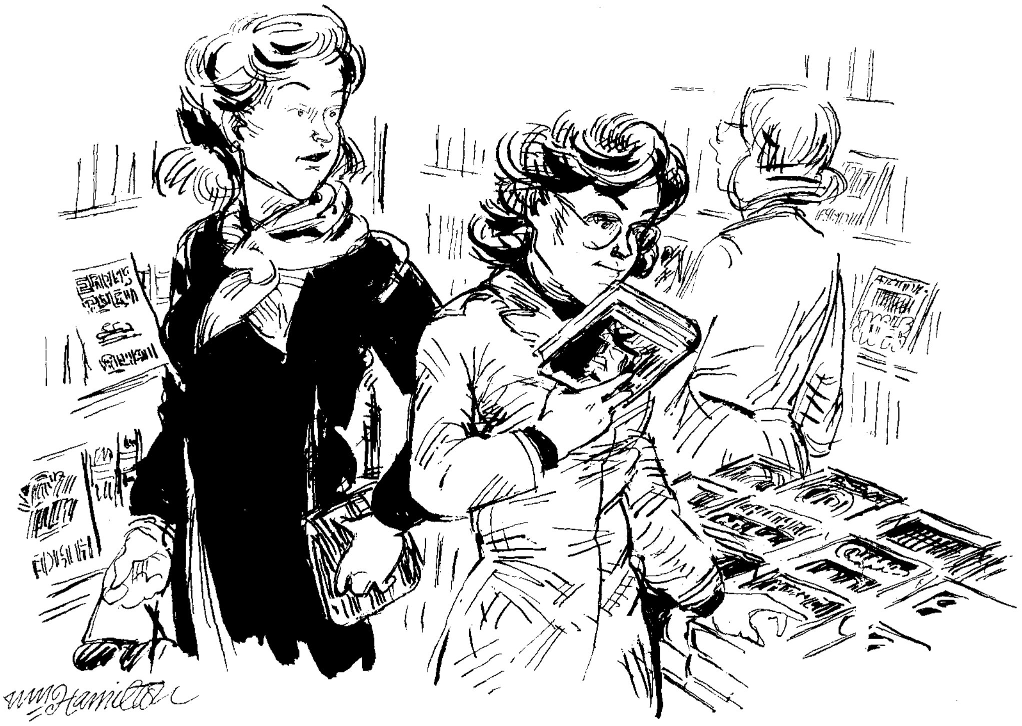
"Peter Grimes," which appeared at Sadler's Wells in June, 1945, a month after the ending of the war in Europe, was hailed with enthusiasm. Desmond Shawe-Taylor discerned in Britten "a fresh hope, not only for English, but for European opera." Some British critics tempered their praise. Edmund Wilson had no reservations and placed Britten with the "relatively few composers of the first rank who had a natural gift for the theatre: Mozart, Mussorgsky, Verdi, Wagner, the Bizet of 'Carmen.'" The opera—he wrote in some pages that are eloquent about the music and its aims—

> seizes upon you, possesses you, keeps you riveted to your seat during the action and keyed up during the intermissions, and drops you, purged and exhausted, at the end. . . . I do not remember ever to have seen, at any performance of opera, an audience so steadily intent, so petrified and held in suspense, as the audience of "Peter Grimes."

The Met production dates from 1967. It was directed by Tyrone Guthrie and designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, and has the nostalgic interest, to English eyes, of being close to the 1947 Covent Garden production by the same team. (At Covent Garden, the décor was modified when, in 1953, John Cranko took over the stage direction.) In that production, which included six members of the original Sadler's Wells cast, I first got to know the opera. But nostalgia is the least of the emotions stirred by a powerful performance of "Peter Grimes." With passing years, its freshness, its dramatic force, its richness of musical structure, and its illumination of private and public behavior seem ever to grow. In 1947, Wilson praised Britten's success "in harmonizing, through 'Peter Grimes,' the harsh helpless emotions of wartime," in speaking for "the blind anguish, the hateful rancors and the will to destruction of these horrible years." Decades later, Philip Brett, compiler and in large part author of the latest Cambridge Opera Handbook, which is devoted to "Grimes," finds it "a musical drama of particular relevance to our present age, and one that may well reveal further levels of meaning to future generations." His book contains valuable new material about the genesis of the opera, sensitive new thoughts about its significances, and some of the best previous writing about it. (The Shawe-Taylor and Wilson accounts of the première are reprinted.) Further commentary, an iconography of productions from Moscow to San Francisco, and the libretto appear in the latest English National/Royal Opera Opera Guide (Riverrun), which is edited by Nicholas John and is devoted to "Grimes" and "Gloriana."

The Met revival was conducted by John Pritchard in an assured, masterly fashion. The orchestral playing was not inspired (how can it be when the company must churn out seven opera performances a week, week after week, with the five-hour "Troyens" as one of them?), but it was of good quality. Jon Vickers in the title role was inspired. Grimes comprises within himself three men—victim, destroyer, and poetic dreamer—who in "Billy Budd" are separate. Mr. Vickers embodies the blundering, tormented tragedy in a way that leaves ordinary operatic impersonation behind. It is an alarming, disturbing performance. His voice, his features, his demeanor are distorted, transfigured. He has one of the few voices that can set the enormous Met ringing. The intensity of his utterance informs equally the quiet, almost whispered passages—strange, wild thoughts overheard—that make his portrayal so vivid. It is an unwieldy voice, but as it strains upward into the higher notes of the part the very effort becomes eloquent. As Siegmund, Tristan, and Parsifal, as Florestan, as Don Carlos and Radamès, as both Handel's and Saint-Saëns's Samson, Mr. Vickers will be remembered by all who have heard him. His Grimes is perhaps the most remarkable of all.

Elisabeth Söderström made her début in the new Met as Ellen Orford. (She last sang in the old house nineteen years ago, as the Composer in "Ariadne.") She gave a beautifully judged, tenderly exact performance. But the house was large for it; one had to focus in, as it were, to appreciate her fine-drawn line. Thomas Stew-



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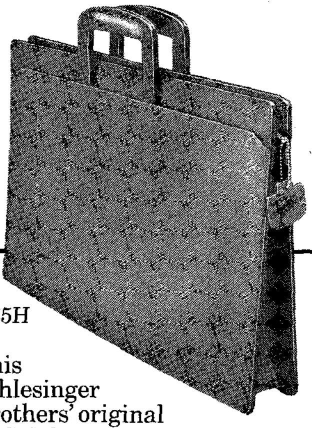

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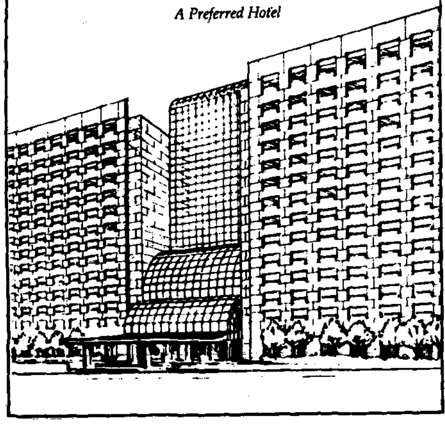
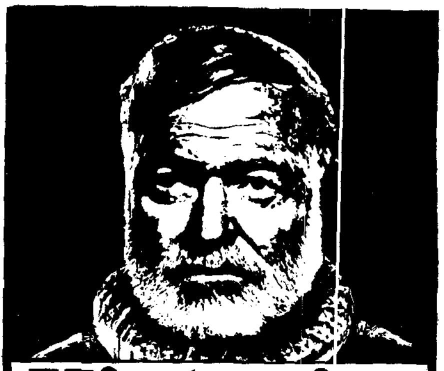


art's bluff Balstrode was admirable. Many of the other characters—Auntie, Mrs. Sedley, Ned, the Rector—overplayed, verged on florid caricature. Jerome Hines, who has been singing Swallow at the Met for thirty-five years, still mispronounces "quietus." (Not a mere British quibble—a glance at Webster would put him right.) For that matter, I wish Mr. Vickers would now restore the original text in the places where Guthrie, for the 1967 Met production, tinkered with it. When Ellen asks this Grimes where the youngster got the ugly bruise on his neck, he replies "How should I know?," which is weak and imprecise for the composer's "Out of the hurly-burly." Guthrie's production, now in the care of Bodo Igesz, seemed somewhat underrehearsed. Not Grimes, Ellen, or Balstrode but most of the others signalled to the audience when they would be singing next by slewing eyes out of the action to watch for Sir John's or the prompter's cue. It seems to me a mistake to set the mad scene not in the Borough street, with "Peter alone by his boat in the changeful light of a cloud-swept moon," but in a nowhere-world, with Peter adrift, knee-deep, in a swirl of stage steam. "Grimes" is a realistic opera. The contrast between familiar things (and the real shouting of the distant mob and the boom of the foghorn) and Peter's nightmare is stronger without stagy trimmings. Mr. Vickers' searing performance has no need of them.

THE Met opened on October 22, 1883, with a performance of "Faust," Christine Nilsson the Marguerite. It celebrated the centenary with an eight-and-a-half-hour concert—three and a half hours in the afternoon, five that night—given by a company such as can never have been assembled before. David Hockney's "Tirésias" quayside, the "Arabella" ballroom, the Latin Quarter set of "La Bohème," and Chagall's "Magic Flute" décor housed the event. The list of singers would fill a column or more: among just the most eminent sopranos and tenors, there were Birgit Nilsson, Joan Sutherland, Montserrat Caballé, Leontyne Price, Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Elisabeth Söderström, Katia Ricciarelli, Kiri Te Kanawa, and Jessye Norman; and Placido Domingo, Luciano Pavarotti, José Carreras, Alfredo Kraus, James McCracken, Nicolai Gedda, and Jess Thomas. Roberta Peters, Anna Moffo, Régine Crespin, Regina Res-



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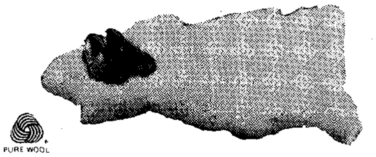

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nik (the Met's first Ellen Orford), Robert Merrill, Italo Tajo were on the bill. It was a celebration of past, present, and future. During the last lap, Zinka Milanov, Bidu Sayao, Erna Berger, Eleanor Steber, Jarmila Novotna, Risë Stevens, Ramon Vinay sat in state on the stage. Not only international stars but also the house regulars and comprimari performed. Members of the Young Artists Program (notably Gail Dubinbaum, a bright Isabella in the first-act "Italiana" finale) were also on display. The orchestra had its solo spot in a "Leonore" No. 3 lovingly, fervently conducted by Leonard Bernstein. The chorus, conducted by its chorusmaster, David Stivender, sang the glowing Hymn to the Sun that opens Mascagni's "Iris." The ballet had a high old time wiggling and leaping through the "Samson" bacchanale.

Such jamborees can be a trial. This one was joyful, and it was also, both in its peaks and on the plain, of uncommon interest to an observer of present-day singing. The high point was provided by Miss Nilsson, who, after a tremendous delivery of Isolde's Narration and Curse, sang an unaccompanied Swedish folk song—Christine Nilsson's favorite encore—with clear, bright freshness of sound, swift, glittering high arpeggios, power to set mountaintops resounding, and delicate, subtle art. At sixty-five, she remains matchless. Miss Sutherland, who is fifty-seven, sang Semiramide's "Bel raggio" with effortless brilliance. But there were younger singers who had sacrificed bloom, sweetness, and purity of tone to volume and power, who were once limpid and melting and have now become harder in timbre and unsteady on loud high notes. Legato was often in short supply. We heard a bumpy account of Gremin's aria, in "Onegin," and a *détaché* account of he Dutchman's "Wie aus der Ferne," which Wagner marked *"con portamento."* But from Miss Arroyo, in an "Aida" duet, and from Lucine Amara, n a "Gioconda" duet, we heard pure, lowing, unforced beautiful sound, welling as if from an open throat; and rom Cornell MacNeil, in "Nemico della patria," from "Chénier," a baritone line that was clear, steady, unpushed, but strong.

AT a Y recital last week, the New Arts Trio (Rebecca Penneys, piano; Piotr Janowski, violin; and Steven Doane, cello), the winner of he 1980 Naumburg Award for Chamber Music, played John Eaton's Piano Trio. It is a brief (about eight-minute), intense piece, charged with keen emotion, and composed "in memoriam Mario Cristini." Cristini was one of the last masters of painted scenic perspective in the opera house. Eaton's program note, telling how the music of the trio began to stir as he sat alone on the veranda of Cristini's house above Lake Trasimene, overlooking the silvery, limpid expanse, suggests a scene. Through sounds telling of stillness and quiet stirring, the violin and the cello begin to sing melodies of urgent, lyrical grief. Eaton has an ability like Janáček's to write lines that etch themselves directly on the emotions; and no composer is less problematical in his command of quarter tones that can "bend" familiar pitches to create utterances of new poignancy and can blend into subtly affecting new harmonies. The singing falls silent at last. The trio ends in a silvery stillness now radiant.

This is a rare and beautiful composition, and it was played by the New Arts with a rare command of timbres and of poetic timing. The recital began with an account of Beethoven's "Geister" Trio which was clearly laid out but, I thought, a little plain in its confident—almost overconfident—execution. Miss Penneys' passagework ran a shade too fluently—or, to put it another way, figuration that should be expressive tended to become mere passagework. *"Keine Passagen!,"* Clara Schumann would cry to her pupils—"Why hurry over beautiful things?" Brahms' C-Minor Trio was more amply enjoyed. This is the piece of which Clara said, "No other of Johannes' works has so completely transported me." With big tone, supple phrasing, energy, and a romantic ensemble in which individualism and teamwork were balanced, the players responded to the "sustained genius of passion, strength of thought, charm, and expressiveness" that Clara admired.

—ANDREW PORTER

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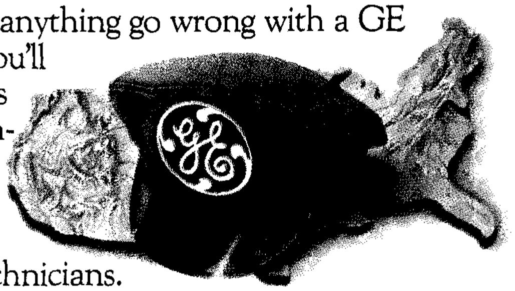

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A POLITICAL JOURNAL

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 30

THIS city last week suffered an overloading of the circuits such as has not been experienced in many years—not, perhaps, since the Vietnam War. The terrible bombing on Sunday, October 23rd, of the Marine headquarters in Beirut—killing, at last count, two hundred and twenty-nine people and wounding some seventy-eight more—followed, two days later, by the news that the United States was leading an invasion to overthrow the government of the tiny Caribbean island of Grenada was more than the capital's nervous system could bear. The politicians, for the most part, had no more information than anybody else; they were going on snatches of news, on rumor, and on briefings that gave them little more information than was already in the public domain. Yet they had to sort through the debris and try to figure out what to say and do—and, as always, try to figure out the political implications. Inevitably, many politicians wanted to see how it all turned out, especially in Grenada, before they took a position. But beneath all that there was a sense of deep unease about the Reagan Administration's handling of foreign policy in general—an unease that had been growing, and came to a head over these latest events. The hard questions that people of both parties felt could no longer be avoided were about the Administration's instincts, wisdom, and competence in its handling of foreign policy. Even before the events of last week, some highly placed people within the Administration were also troubled.

When Congress, at the end of September, gave the President the right, under the War Powers Act, to keep the Marines in Lebanon for another eighteen months, it did so with more than a little anguish. In the House, Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill prevailed on enough Democrats to join with Republicans to carry the resolution, but his younger troops were restive, and actually he did not receive the votes of the majority of his party. In the Senate, Majority Leader Howard Baker, Republican of Tennessee, had to work strenuously to win the votes of enough Republicans to make the resolution carry by a vote of 54–46. Both chambers rejected proposals by Democrats to allow the President to keep the Marines in Lebanon for sixty days, after which he would have to seek an extension from Congress. Yet there were deep misgivings on both sides of the aisle about the Marines' mission and about their safety. A number of Republicans voted for the resolution with sorely twisted arms. (The President signed the resolution, but said he did not recognize Congress's right to invoke the War Powers Act.) The resolution posited a mission that the Marines themselves could not conceivably carry out: "To restore full control by the Government of Lebanon over its own territory." The Christian Phalangist government of Amin Gemayel, which the Marines are in effect protecting (rather than being neutral "peacekeepers"), barely controls parts of Beirut, and that's about all; Moslems, who make up the majority of the Lebanese population, are underrepresented in the government, and there are some sixteen militias loose in the country. It has been no secret in Washington that Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and the Joint Chiefs of Staff opposed the stationing of Marines in Lebanon, on the ground that they would be too vulnerable and that their mission did not have the support of the American people. Several senators, including some close to the Pentagon, such as Barry Goldwater, Republican of Arizona, and the late Henry M. Jackson, Democrat of Washington, had also opposed the stationing of Marines in Lebanon, arguing that they were being placed in a situation from which they would not be easily extricated and that their lives would be at risk. Shortly after Howard Baker guided the War Powers resolution through the Senate, he wrote to Reagan saying that while he was pleased that he had been able to get a compromise through the Senate, he wished to remind the President that he had been concerned about sending the Marines in the first place, and hoped that they would be removed as soon as possible. Not long before the Marine barracks was blown up, a high official of the Administration said to me that he was very troubled about Lebanon. "We've got to get out of there," he said. He added that he thought the United States would get out of Lebanon before long—it was just a matter of figuring out a way to declare the mission accomplished.

The first reactions to the news, which broke on Sunday morning, that a truck carrying some twenty-five hundred pounds of TNT had blown up the building where the Marines were sleeping were a combination of shock and anger: anger at the attack, and also anger that the young men, who were in Lebanon for reasons that few here found persuasive, had been left in such a vulnerable position. The United States Embassy had, after all, been blown up in April by a large van carrying explosives, and sixty-three people, including seventeen Americans, had been killed; it emerged in the course of Sunday's news that the Lebanese had warned the Americans that the Marines might be subject to a similar attack. As Sunday unfolded, the death toll rose from forty-three to a hundred and forty-six. (A second car bomb blew up quarters where a smaller contingent of French troops was staying.) On Capitol Hill on Monday, Howard Baker, who had received a large number of calls from agitated senators on Sunday, tried to hold the lid on the congressional reaction by saying that he was going to "keep my mouth shut" until there was more information, and he suggested that others do the same. Similarly, O'Neill tried to keep the events in Lebanon from causing a partisan breakdown of the shaky consensus he had so painfully put together just three weeks earlier. O'Neill was said to believe that Lebanon should not be part of election-year politics, and to share some of the President's stated views about the country's strategic value. But the rebellion among House Democrats against O'Neill was growing, and it was because he feared that a resolution calling for an early withdrawal of the Marines—say, by January 1st—might pass that he, along with some Republican leaders, urged Reagan to give a television address by the end of the

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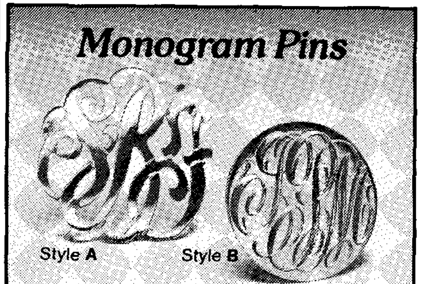

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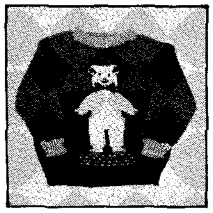

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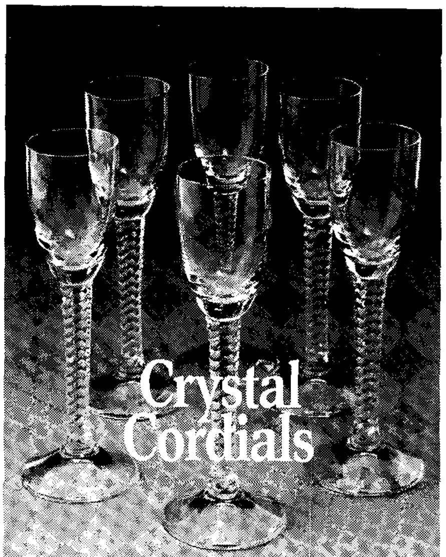
week. There remained a strong element of Congress's instinct for wanting a role but not responsibility—the instinct that led it to approve the eighteen-month extension in the first place—but there was also a growing political feeling among members that they did not want to be responsible for an increasing number of deaths of Marines in Lebanon. (Seven Marines had been killed there before the car-bomb attack.) It was a question of when the pendulum would swing to that side, and it was the fear that it was on the way to doing so that led congressional leaders to urge Reagan to give his speech.

Those who disagreed with the President's Lebanon policy nevertheless felt trapped by the same logic as the President appeared to be: whether or not the Marines should have been there in the first place—a question the President does not acknowledge, of course—the bombing made it impossible to pull them out any time soon. That would be "yielding to terrorists" and "turning tail." So the Marines would remain in Lebanon, and vulnerable, while the policymakers and politicians in Washington tried to figure out how to save face. One big question on a number of people's minds here was how literally to take the President's apparent raising of the American stake in Lebanon following the car-bomb attack. The purpose of the American presence had been to attempt to bring order to Lebanon's sectarian troubles and to obtain the removal of foreign troops from the area—chores that were already difficult enough. When he returned early Sunday morning from what was to have been a relaxed golfing weekend in Georgia (a weekend that had already been interrupted by an eerie incident in which a man driving a truck crashed through the gates of the Augusta National Golf Club, where the President was staying, and temporarily took some of the President's aides hostage), Reagan spoke, on the White House lawn, in the rain, from what seemed to be his own deep instincts. He said that the attack in Beirut showed "the bestial nature of those who would assume power if they could have their way and drive us out of that area," and that "we must be more determined than ever that they cannot take over that vital and strategic area of the earth, or, for that matter, any other part of the earth." He was, it was presumed, referring to the Soviet Union, whose military support of Syria had come



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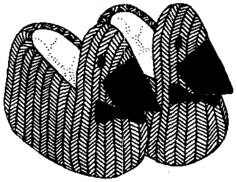

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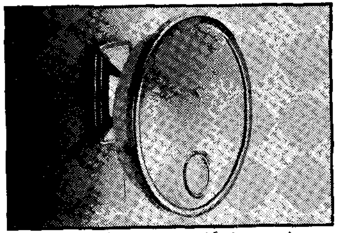

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under increasing Presidential criticism. (Syria has about forty thousand troops in Lebanon.) In a television appearance the following day, Reagan declared Lebanon to be in our "vital interests" and said that the same "force" that had taken over in Ethiopia and Yemen—by which he clearly meant the Soviet Union—could not be allowed to prevail in Lebanon. This raised the question of what the sixteen hundred Marines stationed in Lebanon could do about all this.

On Sunday, Senator Charles McC. Mathias, of Maryland, a liberal Republican and a senior member of the Foreign Relations Committee, whose agreeing to the eighteen-month extension of the Marines' stay in Lebanon had been crucial to its carrying in the Senate (he had initially supported a six-month extension), was on television, looking pained. "We cannot any longer have Marines there just as a presence, just as a symbolic act—because the price of that symbolism is too high," Mathias said. The following day, Senator Dan Quayle, Republican of Indiana and one of those Howard Baker had to work hardest to persuade to go along with the eighteen months, said in a Senate speech that "it is important that we reëxamine the whole question of why we have Marines in Lebanon."

The general reaction in Congress was to follow the usual procedure: let a few members of Congress get out in front with their criticism and, if the sky doesn't fall on them, join in. Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, on Monday denounced what he termed the "negligence" that had left the Marines so exposed to danger and said that Congress should repeal the eighteen-month extension of their stay in Lebanon. Kennedy said that if there was no demonstrable progress in the reconciliation talks among the various Lebanese factions which were supposed to take place shortly, the Marines should be brought home by January 1st. Among other things, this was a way of putting pressure on Gemayel. (The talks had been hung up over problems of where to hold them—some groups did not want to meet at the Beirut airport, Gemayel-Marine territory, and there was said to be difficulty finding sufficient hotel space in Geneva. Moreover, sitting around the table would be representatives of various warring clans who had tried to kill each other off. Now the talks are scheduled to begin in Geneva this week.) Senator Sam Nunn, of

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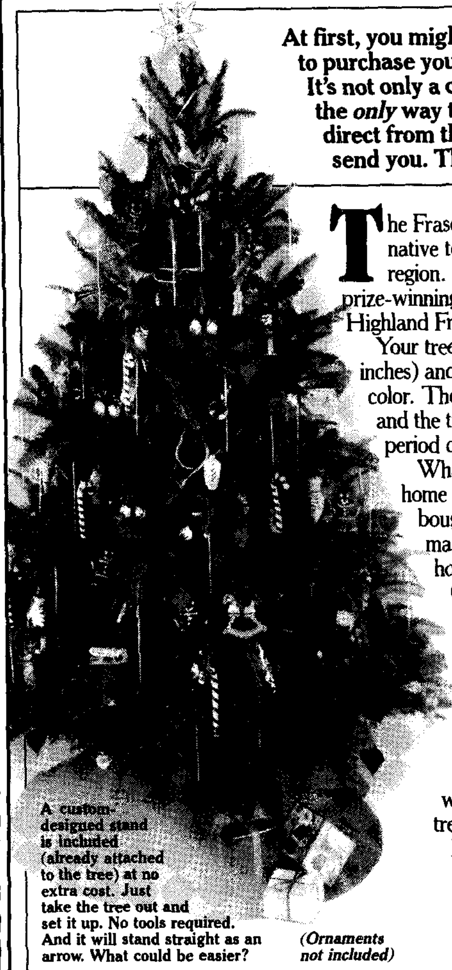

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Georgia, the ranking Democrat on the Armed Services Committee and a man of great influence within his party, said on television Sunday and Monday that "we ought to go back to the drawing board and say, 'Mr. President, what are the Marines doing there and under what terms would they be withdrawn?' " Nunn said that the Marines had become "hostages." He also said that his study of the map did not suggest that Lebanon is in our "vital interests." (Among the new dangers raised by the bombing incident was that the Administration would, as it was hinting, retaliate against Iran, which Weinberger instantly blamed for the deed in Beirut, in the long-running war between Iran and Iraq—a war that was already posing new risks to the Persian Gulf. And since Syria was said to be protecting the Iranian-connected sect in Lebanon, there was also talk of retaliation against Syrian forces.)

WASHINGTON was still reeling from the events in Beirut and trying to sort out its thinking when it awoke to the news on Tuesday morning that the United States had invaded Grenada. In an appearance that morning in the White House pressroom, with Eugenia Charles, the Prime Minister of Dominica, by his side, the President said that the primary purpose of the invasion was to rescue Americans on the island—some six hundred and fifty were there as students at a medical school—in the wake of a bloody coup that had occurred the previous week. Reagan said that another goal of the mission was "the restoration of democratic institutions in Grenada." He added that the United States had acted at the request of the Organization of Eastern Caribbean States (which virtually no one had heard of until that moment), headed by Mrs. Charles. Reagan, of course, was known to have been concerned about Grenada for some time. (During a television speech appealing for his large military budget last March, he had shown the nation aerial photographs of an airstrip that he said was being built with Cuban help for the purpose of stirring up more trouble in the Caribbean.) The previous leader in Grenada, Maurice Bishop, who was killed in the recent coup, had been a Marxist and an ally of Fidel Castro. Bishop had come to Washington last June in an attempt to ease relations, and had met with some high officials but not with the President or the

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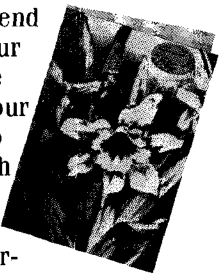

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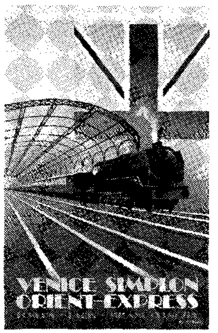

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Secretary of State. There has been an argument here about whether the Administration was forthcoming enough with Bishop—or whether more militant Marxists overthrew Bishop because he had reached out to the United States. Nevertheless, it had also been clear for quite a while that the Reagan Administration was spoiling to land a big punch against Cuba.

After the news of the Grenada invasion broke, there was a strong feeling on Capitol Hill of "What next?," yet most, but by no means all, Republicans supported the Administration's action in Grenada right away. Some Democrats held their fire until they could get more information, and until they could see how the venture turned out —whether it would be "successful" and popularly accepted—but others lashed out. Many proceeded on the realization that when Presidents punch somebody in the nose—and get away with it—the nation tends to applaud. A Senate Democratic aide said to me, "If it works, I'm prepared to call it a splendid little war." Some Democrats felt that preventing another Cuban outpost, which could be used for aggression in the area, was warranted. Some people were torn. On the other hand, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York and the vice-chairman of the Select Committee on Intelligence, angrily denounced the invasion as an "act of war" and said, "I don't know that you bring in democracy at the point of a bayonet." Representative Thomas Downey, Democrat of New York, said on the House floor Tuesday afternoon that he feared that "this is an Administration that shoots first and asks questions later." As a result of a press conference held by Secretary of State George Shultz that afternoon, it became clear that the decisions about Grenada had been taken over the weekend—at the golf course in Augusta and by exhausted officials Sunday night, after the bombing in Beirut. Embarrassing questions had by now arisen: Why had the President not listened to British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who had advised against the invasion? (Grenada is a member of the Commonwealth.) Why had the action been taken in apparent disregard for the treaty of the Organization of American States, which forbids outside intervention in the internal affairs of other nations of the hemisphere? Why couldn't the students have simply been evacuated if they were indeed in danger and

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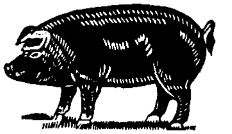

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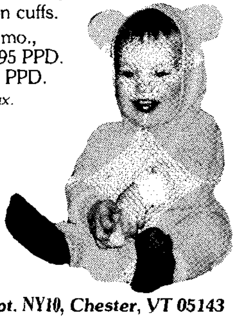

wanted to leave the island? Why did insuring the safety of the students require the overthrow of the Grenadian government?

Mrs. Thatcher's objections were based on the fact that she did not believe that the British citizens residing on the island were in danger but felt that an invasion would place them in danger; on a concern that, however unpleasant the political situation in Grenada was, it did not justify invading a sovereign state; and on concerns about the international implications—that the United States would be subject to condemnation for the sorts of actions for which it condemned the Soviet Union. She was also concerned that the invasion would make the already sensitive matter of the deployment of cruise missiles in Britain—to be jointly controlled by the United States and Britain—an even more difficult political problem. She was also said to be disturbed by what she considered to be completely inadequate consultation: Reagan did not call her until Monday afternoon, after he had already made a tentative decision to go ahead with the invasion, and only three hours after he spoke with her he ordered it to go forward. Mrs. Thatcher's Government was put in a highly embarrassing situation in Parliament—having said on Monday that the United States *did not intend* to invade Grenada. Later in the week, Mrs. Thatcher told a radio audience, "As a general rule, we in the Western democracies use our force to defend our way of life. We do not use it to walk into other people's countries—independent sovereign territories."

Perhaps the President's case, made in his speech, would go over domestically: that he was convinced the students would be harmed or taken hostage ("The nightmare of our hostages in Iran must never be repeated"), and that munitions that our forces discovered on the island made it "clear" that "a Cuban occupation of the island had been planned," and that Grenada was "a Soviet-Cuban colony being readied as a major military bastion to export terror and undermine democracy." There was evidently a fairly substantial intelligence failure: the Administration planners had anticipated neither the size nor the strength of the Cuban force on the island, nor did they anticipate the extent of the resistance that the United States troops met. The possibility of the attack had been well advertised. At week's end, an operation that was supposed to be

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wift and surgical was still going on, nd Pentagon officials were saying hat American forces might have to tay on Grenada "indefinitely" to prevent a Cuban return. By Friday, it merged that six thousand American roops were participating in the Greada invasion—twice the number that had been previously disclosed. (As of oday, Sunday, sixteen American oldiers have been killed in Grenada, hree are missing, and seventy-seven ave been wounded.) Admiral Wesley McDonald, who was in charge of the peration, said at a Pentagon briefing n Friday that captured documents howed that "the Cubans were planing to put their government into renada," and that he could not rule ut the establishment of an American ase there. There was also a question bout why only some four hundred of he eleven hundred Americans said to ave been on the island were evacuatd. On Saturday, the Pentagon reuced its estimate of the number of ubans on the island from eleven undred to between seven hundred and even hundred and fifty. One House emocrat says he thinks that the invaion of Grenada is a "reinforcer"—it einforces the positive views of those ho are inclined to applaud this sort f action, and it reinforces the conerns of those who are worried about he Reagan Administration's conduct f foreign policy. There is the queson of what Congress would have the ime to do, even if it knew what to do, bout these events. It is scheduled to djourn on November 18th—less than hree weeks from now—and not to reurn until January 23rd. Some meners are worried about what the dministration might do during that eriod; some are worried about the apearances of their being out of Washngton for so long.

EVEN before the events of the past week, there had been a growing eeling in Washington that when it ame to foreign policy the Administraion, to put it bluntly, did not know hat it was doing. United States–oviet relations were as bad as they ad been at any time since the Cold War. Even within the Administration here was a concern, at high levels, hat its policies had been too confrontaional, that there was an assumption hat there was no point in dealing with he Soviet Union in any serious way—n finding out what was on its mind. Indications that the facts surrounding the Soviet shooting down of the Ko-

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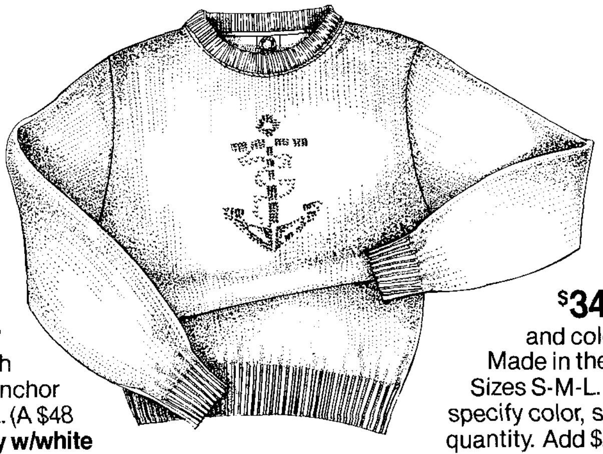

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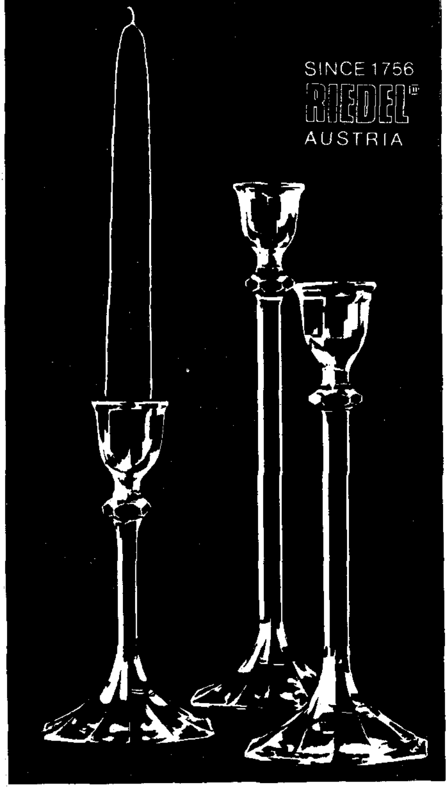

rean airliner on September 1st were not as the Administration had instantly portrayed them—that, contrary to the officials' assertions, the Soviet pilot may have actually thought he was shooting at a reconnaissance plane—seemed of no moment to the Administration. Evidence has been coming out that the President's grasp of arms-control issues is somewhat lacking: the *Times* printed a story, which congressional sources confirm, that in a meeting with members of Congress the President indicated that he had only recently realized that most of the Soviet Union's nuclear force, unlike that of the United States, was concentrated in heavy land-based missiles, and that his demands that the Soviets dismantle a large number of those missiles, without equivalent concessions by the United States, were seen by many as one-sided. I have been told by someone who has met with the President on arms control that he doesn't really grasp the issue of throw-weight—the lifting power of missiles—in which the Soviet Union also has an advantage, because the United States chose not to build such heavy missiles. The insistence of some of the President's arms-control advisers on reducing the Soviet throw-weight is seen as one of the obstacles, perhaps intended, to reaching an agreement. Therefore, while the President may well, as his aides insist, want an arms-control agreement, it appears that he may not be sufficiently informed to deal with his own bureaucracy. And there is a feeling within the Administration—Vice-President George Bush even indicated so out loud a few months ago—that the United States' position on the intermediate-range missiles must, as it has not so far, take the British and French missiles into account. Before the past week, concern had been growing that not only was the Administration widening the war in Central America but, protestations notwithstanding, the emphasis was on military rather than diplomatic solutions. (The week before last, the House voted to cut off funds for the "covert" war in Nicaragua. This was a blunt move, but the Administration had refused to heed warnings from Capitol Hill that it did not approve of the expansion of the effort in Nicaragua from one to "interdict" weapons going into El Salvador to one to overthrow the Sandinista regime.) The Administration's taste for covert action—said t be under way on the grandest scale i twenty years—has made a number o people on Capitol Hill, of both parties uneasy. William Casey, the directo of the Central Intelligence Agency seems bent on taking it back to th glory days of the O.S.S., in which h served. There are widely held concerns not only about Casey's judgmen but about whether there is anyone i the Administration sufficiently knowledgeable, and of a disposition, to sto him. Casey is known to have the President's ear.

The recent foreign-policy developments also occurred against a backdro of considerable personnel turmoi within the Administration—turmoi that had an almost antic quality excep that the jobs that were being shuffle around were of major importance There have been many versions i print about what, exactly, happened but it is a fact that William Clark, th President's national-security advise until recently, did get tired of the jo and the accompanying hassle, and di suggest to the President that he migh like the newly vacated job of Secretar of the Interior. James Watt had final been forced to resign by a near-revol within the Republican Party, whic increasingly saw him as a political liability. The President remained detached. Watt's now famous comment in September, about the makeup of a advisory panel on coal leasing (" have a black, a woman, two Jews, an a cripple") was the last straw in a pil that had grown quite high. Clark who had never mastered hi job and had been in nearl constant battle with othe key White House aides—mainly James Baker, th Chief of Staff, and Michae Deaver, the Deputy Chief o Staff and a man close to th Reagans and, increasingly to Baker—simply wante out. Reagan astonishe nearly everyone in Washington whe he announced, late in the afternoon o October 13th, that Clark was going t the Interior Department. It is also fact that Baker and Deaver then mad a move to become national-securit adviser and Chief of Staff, respectively and they came very, very close to pulling it off. Reagan actually agreed t make the changes, but then, when group made up of Clark, Weinberger Casey, and Edwin Meese, counsello to the President, found out about thi and expressed vehement opposition

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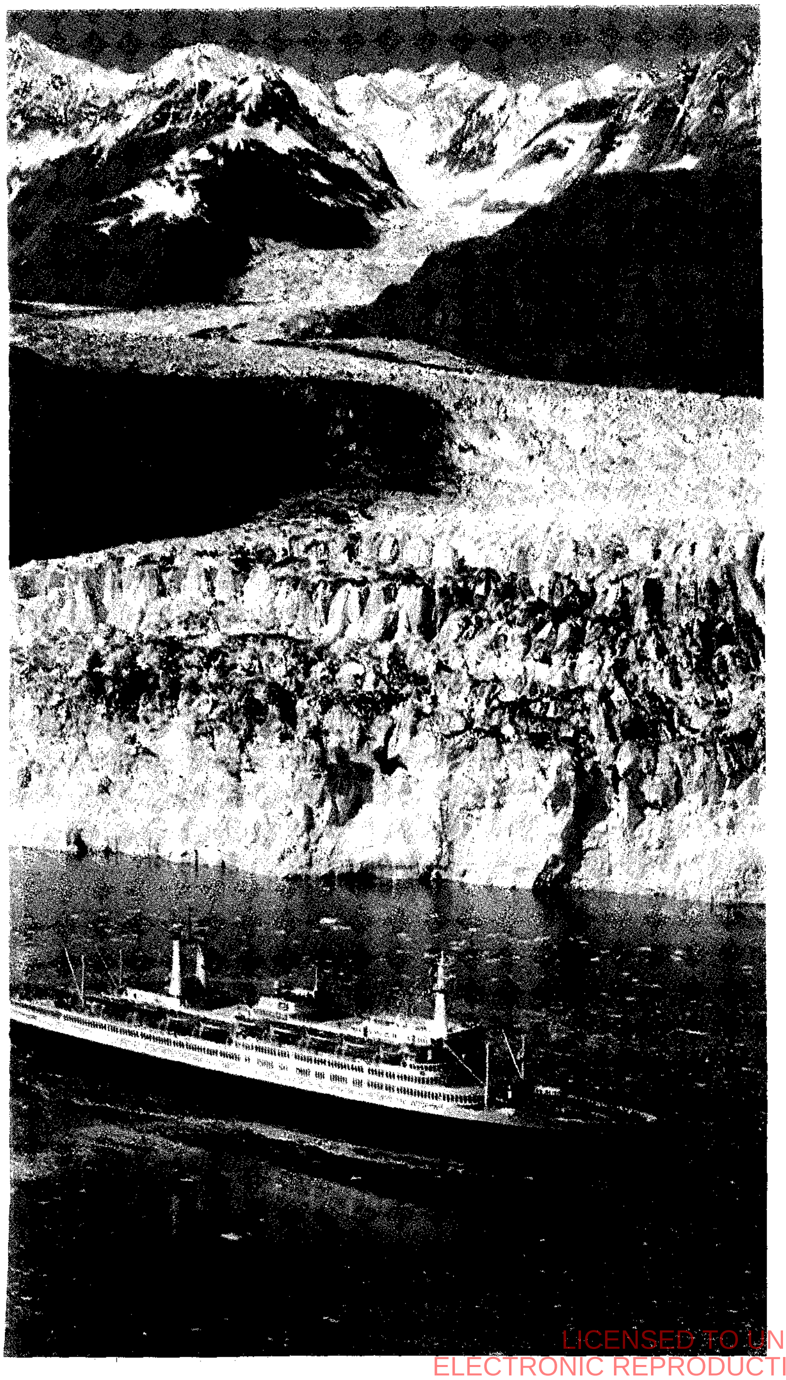

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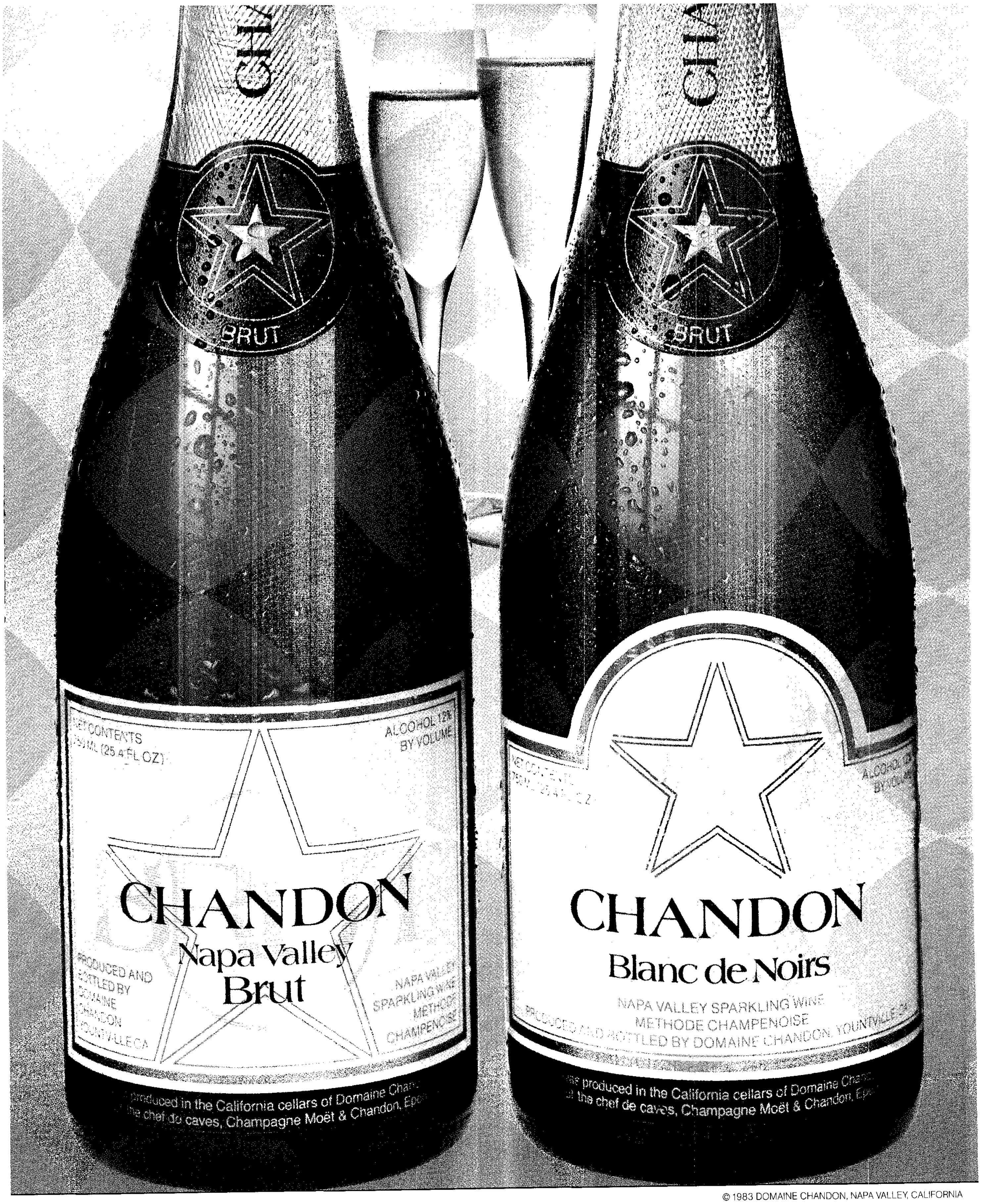
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he changed his mind. The episode suggests a certain haphazard approach to decision-making by the President, and also an unusual number of internal schisms, even as White Houses go. Added to this was the outrage of Jeane Kirkpatrick, the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, whose name had been put forward by hard-liners for the National Security Council job, but who did not receive it. The new national-security adviser, Robert McFarlane, is a retired Marine professional who had served as Clark's deputy and, most recently, as special envoy to the Middle East. He was a military assistant to Henry Kissinger when Kissinger was Nixon's national-security adviser. McFarlane, who was expected to be more of an implementer and less of an ideologue than Clark, had been opposed by a number of the hard-liners, apparently because of his Kissinger connection, and because—unlike Clark—he had sought a compromise with Congress on the MX missile. (It is one of the several ironies of the current situation that just before his appointment McFarlane had recommended that the Marines take an even more active role on the side of the Gemayel government.) Reagan tried to assuage Mrs. Kirkpatrick by offering her a Washington-based job as a counsellor to the President, but she saw that the job did not carry the sort of influence she sought. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and what were described as "sources close to" her then took to the Washington *Post* and *Newsweek* to vent her complaints. The *Post* quoted Mrs. Kirkpatrick as saying that Clark's departure from the N.S.C. job was "an unmitigated disaster," and she was said to be concerned that foreign policy would be dominated by "the weak and rudderless leadership" of Secretary of State Shultz and his key aides. "As Kirkpatrick sees it," *Newsweek* reported, "the Baker-Deaver-Bush school aims to package Reagan with a safe, noncontroversial foreign policy during the 1984 election campaign—to 'homogenize Reagan.' " The *Post* story ran on the front page on the morning of the Beirut bombing, and the *Newsweek* story appeared the following day. It was quite a performance, and the sort of thing that in another Administration would get someone fired—or, at least, severely reprimanded—but not in the relaxed ambience of the Reagan Administration.

The sense of things being out of control in the last week was added to by the sudden firing, on Tuesday, by Reagan of three of the six members of the Civil Rights Commission. His move not only broke the tradition of the independence of the commission but also abruptly ended negotiations with a bipartisan group of senators who were trying to compromise with the Reagan Administration on its desire for a more sympathetic commission.

ON Tuesday of this past week, I spoke with Senator Mark Andrews, Republican of North Dakota, about the astounding events that were unfolding. Andrews had reluctantly voted for the eighteen-month extension, at the behest of Howard Baker. Referring to the killing of the Marines in Beirut and to the fact that their safety had been so ill provided for, he said, "I wonder if anybody's even minding the store." He continued, "The people in North Dakota are saying, 'What kind of an outfit doesn't guard kids when they're sleeping at night?' It gets back to whether the Administration knows what it's doing. Does the President have a plan? They keep putting flyweights in key positions. Nothing is happening around the disarmament table. That's not the decisiveness the American people wanted. If you're talking about farm policy or foreign policy, there's no decisiveness. We haven't had a steady policy toward the Soviet Union. There's just drift and indecision."

On Wednesday, I spoke with Senator Mathias. "I'm somewhat aghast," he said. "I'm trying to catch my breath." Mathias said that his concern about Lebanon was that there was no clearly defined mission for the Marines, and that the Administration had allowed the political process in the Middle East to become "dead in the water." He added, "Without a political process, there's nothing for the Marines to do." Referring to the long, hard negotiations he felt were necessary in the Middle East, Mathias said, "That's not Ronald Reagan's concept of a heroic Presidency, but it has to be done." Mathias, like others, said that the events in Grenada had temporarily distracted Congress from Lebanon, but he said that attention would return to it soon. As for Grenada, Mathias said that while a case could be made for the Administration's rationale, as a counsellor to the Kissinger commission on Central American policy he was distressed by the renewal at this point of

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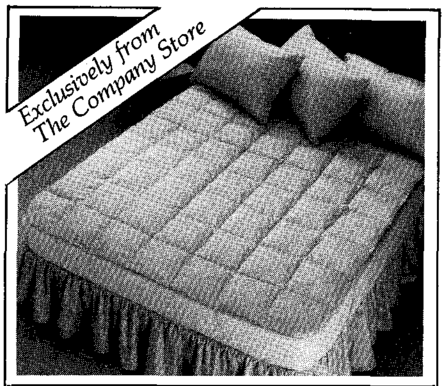

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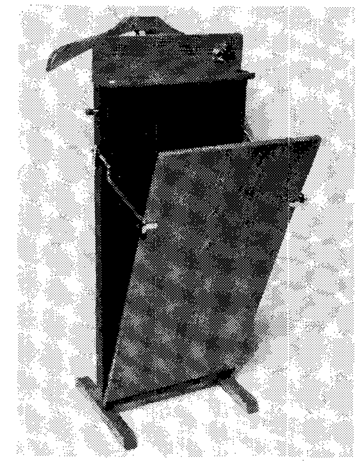
the "ghosts of old American raids in the Caribbean, which come back to haunt you every day." He added, "You wonder where the sensitivity is." He also wondered, he said, why an Administration that sets so much store by linkage—seeking the coöperation of our allies on matters of importance to us—did not see that a "reverse linkage" might occur in the case of Grenada. Mathias also expressed concern about the decision-making process that led to the invasion of Grenada—calling it "the Golf Course War." He said, "I think it was very bad to discuss this on a golf course; you need a meeting with the naysayers around. They weren't on the golf course." Mathias raised the question, as others have, whether the safety and the evacuation of the students could not have been achieved by diplomatic means. As for Lebanon, Mathias said, "It's the same failing. We didn't press the political process in the Middle East, and we didn't pursue it in Grenada. Maurice Bishop provided an opening that we did not work. The common theme is that the commitment to work through the political process is yet to be seen. It's hard work; it requires great attention to detail, and *people*—and that's part of the problem."

The President's televised address on Thursday night was an awesome display of Reagan's talent: the voice and the delivery were soothing, and his contact with the viewer was intimate; the arguments had a surface plausibility; and he effectively, if manipulatively, appealed to the emotions. He addressed questions that had been raised in the course of the week with rhetorical questions of his own: "To answer those who ask if we're serving any purpose in being there, let me answer a question with a question: Would the terrorists have launched their suicide attacks against the multinational force if it were not doing its job?" Setting forth his world view, he said, "The events in Lebanon and Grenada, though oceans apart, are closely related. Not only has Moscow assisted and encouraged the violence in both countries, but it provides direct support through a network of surrogates and terrorists." He talked again of the strategic importance of Lebanon and asked, "If we turned our backs on Lebanon now, what would be the future of Israel?" (Actually, Israel, which invaded Lebanon last year in order to drive out the Palestine Liberation Organization, had grown tired of taking casualties, and in early Sep-



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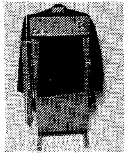

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tember had withdrawn to southern Lebanon.) Reagan spoke emotionally of the deaths of the Marines in Lebanon, and asked, "Are we to tell them their sacrifice was wasted?"

ON Friday and Saturday, the tensions that had been building all week on Capitol Hill spilled over into Senate debates. Howard Baker and other key Republicans decided not to fight a move by Democrats to apply the War Powers Act to the President's action in Grenada, thus limiting the troops' stay to sixty days unless Congress approves an extension. Earlier in the week, this might have appeared to be a hypothetical exercise, but, given the news out of Grenada on Thursday and Friday, that no longer seemed the case. The Senate passed the resolution on Friday by a vote of sixty-four to twenty, with Baker and a majority of other Republicans voting in favor. The House will take up a resolution applying the War Powers Act to Grenada this week. Republicans generally praised the President's speech as a triumph, and many Democrats were impressed with the latest display of Reagan's oratorical skills—and with the fact that the operation on Grenada seemed to have strong public support. Yet some Democrats spoke out, and others raised questions. Senator Daniel Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii and a member of the Intelligence Committee, said, following a special briefing of the committee, that he wanted to see "further evidence" that Americans in Grenada had been in danger. Other Intelligence Committee members—of both parties—raised questions concerning the Administration's claims about the Cuban role on the island. Moynihan said, "We simply do not know enough yet to draw any firm conclusions about Cuba's role or intentions. Nothing has been discovered so far that would show with any certainty that Cuba was planning to take over Grenada." On Friday, O'Neill, who had earlier in the week said that comment about Grenada should be withheld while the operation was under way, said that the people may support the invasion but asked, "Is it the right thing to do? No, it isn't the right thing to do." He also said, referring to Reagan, "To be perfectly truthful, his policy scares me. We can't go the way of gunboat diplomacy."

The Senate's adoption, on Friday, of the resolution applying the War Powers Act to Grenada prompted Howard Baker to offer a resolution com-

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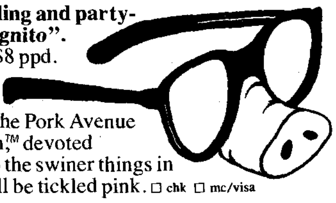

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mending the President for "swift and effective action in protecting the lives of American citizens in Grenada." Baker said the President's action there was "in the manifest best interest of this country and its security for years to come." He was rebutted by, among others, Lowell Weicker, Republican of Connecticut and a maverick, who said that the President had violated the O.A.S. charter, the War Powers Act, and the Constitution—for forbidding press coverage of the Grenada operation. Baker's move in turn prompted Senate Minority Leader Robert Byrd, of West Virginia, to offer an amendment criticizing the Administration for providing "inadequate" security for the Marines in Beirut, and calling for a transferral of the peacekeeping duties to a United Nations force or to other forces from neutral countries. All week, there had been growing bipartisan distress at officials' almost blasé assurances that the car-bomb attack could not have been prevented. Weinberger said on television, "Nothing can work against a suicidal attack like that," and Marine Commandant Paul X. Kelley, whom Weinberger sent to Beirut following the attack, said he was "totally satisfied" with the security procedures that had been in effect before the bombing. "I think we had very adequate security measures," Kelley said. In his speech, Reagan talked as if this sort of thing could not be helped. Yet Americans had learned how to prevent such attacks in Vietnam, and the Embassy personnel in Beirut, now sheltered by the British, are far better protected than the Marines were. One factor, many senators thought, was that the Administration was insisting that the Marines were on a peacekeeping mission, and not involved in combat, and wanted to keep up the appearance that this was the case. After about four hours of debate on Friday, Baker and Byrd both backed off, but there was an unspoken bipartisan feeling in the Senate that, as one Senate Republican described it, "we've got to get those Marines the hell out of there." Kennedy and John Warner, Republican of Virginia, who sit on the Armed Services Committee, have been asking some hard questions about why the security was so poor, and are planning further inquiry. On Friday, Warner told the Senate that the investigation "in my humble judgment . . . is the most serious and poses the broadest range of issues that I personally have ever witnessed in my career." Perhaps

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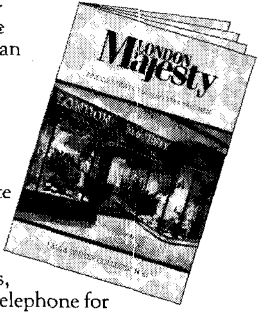

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because the Pentagon was aware that it was headed for rough waters, Weinberger on Saturday announced that the Pentagon would hold its own investigation into the matter. Also on Saturday, Baker and Byrd tentatively agreed to send a committee of inquiry to Grenada; the senators were as in the dark about what was going on there as everyone else, because of the Administration's tight censorship of the news—and they were becoming increasingly uncomfortable. Privately, a large number of senators were incredulous at the idea that a group of senators trotting about the island could find out the "facts" (as opposed to ascertaining them through careful hearings in Washington), but the Senate, like much of the government, was groping.

At the end of the week, I spoke by phone to one of the President's advisers. "It's white-knuckle time," he said. He felt that the evidence of the danger in Grenada which the President offered in his speech would be helpful, but he felt that the Administration was at very high risk in both Lebanon and the Caribbean. In both places, he said, it's not a question of where we are now but how we get out, and how soon. He recognized that the President's speech was a holding action—that its effect could be only temporary. "We find these situations easier to get into than to get out of," he said. "If we pull the Marines out of Lebanon in the next ninety days, the damage will be minimized, but if they are there next spring and summer and fall—during an election campaign—it's going to hurt us." The crux of the problem for the Administration, of course, is that misgivings about how Reagan would handle foreign policy—the fear that he might be, as the shorthand for it went, "trigger-happy"—was one of his greatest vulnerabilities in 1980. As a matter of fact, even before the events of the past week, surveys taken for the White House showed that what worried people most about the Reagan Administration was its handling of foreign policy. This ranked far above unemployment, which was next. But perhaps the White House was comforting itself with a thought offered to me by one of its officials not long ago. This man said, "It's how you manage foreign policy between April and November of next year that will matter—not what we've done in the past."

—ELIZABETH DREW

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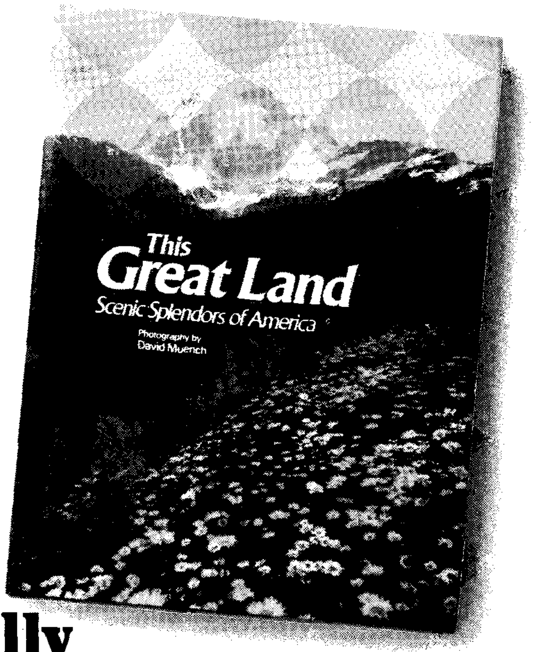

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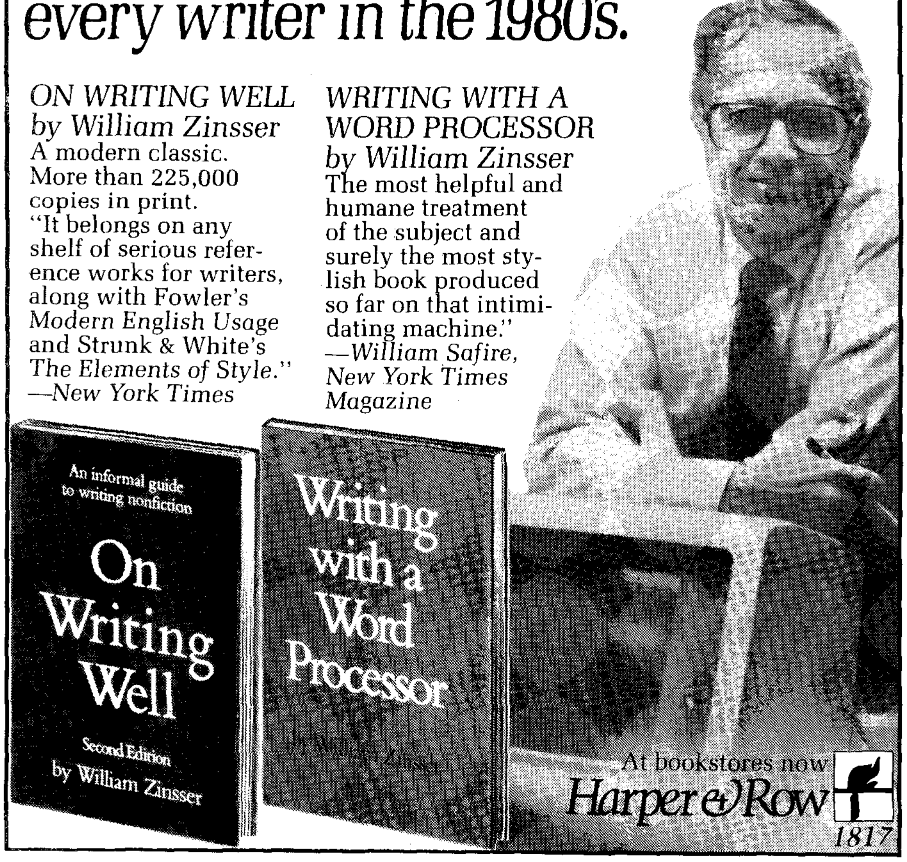
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BOOKS

Yahweh Over Dionysus, in Disputed Decision

NATHAN ZUCKERMAN, the hero of Philip Roth's new novel, "The Anatomy Lesson" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $14.95), has been met by faithful Roth readers twice before. In "The Ghost Writer" (1979), as a twenty-three-year-old just-published writer, he visited in the Berkshire home of the revered older author E. I. Lonoff; Zuckerman had lately composed a short story entitled "Higher Education," based on some family incidents, which had occasioned his father considerable unhappiness and produced an unctuous letter and questionnaire from the highly respected Newark judge Leopold Wapter. Judge Wapter's concluding questions were:

> Aside from the financial gain to yourself, what benefit do you think publishing this story in a national magazine will have for (a) your family; (b) your community; (c) the Jewish religion; (d) the well-being of the Jewish people?

And:

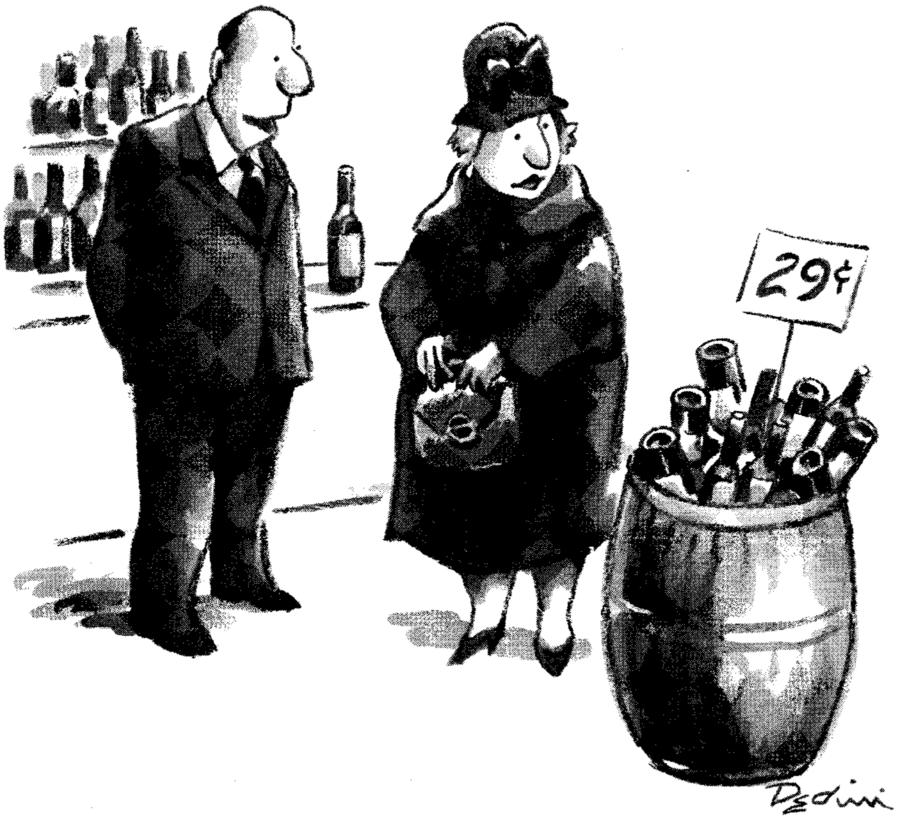
> Can you honestly say that there is anything in your short story that would not warm the heart of a Julius Streicher or a Joseph Goebbels?

Lonoff (who died in 1961; this episode occurred in the fifties) had his own hands full with a frolicsome houseguest who may have been really Anne Frank. But he took a moment to reassure Zuckerman that niceness is not of the essence in being a writer, and, demonstrating the social embarrassments of creativity, fled after his wife, Hope, who had decamped "in search of a less noble calling." By the time of "Zuckerman Unbound" (1981), our ethically troubled young writer had suppressed his desire to please the respectable Jewish folk of Newark long enough to produce an uninhibited novel, "Carnovsky," which in the scope of its success and scandal can be compared only with Mr. Roth's own "Portnoy's Complaint." Success brought its misadventures, of which the most distressing was Zuckerman's father, on his deathbed, calling his son a "bastard." Nathan's younger brother Henry confirmed the epithet in a sudden diatribe as they, having buried their father, parted at the Newark airport:

> "You *are* a bastard. A heartless conscienceless bastard. What does loyalty mean to you? What does responsibility mean to you? What does self-denial mean, *restraint*—anything at all? To you everything is disposable! Everything is *exposable!* Jewish morality, Jewish endurance, Jewish wisdom, Jewish families—everything is grist for your fun-machine. Even your shiksas go down the drain when they don't tickle your fancy anymore. Love, marriage, children, what the hell do you care? To you it's all fun and games. *But that isn't the way it is to the rest of us.*"

"The Anatomy Lesson" finds Zuckerman mired ever deeper in his ill-gotten gains and the problems of conscience posed by Judge Wapter's questions and Henry's accusations. The time is 1973, Watergate time, and Zuckerman watches Nixon on television—"the dummy gestures, the satanic sweating, the screwy dazzling lies"—with fellow-feeling, for the President is "the only other American he saw daily who seemed to be in as much trouble as he was." Watches him, it should be explained, through prism glasses, for Zuckerman is flat on his back with excruciating, mysterious, undiagnosed, and uncured neck and shoulder pains. "Just having a neck, arms, and shoulders was like carrying another person around." He cannot walk more than a few blocks at a time, lift grocery bags or open windows, cook or make his bed or write. He has three ex-wives, four mistresses, and is furious with a critic, Milton Appel, who has spoken and written unkindly of his work. To kill the pain, he takes Percodan, drinks vodka, and smokes marijuana, all in increasing quantities. He gradually comes to think that what he really wants, at the age of forty, is to be a doctor; in order to enroll in medical school he travels, heavily self-medicated, to Chicago, where he was once a happy student. But happiness is not so easily come by for Nathan Zuckerman now. With the help of Percodan, he attains new heights of self-explication and self-abasement, as his spirit apparently craves.

"The Anatomy Lesson" is a ferocious, heartfelt book. Materials one might have thought exhausted by Roth's previous novelistic explorations, inflammations one might have thought long soothed burn hotter than ever; the central howl unrolls with a meditated savagery both fascinating and repellent, self-indulgent yet somehow sterling, adamant, pure in the style of high modernism, that bewitchment to all the art-stricken young of the fifties. Zuckerman's admonition to himself, "Drive pain out



"It was just one of those years, Ma'am."

with your battering heart the way a clapper knocks sound from a bell," could come straight from Kafka. Beckett also figures in: "Percodan was to Zuckerman what sucking stones were to Molloy." Writing has been his life and religion: "He used to wonder how all the billions who didn't write could take the daily blizzard—all that beset them, such a saturation of the brain, and so little of it known or named. If he wasn't cultivating hypothetical Zuckermans he really had no more means than a fire hydrant to decipher his existence." But this cultivation of hypothetical selves has become an endgame:

> Either there was no existence left to decipher or he was without sufficient imaginative power to convert into his fiction of seeming self-exposure what existence had now become. There was no rhetorical overlay left: he was bound and gagged by the real raw thing, ground down to his own unhypothetical nub. He could no longer pretend to be anybody else, and as a medium for his books he had ceased to be.

Zuckerman wants out of his weary, overannotated, aching self; but "if Zuckerman wrote about what he didn't know, who then would write about what he did know?" The postmodernist writer's bind is expressed in flat authoritative accents reminiscent of Hemingway's unbuttoned late-night letters: "If you get out of yourself you can't be a writer because the personal ingredient is what gets you going, and if you hang on to the personal ingredient any longer you'll disappear right up your asshole." Zuckerman is willing to sacrifice his writerly vocation; to be a harried emergency-room doctor promises "an end to the search for the release from self." He thinks, "Other people. Somebody should have told me about them a long time ago." Ministering to the pain of others promises release from personal discomfort. "Had he kept a pain diary, the only entry would have been one word: Myself."

A text so self-aware and self-referential suggests the torture machine of Kafka's "In the Penal Colony," which inscribed, over and over, an unintelligible lesson upon the victim's skin. As well as tireless superscription a constant flanking motion seems in progress; the repeated self-indictments leave the critic little to say. One can scarcely complain of the novel's frenzied solipsism when frenzied solipsism is its chosen and announced topic. One should certainly not confuse Zuckerman's creator—the gracious and gen-

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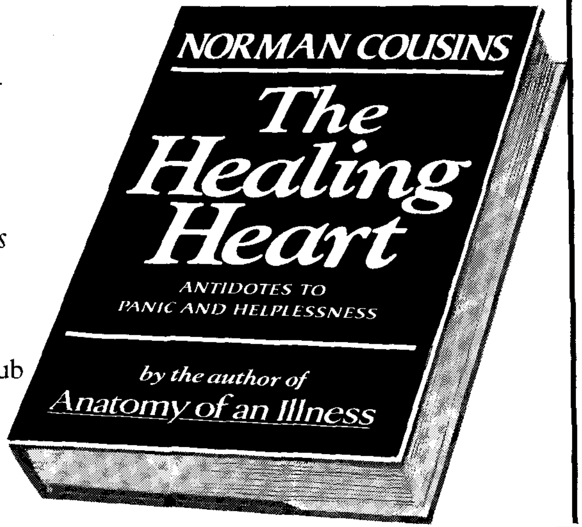

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erous-spirited editor of a Penguin series devoted to the undervalued writers of Eastern Europe, a man who wears with an enhancing dignity and reserve the American writer's motley—with the abject Zuckerman himself, who differs from Philip Roth in as many biographical particulars as he happens to share. Zuckerman, for instance, has in twenty years of work produced a meagre four books, as contrasted with Roth's healthy baker's dozen. One might venture to say that, like a goodly number of Roth's previous works, "The Anatomy Lesson" revolves around the paradox of incarnation—the astonishing coexistence in one life of infantilism and intelligence, of selfishness and altruism, of sexual appetite and social conscience—and has the form and manner of a monologue conducted under psychoanalysis, whose termination in this case seems premature.

Portnoy, at least, in arriving by way of strenuous sexual pilgrimage at a state of impotence in Israel, brought his complaint to a climax from which, as the intruding psychiatric voice at the end proclaimed, we might begin. Zuckerman, at the end of his trilogy, seems, though battered by some circumstances, still unimpaired in his basic mechanisms; his basic astonishment at being a person, once he gets his breath back, will continue to feed his indignation and ravenous rage of discourse, of "self-conscious self-miming." He is free from neither his pain nor his vocation, if I read correctly the novel's last, rather Jamesian sentence. Nothing, amid all the verbal fury, has happened, any more than David Kepesh, at the end of "The Breast," ceased to be a breast. This unforgettable novella was published in 1972, in the era when "The Anatomy Lesson" takes place. Like the present work, "The Breast" begins with an inexplicable somatic assault—not incapacitating neck pains but a "massive hormonal influx" that in a night of "agony" ("as though I were being repeatedly shot from a cannon into a brick wall") transformed a young professor of English into a six-foot-long breast with the nippleless end "rounded off like a watermelon." Both works seek resolution in an orgiastic vision: the giant breast intends to be constantly caressed by naked twelve- and thirteen-year-old girls, "greedy wicked little girls, licking me and sucking me to my heart's content," and Zuckerman in Chicago reels off to his female chauffeur an immense Dionysian fan-

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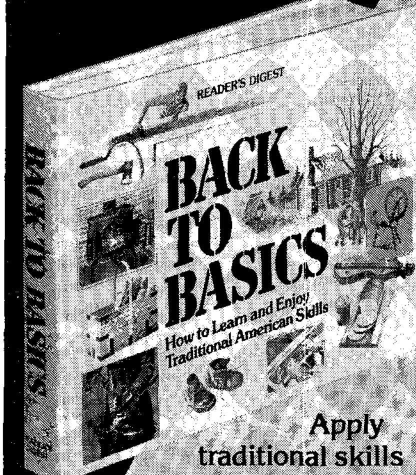

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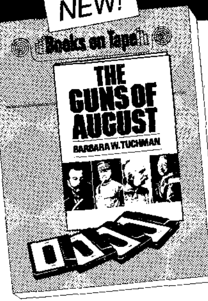

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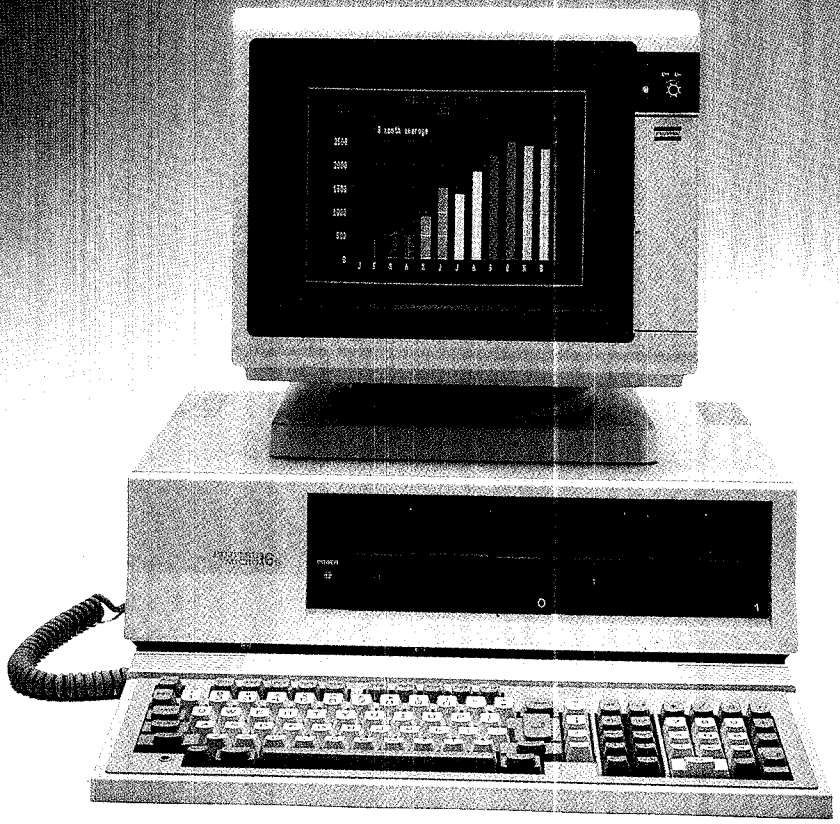

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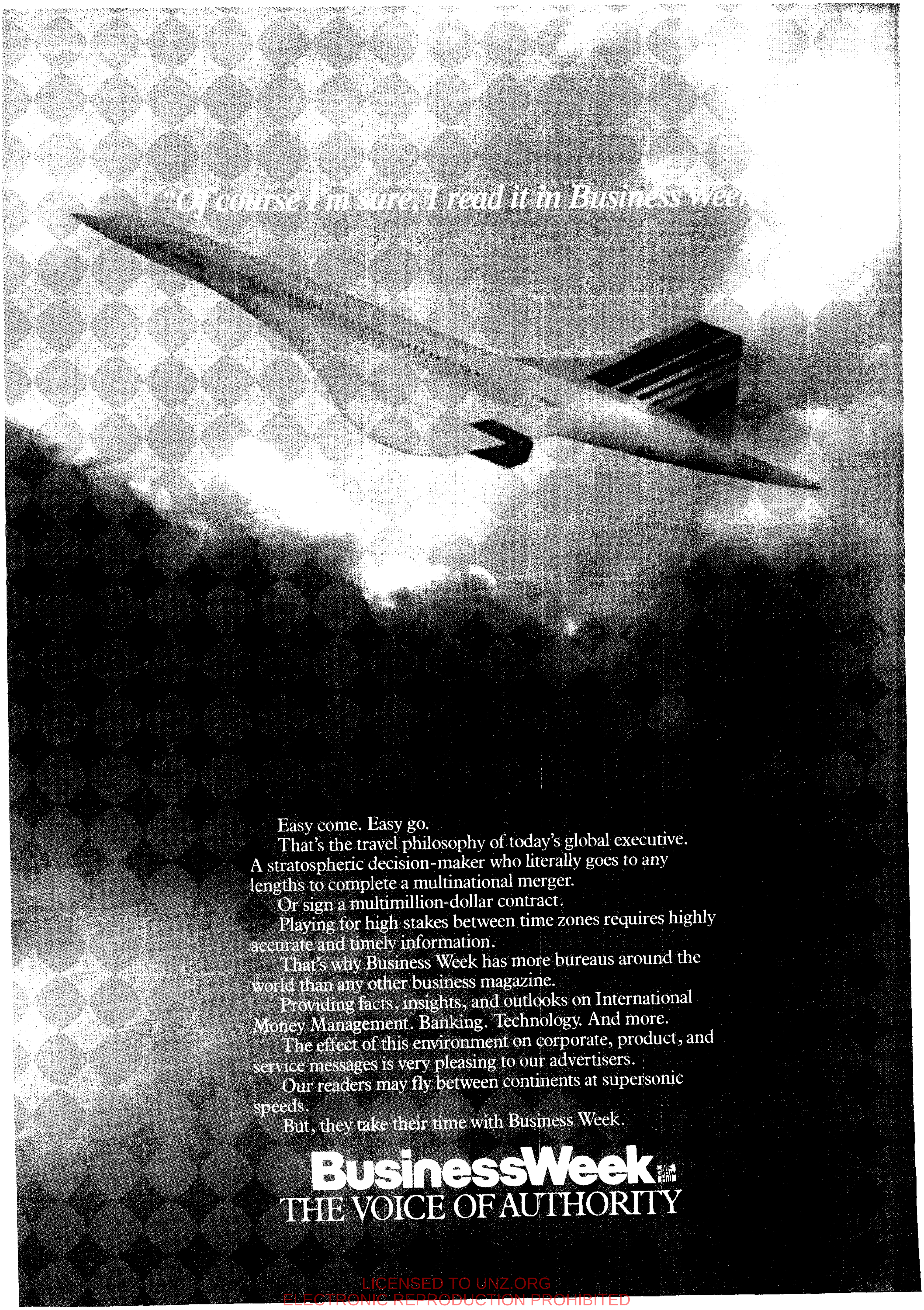

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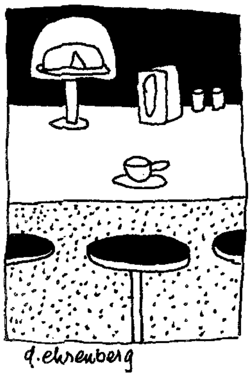
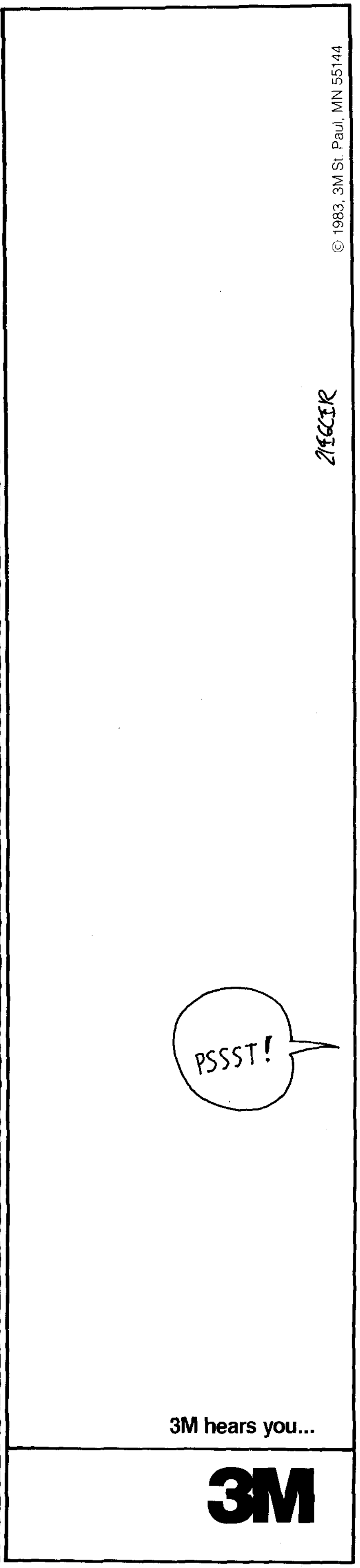
tasy about being a pornography king called, by a weird blow of his drug-loosened mind, Milton Appel. "The Breast," following upon the best-selling "Portnoy," baffled many readers but has improved with age, and was honored by its author, in 1980, with a revision of its text. Comparing the two "Breast"s, this reader detected little improvement—just rearrangements of elements within paragraphs, a diminishing of academic satire in connection with the character named Arthur Schonbrunn, and a subtle overlay of commas and dashes, producing a slightly more fussy, professorial tone. The fable's inner meaning has been softened and blurred at spots; in the first version, Kepesh cries out in his agony of immobility and blindness, "What do any of you know about grotesque! What is more grotesque anyway, but to be denied my little pleasure in the midst of this relentless nightmare! . . . Why shouldn't I have anything and everything I can think of *every single minute of the day* if that can transport me from this miserable hell!" This *cri de sein* was much shortened in the later version, and on the next page the descriptive phrase "spasms of illogic or infantilism" deleted. But infantilism is certainly what it is all about; Roth's message, driven home in book after book, is what infants men are. The infant, Freud has told us, is the prototypical human being, the fundamental stewpot: a "cocky little ogre," according to Auden (in "Mundus et Infans"), and, according to Wordsworth, heavenly spirit freshly planted in the flesh. Habituation dulls us to the "relentless nightmare" of our embodiment; but essentially it is no more grotesque to be conscious within an enormous breast than within the body one *does* have, with its hair and fingernails and teeth, its symmetrical limbs and asymmetrical internal organs. The helpless infant in his deep discomfiture limitlessly *wants*, as David Kepesh slung in his hammock wants, as Nathan Zuckerman wants while he lies immobilized on a playmat he has bought "in a children's furniture store on Fifty-seventh Street." As our hero lies on his playmat, his head supported by a thesaurus his father had given him with the inscription "From Dad—You have my every confidence," his four mistresses come and lower their orifices upon him. Kepesh's dream of attentive "greedy wicked little girls" has come true, with some unforeseen wrinkles, but still Zuckerman is not satisfied; he wants the real thing, the original mother lowering her breasts upon him. "Zuckerman finally realized that his mother had been his only love." When she dies, in Florida, he takes away from her effects an old book of hers called "Your Baby's Care;" on the page headed "Feeding," which prescribes emptying the breast by hand every twenty-four hours, he finds a stain that he believes to have been left by a drop of her milk, expressed in 1933, and he closes his eyes and puts his tongue to the dry page. Adult infantilism can go no further.



It is the familial milieu of those early infantile gratifications which Zuckerman and his predecessors in Roth's fiction unforgivably violate, first by masturbation and then by sexual traffic with the dirty girls of the goyim and finally by the production of a "hate-filled, mocking best-seller" that, poisonous with "the tastelessness that had affronted millions and the shamelessness that had enraged his tribe," kills the father and brings down his curse. The curse is reinforced by the adverse literary verdict of Milton Appel, against whom Zuckerman rages with an obsessive passion that amazes and bores his sensible Wasp girlfriend Diana. He explains, "I'm a petty, raging, vengeful, unforgiving Jew, and I have been insulted one time too many by another petty, raging, vengeful, unforgiving Jew." Roth, though accused, like Zuckerman, of writing anti-Semitically, or at least in mockery of middle-class American Jewry, seems in this book the most Jewish of American-Jewish writers; Bellow can take pleasure in contemplating the gentile bohunks of Chicago, and Malamud can enjoy a Thoreauvian jog in the woods, and Mailer can get turned on by astronauts and Marilyn Monroe and Utah low life, but for Zuckerman as Roth has imagined him there is *no* authenticity outside of the tribal closeness. If Milton Appel weren't Jewish, who would care what he says? Zuckerman's shiksas are so much nicely designed wallpaper on the walls of his cell; blacks have moved into his old Newark neighborhood, and he feels as



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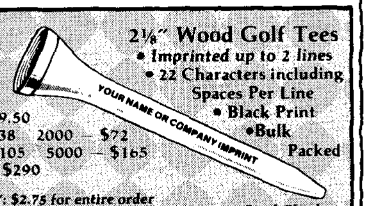
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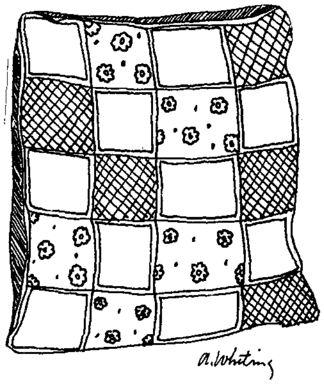
thoroughly exiled as Nabokov from Russia. Jewishness figures as the one conceptual thread woven into the primal Newark nest, and "The Anatomy Lesson" contains a number of sociological reflections upon it, from "Jewish mothers know how to own their suffering boys" to "The disputatious stance, the aggressively marginal sensibility, the disavowal of community ties, the taste for scrutinizing a social event as though it were a dream or a work of art—to Zuckerman this was the very mark of the intellectual Jews . . . on whom he was modeling his own style of thought." More instinctively and symptomatically, the tenderness that breeds animation breaks into the narrator's monologue whenever an elderly Jewish male—Dr. Kotler, Mr. Freytag—makes an appearance. These are really the only characters, as distinguished from apparitions and interlocutors, that this novel has, the only bringers of life separate from the hero's anguished vitality. Roth has been preëminently a celebrant of a son's world. Who else has given us so many vivid, comical, ironically seen, but above all lovingly preserved mothers and fathers in fiction? Or has so faithfully kept fresh as moral referent the sensations of childhood? Rousing from a doped stupor, Zuckerman sees from his limousine windows that it has begun to snow, and thinks, "There was nothing that could ever equal coming home through the snow in late afternoon from Chancellor Avenue School." "I am not an authority on Israel," he protests when approached to write a *Times* Op-Ed column in defense of the Jewish state. "I'm an authority on Newark. Not even on Newark. On the Weequahic section of Newark. If the truth be known, not even on the whole of the Weequahic section. I don't even go below Bergen Street."



John O'Hara was equally localized by the streets of Pottsville but showed no disposition to linger; indeed, he once advised an old friend to "write something that automatically will sever your connection with the town, that will help you get rid of the bitterness you must have stored up against all those patronizing cheap bastards." Nothing in Irish tribal sense asked the torment that Zuckerman visits upon himself. A diagnosis of his complaint comes early in "The Anatomy Lesson" and is not improved upon by his medical researches later on. "The crippling of his upper torso was, transparently, the punishment called forth by his crime: mutilation as primitive justice. If the writing arm offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee. Beneath the ironic carapace of a tolerant soul, he [Nathan Zuckerman] was the most unforgiving Yahweh of them all." His rage and pain peak in a scene, fabulous as a holy crisis out of Malamud or Singer, wherein the hallucinating author, chanting the praises of the Lord "who bringeth forth from the earth the urge to spurt that maketh monkeys of us all," attempts to strangle one more tenderly, comically rendered Jewish father, and comes up against the "Gestapo boots" of his female, pigtailed, Lutheran chauffeur. And the author, no mean Yahweh himself, contrives to smash Zuckerman on his offending part, his babbling, mocking, pleading mouth.

The Chicago scenes are visionary, and stay with the reader. Throughout, a beautiful passion to be honest propels the grinding, whining paragraphs. Yet, though lavish with laughs and flamboyant inventions, "The Anatomy Lesson" seemed to this Roth fan the least successful of the Zuckerman trio, the least objectified and coherent. The pages devoted to Zuckerman's mental, epistolary, and finally telephonic quarrel with Milton Appel especially manifested a disproportion between the energy expended and the field of expenditure. True, there *are* shrewd, intelligent negative reviews that an author has to fight against as if fighting for his life; but by the age of forty a writer should be rising above his home-town beefs and metropolitan bad notices, and perhaps by the age of fifty a writer should have settled his old scores. Zuckerman's babyish reduction of all women to mere suppliers eclipses much of Roth's engaging characterization of the mistresses, who are set before us never to appear again. The work is elegant action writing, a hyperaware churning full of observations but thin (unlike "The Ghost Writer") on characters the author respects; instead of char-

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acters "The Anatomy Lesson" has demons, and these are powerfully agitated but not exorcised. Neither Zuckerman nor his creator seems to realize that by aspiring to become a nice doctor the author of "Carnovsky" is at last knuckling under to Judge Wapter. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MORTAL MATTERS, by Penelope Gilliatt (Coward-McCann; $13.95). Early in this slim novel, there is a fine scene between a British Rail sleeping-car attendant and a sleepless old lady—Lady Averil Corfe—who is on her way from London to Northumberland, where her father built some of the world's greatest ships and her mother fought for the right to vote. The conversation ranges from Ruskin to Rubik's Cube. The story that follows takes the reader back in time to an aggressively optimistic world crowded with hydraulic gizmos and royal visitors, if also with hungry, unemployed workers, and then forward, in the company of Lady Averil's narrow-minded son, to a London night club featuring lasers and dry ice. Along the way, opinions are exchanged by a small mob of opinionated relatives on everything from the Mauretania to the Falkland Islands war. In a note at the end, Miss Gilliatt credits a number of literary sources, including "Unshackled," by Dame Christabel Pankhurst, and an article of her own, "Northumberland, the Unknown County," but it is her sense of timing and her ear for the spoken word that have transformed such material into this subtly ironic, sometimes comic elegy.

THE ADDRESS BOOK, by Anne Bernays (Little, Brown; $14.95). On the jacket, an address book forms an ajar door, letting in a sliver of pale light. Between the covers is the story of Alicia, an overwrought editor at a Boston publishing house, who loses her address book while she is being wooed by an important New York publishing house. When she finds the address book, five unfamiliar names and numbers have been mysteriously entered in it. She calls the numbers (out of earshot of her husband and her daughter), and the conversations that result reveal the tough choices that a woman with a career as well as a family must live with, and the fantasies (or are they memories?) that she cannot afford to entertain. Driving home the point, a subplot involves a novelist being sued by a touchy ex-flame. Alicia's solution may recall Alice's revelation at the end of "Wonderland," but here the happily dismissive ending raises more questions than it answers, since Alicia's address book, unlike Alice's pack of cards, was not (or was it?) just a dream.

LIGHT, by Eva Figes (Pantheon; $10.95). A sorry attempt to capture in words Claude Monet's successful attempt to capture on canvas the shifting light—on faces and foliage—at the house and gardens of Giverny. Eva Figes, whose "Waking" (1982), a morbid vision of the Seven Ages of Woman, was set in one bedroom on seven mornings, confines herself here to one day that typifies "Claude's lifelong tussle with the forces of mutability." The sun rises and Monet ponders dappled leaves and water. Over coq au vin, he talks about Rodin and Darwin, and declares, "We live in a luminous cloud of changing light, a sort of envelope." When Eva Figes is not looking over Monet's shoulder or putting words in his mouth, she is studying his sun-splashed, moody servants and relatives, mostly women. Her renditions of their own tussles with the forces of mutability are laid on thick, as with a palette knife.

MARBOT: A BIOGRAPHY, by Wolfgang Hildesheimer, translated from the German by Patricia Crampton (Braziller; $16.50). Andrew Marbot (1801-30) "had borne his otherness with dignity, indeed with pride, and was now restoring it to its creator." With this salute, Mr. Hildesheimer gives a sly twist to his account of Marbot's suicide, since Marbot is his creation. This hoax has a few other humorous touches—a less than convincing denial that Andrew was, in his youth, "a little prig," and illustrations that include a portrait of the young man by Delacroix and a view of Marbot Hall—but Mr. Hildesheimer's narrator is nothing like the mischievous, manic saboteur of Nabokov's "Pale Fire." Instead, he tells the story of a prodigious English aesthete whose appraisals of paintings ("framed enigmas"), along with his impressions of contemporary creators from Byron to Berlioz,

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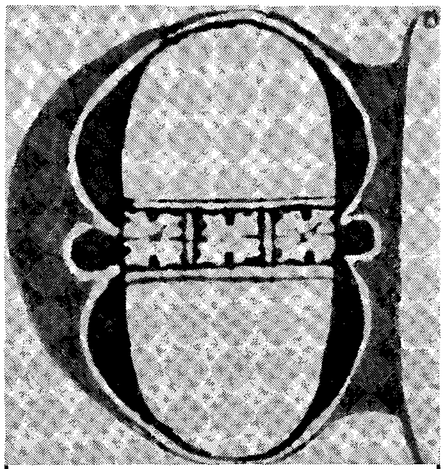

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have been preserved in some letters and notes. Marbot is briefly his mother's lover before he travels to Weimar, Urbino, and Rome, breaking three more hearts along the way, but these facts are considered mainly as clues to his variations on the Romantic world view. Marbot's pessimistic fascination with the impossibility of perfect insight into a painting, even for its painter, may not be shared by the reader, but some insights that Mr. Hildesheimer allows him are good—good enough to change the way one sees, say, Delacroix's lions and Tiepolo's heavens and Watteau's clown.

GENERAL

IN SEARCH OF OUR MOTHERS' GARDENS, by Alice Walker (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95). A collection of essays by the author of "The Color Purple," the novel that won the American Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize this spring. Written during the past two decades, the pieces—which include lectures, reviews, and an interview—offer recollections, descriptions, opinions, and arguments about three subjects: literature, feminism, and race. There is a notable essay on the black writer and folklorist Zora Neale Hurston, whose personality attracted Miss Walker so strongly that she made a pilgrimage to the Florida towns of Eatonville, where Hurston was born, in 1901, and Fort Pierce, where she died, in 1960. On her visit, in 1973, Miss Walker found among the townspeople only a faint awareness of Hurston, and an unmarked grave. Miss Walker paid for a monument. Other essays deal with the question of whether black women should become, or appear to be, weak in order to strengthen black men (Miss Walker thinks not); with the value of a child to a working woman (she herself has a daughter); with ways of writing; with American places (she has moved from South to North and from East to West) and the moods they impart. Occasionally—in a piece on Cuba, for instance—Miss Walker's style fails, but most of the time it is eloquent.

AN ORDERLY MAN, by Dirk Bogarde (Knopf; $14.95). This third volume of memoirs begins, in 1970, with Mr. Bogarde's attempt to retire to a five-hundred-year-old Provençal farmhouse. It does not end until he has performed in five more movies ("Death in Venice," "The Serpent," "The Night Porter," "Providence," and "Despair") and has written his first four books (two of them novels), all of which help to pay for the repair of a rat-infested seventeenth-century roof and a polluted well and for the restoration of tumbledown terraces and battered olive groves. Mr. Bogarde's two professions get him inside Luchino Visconti's palatial Italian hideaway and Chatto & Windus's frumpy London warren, but his best writing continues to be about things and people indifferent to the opinions of the judges in Cannes and the critics in New York: an end-of-August thunderstorm, or a carp "blowing little puffs about him, like an aging wrestler," or his gentle sister Elizabeth, or his longtime factotum Forwood, to whom this volume is dedicated.

CHICKENHAWK, by Robert Mason (Viking; $17.75). A convincing memoir of action in the Vietnam War. Mr. Mason enlisted in the Army in 1964, to learn to fly helicopters (he was twenty-two and a qualified airplane pilot), and was sent to Vietnam the following year. In describing his training, he tells how helicopters work and explains their assets and their hazards, to clarify a combat technique that before 1965 had been tested only in maneuvers. The 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), to which he was assigned, flew men and supplies into battle and flew the wounded out. Mr. Mason takes us step by step into the daily life of combat, as he was introduced to appalling combinations of weather, mountain and jungle terrain, and enemy fire. His retrospective pride and bitterness alike question the quality of American military thought and leadership in that war.

•

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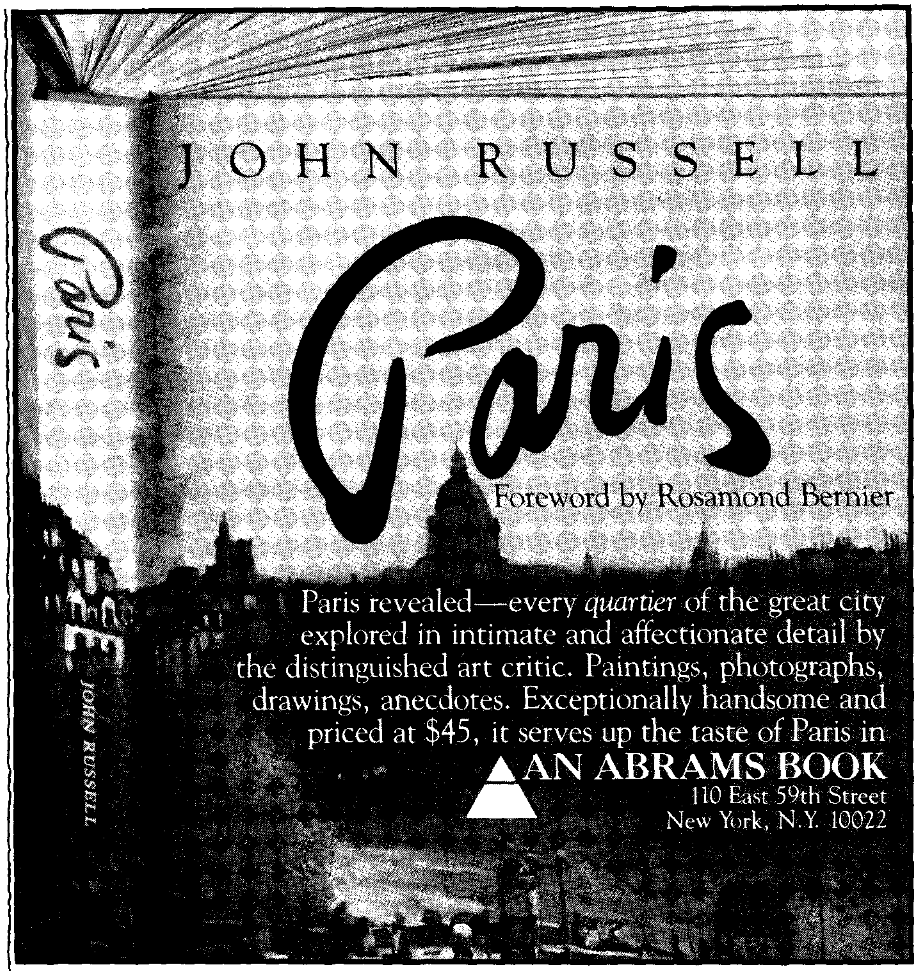
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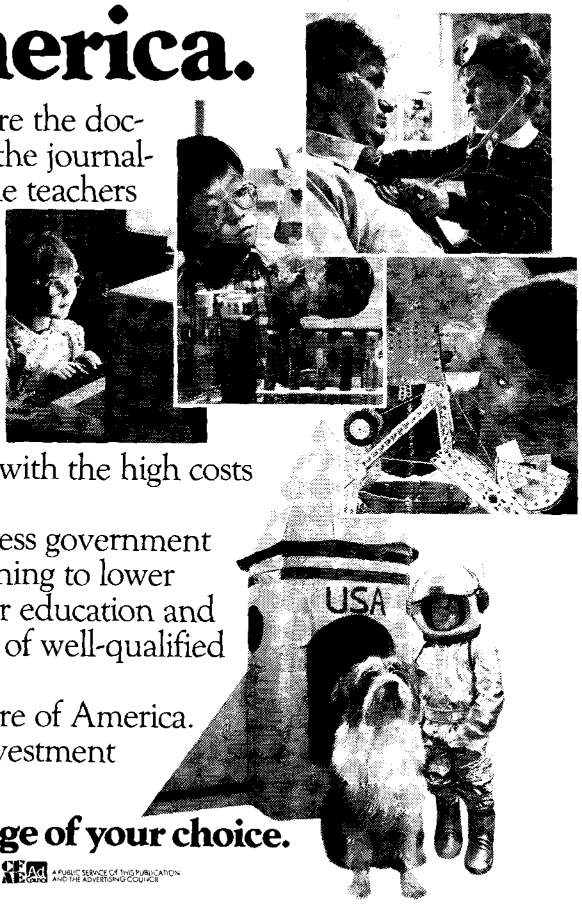

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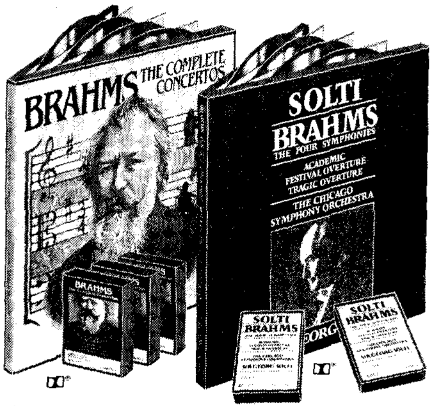
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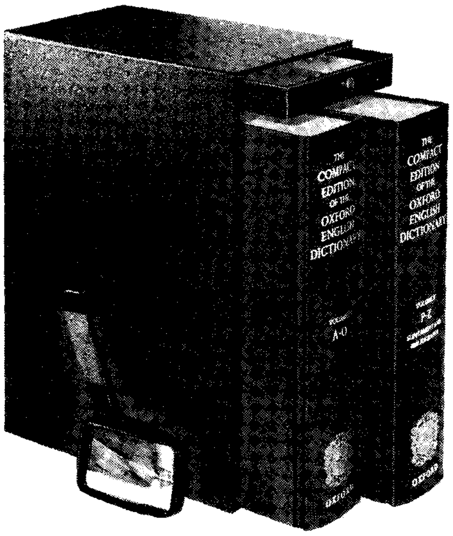
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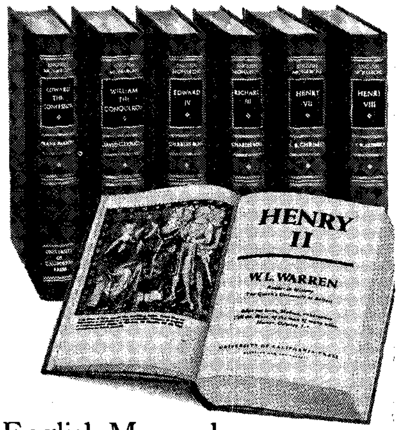
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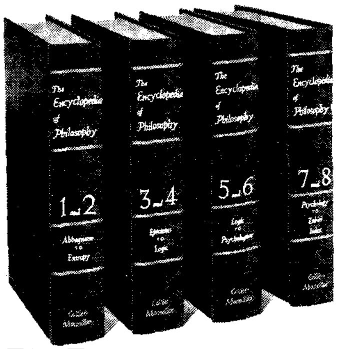
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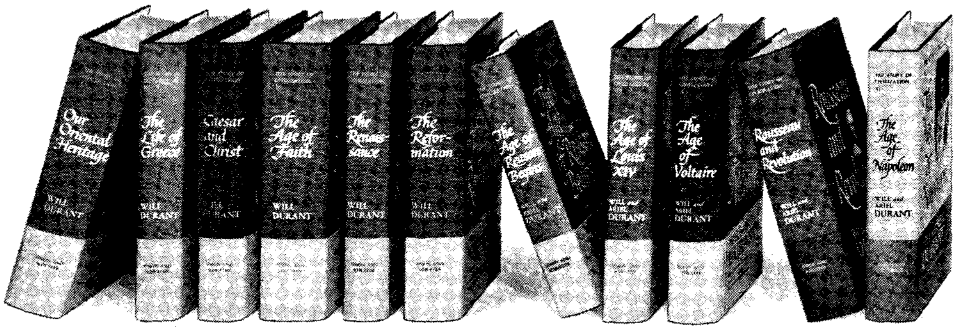
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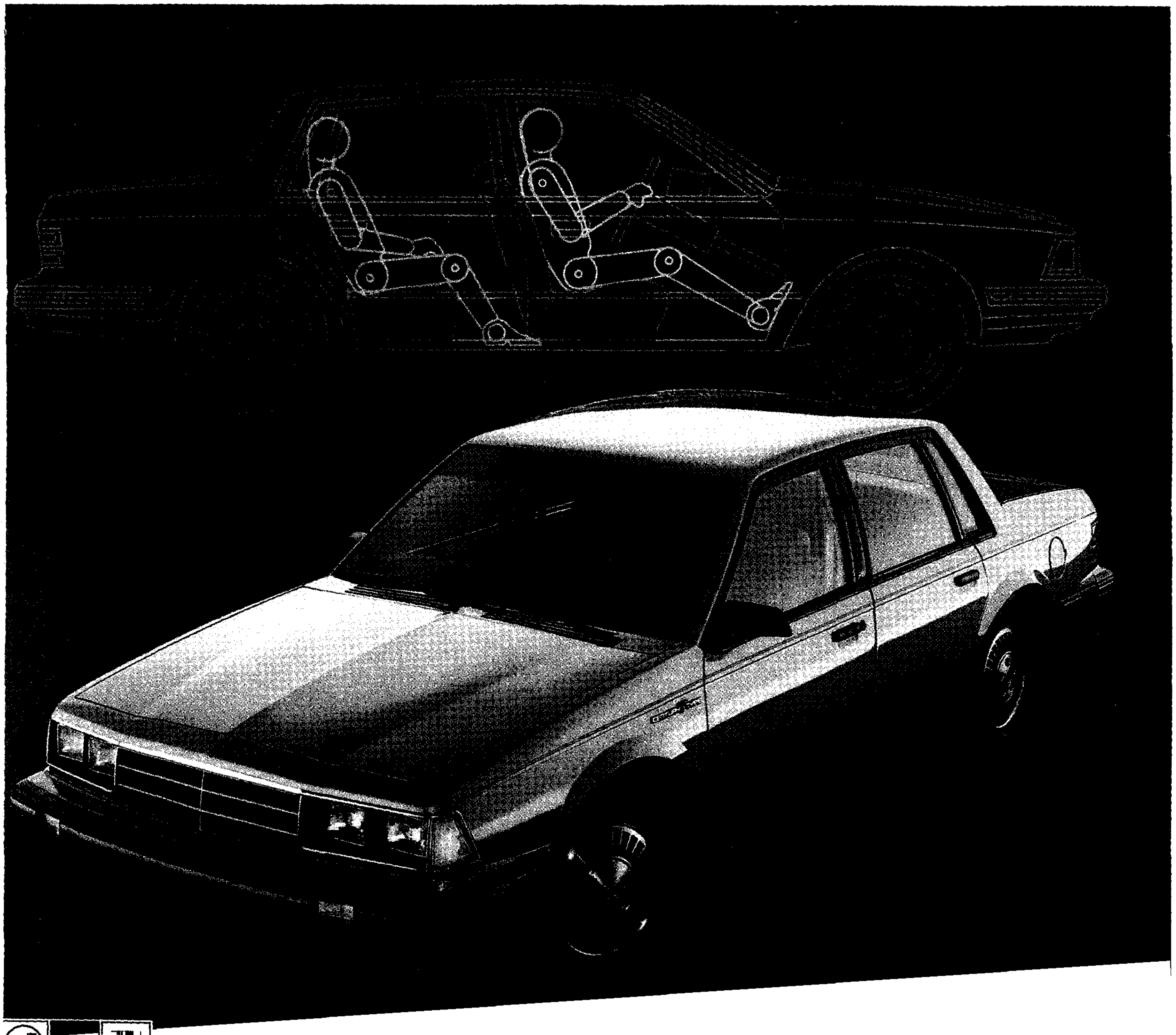

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

MARK STORY

HOME: New York City.

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Commercial film director, Pfeifer-Story Productions.

HOBBIES: Writing the ultimate self-help book for the non-gregarious, *How to Spend the Least Amount of Time with People You Don't Like*.

LAST BOOK READ: *Post Office*, Charles Bukowski.

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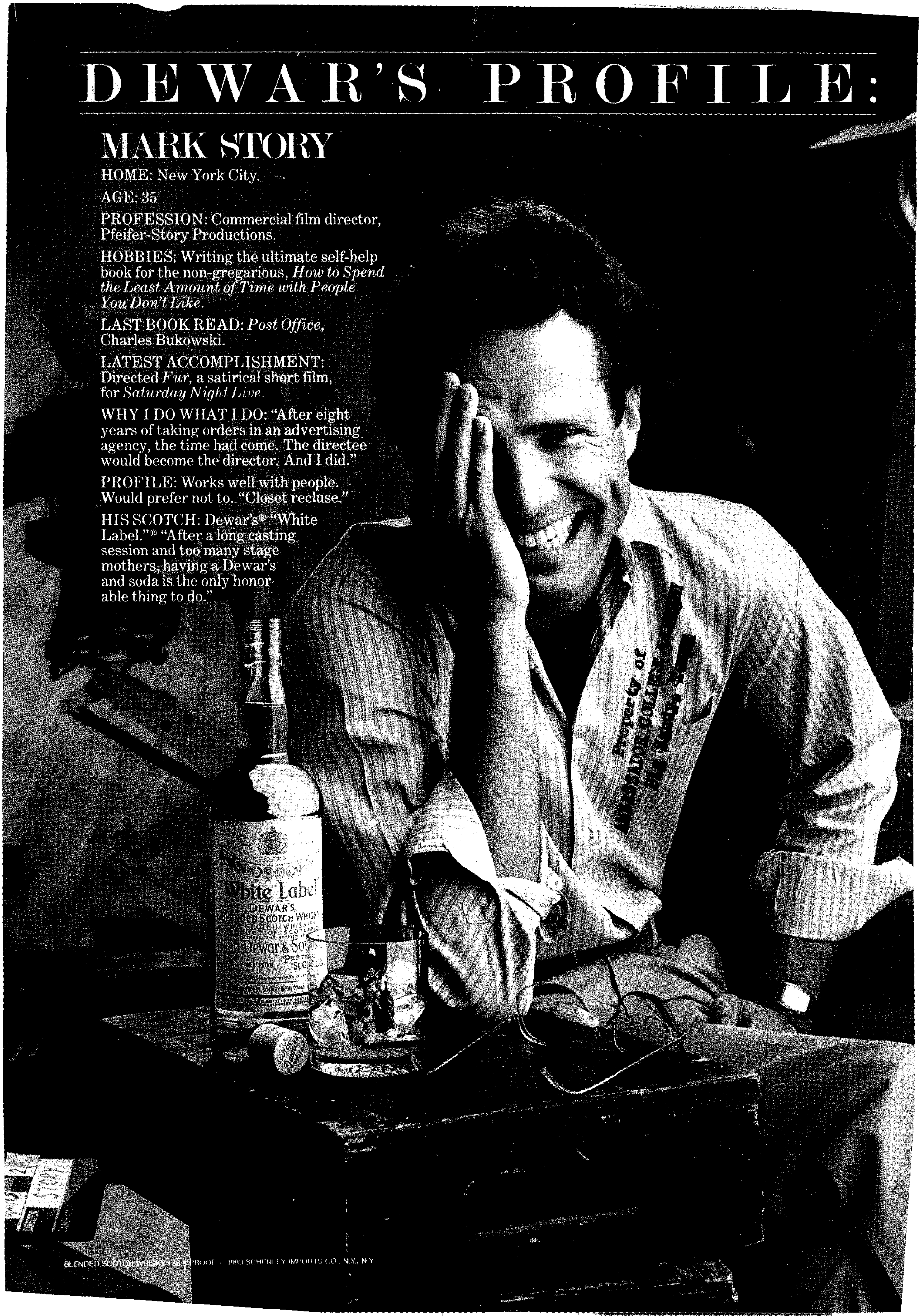

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